
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 01430051 1

PALAESTRA.

Untersuchungen und Texte aus der deutschen und englischen Philologie.

Herausgegeben

von

Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe und Erich Schmidt.

XXXVIII.

Grobianus in England.

Nebst Neudruck der ersten Übersetzung 'The Schoole of Slovenrie' (1605) und erster Herausgabe des Schwankes 'Grobiana's Nuptials' (c. 1640) aus Ms. 30. Bodl. Oxf.

Von Ernst Rühl.

BERLIN.
MAYER & MÜLLER.
1904.

PALAESTRA XXXVIII.

Grobianus in England.

bst Neudruck der ersten Übersetzung 'The Schoole of Slovenrie' (1605)
d erster Herausgabe des Schwankes 'Grobiana's Nuptials' (c. 1640)
aus Ms. 30. Bodl. Oxf.

Von

Ernst Rühl.

BERLIN.
MAYER & MÜLLER.
1904.

Inhalt.

Grobianus in England.

I. **Kapitel: Friedrich Dedekind's Grobianus.**

Bedeutung und Verbreitung der Satire. — Entstehungsgeschichte: Tischzucht, ironische Satire, der Hl. Grobianus. — Charakterisierung des Grobianus. (S. I—X)

II. **Kapitel: Literarische Erscheinungen, die die Aufnahme des Grobianus bedingen.**

Barclays Übersetzung von Brants Narrenschiff. — Lebensregeln, Sittensprüche und Tischzuchten. (S. XI—XV)

III. **Kapitel: Die erste Erwähnung des Grobianus bei Thom. Nash.**

Summers Last Will and Testament (1592). — Lenten Stuffe (1599). (S. XVI—XIX)

IV. **Kapitel: Die erste Übersetzung des Grobianus.**

Verfasser. — Angaben der Vorrede. — Auffassung. — Gestaltung der Übersetzung. (S. XX—XXV)

V. **Kapitel: Die erste englische Umgestaltung des Grobianus durch Th. Dekker.**

Thom. Dekker als Prosasatiriker. — Sein Verhältnis zum Grobianus. — The Guls Horne-booke. — Der Charakter des Gull, a) satirische Definitionen, b) der Gull bei Ben Jonson. — Grobianus und Gull. — Vergleich von The Guls Horne-booke mit dem Grobianus. — Resultate. (S. XXVI—IL)

VI. **Kapitel: Dramatisierung des Grobianus.**

Burtons Bekanntschaft mit dem Grobianus. — Grobiana's Nuptials. — Der Grobianismus im englischen Universitätsleben. — Entstehungszeit und Verfasser von Grobiana's

Nuptials. — Inhaltsangabe. — Verhältnis von Grobiana's Nuptials zu dem Grobianus: Form, Inhalt, wesentlicher Unterschied. — Satirische Elemente in Grobiana's Nuptials. Charakter und Bedeutung des Stückes. — Erwähnung des Grobianus bei John Bulwer und Gayton. (S. L—LXIV)

VII. **Kapitel: Roger Bulls Übersetzung des Grobianus und letzte Ausläufer der alten Beziehungen.**

Widmung an Swift. -- Swift und der Grobianus. — Swifts ironische Satiren: A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation und Directions to Servants. — Bedeutung der Widmung von Roger Bulls Übersetzung Roger Bulls Vorrede zu der Übersetzung. — Seine Auffassung des Grobianus. — Charakteristik der Übersetzung. — Letzte Ausläufer der Beziehungen des Grobianus zur englischen Literatur. (S. LXV—LXXXII)

Neudruck der ersten Übersetzung des Grobianus 'The Schoole of Slovenrie' (1605).

Herausgabe des Schwankes 'Grobiana's Nuptials' (c. 1640) aus Ms. 30, Bodl. Oxf.

I.

Friedrich Dedekinds Grobianus.

Bedeutung und Verbreitung der Satire. — Entstehungsgeschichte: Tischzucht, ironische Satire, der Hl. Grobianus. — Charakterisierung des Grobianus.

Die lateinische Satire des Wittenberger Magisters Friedrich Dedekind: Grobianus. De morum simplicitate libri duo 1549[1], und mehr noch ihre sehr erweiterte Umarbeitung: Grobianus. De morum simplicitate libri tres 1552, gehört zu den am meisten gelesenen Büchern des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts.

Die ironischen Regeln für schlechtes und anstößiges Betragen, die sich aus den ernsten Tischzuchten entwickelt hatten, erfreuten sich großer Beliebtheit, und die Gestalt des Grobianus, dem Dedekind diese Lehren in den Mund legte, wurde bald populär. Zwei Jahre nach seinem ersten Erscheinen wurde das Buch von Kaspar Scheit, dem Lehrer Fischarts, ins Deutsche übertragen, und in weiteren Übersetzungen, die sich über einen Zeitraum von fast 200 Jahren erstrecken, machte es mancherlei Wandlungen des Zeitgeschmacks mit. Nach Scheits[2]) Vorgang versuchten sich Hell-

[1]) Vgl. Lateinische Literaturdenkmäler des XV. und XVI. Jahrhunderts. Herausgegeben von Max Herrmann. 16. Fridericus Dedekindus, Grobianus. Herausgegeben von Aloys Bömer. 1903.

[2]) Vgl. Neudrucke deutscher Literaturwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts. Friedrich Dedekinds Grobianus verdeutscht von Kaspar Scheit, ed. Gustav Milchsack, Halle 1882, p. 111 ff.

bach (1567), Kienheckel (1607) und Scherffer (1640) in deutschen Bearbeitungen. So erschien noch 1708 der ungeschlachte Grobianus aus dem 16. Jahrhundert als der „unhöffliche Monsieur Klotz" in „Sittenau" bei „Ernst Höfflingshausen", und 1752 gibt ein „Ludwig Tölpel" seine „lustige Bauernmoral" in Prosa, ein letzter Nachkomme des alten Grobianus.

Diese lateinische Satire gehört der Weltliteratur an. Sie wurde in Frankfurt, in Köln, in Leipzig, in Leiden gedruckt, sie wurde in England gelesen, bearbeitet, übersetzt und sogar ins Ungarische übertragen.

Herford hat bereits in seinem Werke: Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the sixteenth century, den englischen Bearbeitungen des Grobianus eine kurze Darstellung gewidmet. Bei eingehender Untersuchung zeigt sich, daß so bedeutende Satiriker wie Nash, Dekker, Swift in direkte oder indirekte Beziehung zum Grobianus treten. Der Grobianus wird zweimal in das Englische übersetzt, er erfährt eine einheimische Umgestaltung und wird sogar dramatisiert. Alles das berechtigt zu einer eingehenderen Darstellung der Nachgeschichte des Grobianus auf englischem Boden.

Die Untersuchungen der Satire Dedekinds haben gezeigt, daß sie, vielfach inhaltlich in Altem und Überkommenem wurzelnd, doch originelle und heimische, wenn auch wenig erfreuliche Züge in großer Zahl aufweist. Auch das Bestreben, Satire und Didaktik in ironische Form zu kleiden, ist international und geht von der Wiederbelebung scherzhafter antiker Laudes durch die Humanisten aus. Diese Form wurde gerade in Deutschland am beliebtesten und erhielt hier besondere Pflege und Ausbildung. So konnte sich bei der Verpflanzung des Grobianus auf fremden Boden leicht altes Gemeingut von spezifisch Heimischem scheiden und die Satire einer Betrachtung aus verschiedenen Gesichtspunkten ausgesetzt sein.

Es ist somit zum Verständnis der folgenden Untersuchung erforderlich, Entstehungsgeschichte und Charakter der Satire Dedekinds in Kürze darzustellen, wie sie von Hauffen[1]) und neuerdings von Bömer[2]) klargelegt worden sind[3]).

Den Stoff seiner Satire entnimmt Dedekind nicht durchweg den Erfahrungen des wirklichen Lebens. Er ist wohl bewandert in der Masse alter Lebensregeln und Tischzuchten, von den Disticha moralia des Dionysius Cato, dem welschen Gast des Thomasin von Zirclaria, den Lehren des Winsbecke an, bis herab zu des Erasmus De civilitate morum puerilium, welch letzteres Werk eine Hauptquelle seiner Vorschriften bildet. Wenn ältere Tischzuchten sich über das Verhalten während des ganzen Tages erstreckten, indem die Zeit vor Tisch, das Aufstehen und Ankleiden, der Gang zur Kirche, das Verhalten nach Tisch, Spaziergang, Abendessen, darauffolgendes Beisammensein, Heimweg und Behandlung von Weib und Gesinde erörtert wurden, so folgt Dedekind auch hierin ihrem Vorgang.

Was die ironische Form der Satire anbetrifft, so war sie Dedekind durch die literarhistorische Entwicklung schon überliefert. Die ironisch-satirische Behandlung niederer und unangenehmer Dinge findet sich häufig in der Literatur der Humanisten. Die umfangreiche Trinkliteratur steuert reichlich zu dieser Gattung bei durch Werke, die möglichst starken Weingenuß empfehlen und das Lob der Trunkenheit singen, wie etwa des Obsopoeus De arte bibendi. Zu den hervorragendsten Erzeugnissen dieser direkten Ironie, die das Lobenswerte tadelt und das Tadelnswerte lobt, gehören des Erasmus Encomium moriae und Pirckheimers

[1]) In seiner Monographie: Caspar Scheit, der Lehrer Fischarts. Quellen und Forschungen, Straßburg 1889, p. 1 ff.

[2]) a. a. O. p. III ff.

[3]) Vgl. den Artikel „Dedekind" von Scherer, A. D. B.

Podagrae laus. Der moralisch-satirische Zweck dieser Dichtungen hinderte nicht, daß sie nach dem Geschmacke der Zeit oft zu unflätiger Komik ausarteten. So wurde der Anpreisung guter Sitten bei Tisch auch die Empfehlung „von des Tisches Unzucht“ gegenübergestellt, nachdem schon 150 Jahre vor Dedekind die Disticha moralia des Cato parodierend umgekehrt worden waren in dem Büchlein: Wie der Meister sein sun lernet.[1])

In dem 72. Kapitel des Narrenschiffes hatte Brant einen neuen Heiligen, Grobian, als Führer der Schar grober Narren eingeführt. Er folgte dabei einer verbreiteten Neigung seiner Zeit, die ihre Heiligen für alles mögliche herhalten ließ, die den S. Urban zum Patron der Gicht machte und den S. Nemo, den S. Stolprian usw. erfand. Murner gab bei einem wüsten Saufgelage dem Grobian den Vorsitz und zwar in Gestalt eines Schweines, und als man nun die Tischzuchten in ihr Gegenteil verwandelte, lag es nahe, die umgekehrten Anstandsregeln dem Grobianus in den Mund zu legen. So entstand 1538 in Worms der Kleine Grobianus. Hier werden in 16 Artikeln grobianische Vorschriften gegeben, und es ist hier schon kurz behandelt, was den Inhalt ganzer Kapitel bei Dedekind bildet. 1549 erweiterte dann Dedekind diese Ansätze zu seiner großen Satire. 1552 fügte er den zwei Büchern seiner ersten Ausgabe noch ein drittes bei, in dem er allerlei nachträgt, Schwänke zur Illustrierung grobianischen Betragens erzählt, die teils bekannten Facetiensammlungen entlehnt sind, teils auf eigenem Hören oder Erleben beruhen, und zum Schlusse noch dem Grobianus zur Gefährtin eine Grobiana gibt. Diese Ausgabe ist die verbreitetere, sie wird häufig aufgelegt, und sie erfährt inhaltlich in den folgenden Ausgaben, die bis in das Jahr 1704 hinaufgehen, keine Änderung mehr.

In einem Eingangsgedicht an seinen Freund Simon

[1]) Vgl. Friedrich Zarncke, Der deutsche Cato. Leipzig 1852.

Bing legt Dedekind die Tendenz seines Buches dar. Die Sittenlosigkeit, die Abkehr von alter Strenge und Einfachheit, führt er aus, reiße immer mehr ein. Die Vorschriften ernster Männer und Lehrer verhallen ungehört. Da sei er nun auf ein neues Mittel, seine Zeitgenossen zu bessern, verfallen und hoffe davon Erfolg. Er werde das loben und gutheißen, was er verwerfe und beseitigt haben wolle. Er werde die Unsitten in den lebendigsten Farben schildern. Vielleicht daß dann mancher, der sein Bild so gleichsam im Spiegel vor sich sehe, erschrecke, in sich gehe und sich bessern werde. Dann folgt nach ein paar Eingangsworten, in denen die Befolgung der nachstehenden Vorschriften anempfohlen wird, und nach Anrufung der grobianischen Gottheiten, des Silvanus, der Faunen und des Bacchus, die lange Reihe der Regeln, die ein Grobianer, ein rechter Schüler des Hl. Grobian, befolgen soll. Das erste Buch zeigt den Grobianer vorwiegend im eigenen Hause. Wie er aufstehen, sich ankleiden, frühstücken soll, wird ihm vorgeschrieben, dann folgen die Regeln für das Benehmen bei Tisch, ganz in der Art, wie es in den älteren Tischzuchten geschehen war, und auch wie dort gilt ein Teil der Unterweisungen dem aufwartenden Knaben. Ein weiteres Kapitel wird dem Abendessen gewidmet, dem Gelage, das zu einer wüsten Schlägerei ausartet, und der Betrachtung, wie die Gäste am leichtesten zu entfernen sind. Das zweite Buch zeigt den Grobianer als Gast im fremden Hause und als Gastgeber im eigenen. Während er sich dort anmaßend und anspruchsvoll benimmt, ist er als Gastgeber zurückhaltend und kärglich mit seinen Gästen, für deren Nichtwiederkehr zu sorgen sein höchstes Bestreben ist. Das dritte Buch trägt Einzelheiten nach: wie Fische zu essen sind, wie man sich zu kleiden hat, wie man die Briefe der Freunde öffnen und in ihr Geheimnis eindringen soll, wird vorgeschrieben. Auf die Schwänke, die von Kapitel V an als Beispiele in ununterbrochener Reihe das grobianische Betragen illustrieren, folgt in dem

letzten Kapitel eine Sammlung von Lehren für Grobiana, die, den Männern und dem Gespräche geneigt, an den Gelagen der Zecher teilnehmen und alle Schranken weiblicher Sittsamkeit bei Seite setzen soll.

Die breite Ausführung einzelner Situationen, die dummdreisten Entschuldigungen, die philosophischen Begründungen der Unarten sind Dedekinds Zutaten zu dem übernommenen Stoff. Zu einer Abrundung und zu einer straffen, scharf umrissenen Gestaltung des Grobianertypus hat es Dedekind nicht gebracht. Immer wieder ist von Mahlzeiten, vom Benehmen beim Essen und Trinken die Rede, und so bringt die Komposition ermüdende Längen und Wiederholungen mit sich.

Der Hauptreiz des Buches liegt offenbar in der witzigen Ironie, mit der die grobianischen Vorschriften anempfohlen und begründet werden. Der Beweggrund alles Tuns für den Grobianer ist natürlich der, sich möglichst viel Vorteile, den besten Platz, die besten Bissen, das beste Getränk zu verschaffen. Aber das führt Dedekind nicht oft direkt an. Weit häufiger werden andere, erhabener klingende Gründe angegeben. Es wird gezeigt, welchen Schaden allzu höfliches Benehmen bringt: Wenn du beim Bedienen hilfst, so erniedrigt dich das und tut deiner Ehre Abbruch (I. cap. IV), bist du allzu freundlich gegen die Leute, so wird man gar bald kein Gewicht mehr auf deine Worte legen (I. cap. II), andererseits erhöht unhöfliches Benehmen den Respekt der Leute. Wenn du, anstatt pünktlich zu sein, recht spät kommst, so wird man glauben, du seist mit wichtigen Dingen beschäftigt gewesen, und die Achtung vor dir wird steigen (II. cap. I). Solche Begründungen nehmen oft einen allgemeineren, philosophischen Charakter an, wodurch der Reiz der Ironie erhöht wird. So gleich zu Anfang: Scheue dich nicht, so wie du aus dem Bett gestiegen, halbnackt nach dem Zimmer zu eilen, wo vielleicht Frauen und Mädchen sitzen. Sie mögen weggehen, wenn sie an dir keinen Gefallen finden, dich hat die Natur

als freien Menschen geschaffen, dem es zukommt, nach eigenem Ermessen zu handeln. — Ein anderes Mal heißt es: Warum sollte einem anderen mehr Ehre gebühren als dir, stammen wir doch alle von demselben Menschenpaar ab. Dazu wird eine volkstümliche Sentenz zitiert (I. cap. IV, 4):

Primus Adam duro cum verteret arva ligone
Pensaque de vili duceret Eva colo:
Ecquis in hoc poterat vir nobilis orbe videri
Et modo quisquam alios ante locandus erit?

Auch Aussprüche von berühmten Gelehrten und Philosophen werden beigebracht (I. cap. II, 21):

Neglectus iuvenem cultus decet, inquit Erasmus:
Quis dubitet tantum dicere vera virum?

Wie auf die Worte, so wird auch auf das Beispiel angesehener und berühmter Männer, wie Socrates und Demosthenes, verwiesen. Vergleiche mit den Sitten fremder Völker finden sich: Wie manche goldenen Schmuck an der Nase tragen, so soll auch der Grobianer einer ähnlichen, freilich weniger kostbaren Zierde nicht entbehren (I. cap. II, 9). Die Natur selbst gibt Beispiele, die der Grobianer zu seinen Gunsten auslegen darf: Wie sich die Gestirne im Kreislauf bewegen, alles in der Natur dem Kreislauf folgt, so soll auch er die Schüssel so lange in gleiche Bewegung versetzen, bis die besten Speisen darin in seine Nähe gelangt sind (I. cap. V, 3). So erscheint das Betragen des Grobianers nicht als Ausfluß einer rohen und eigennützigen Gesinnung und Naturanlage, sondern als das Ergebnis ernster Erwägung und philosophischer Lebensbetrachtung.

Zu dieser witzigen Ironie gesellt sich die oft lebhaft und bis ins Einzelne durchgeführte Darstellung der von Dedekind so heftig getadelten Sittenverrohung, die sich aus dem Rahmen der Unterweisungen öfters ganz herauslöst. Dedekind versichert, daß er diese groben Gesellen selbst kenne, daß er ihr Leben und Treiben vor

Augen sehe. Wenn er etwa auf die Entwicklung der Schlägerei nach dem Abendessen eingeht, so hat es durchaus den Anschein, daß er aus eigener Beobachtung schöpft. Die Gäste sitzen beisammen und unterhalten sich, der eine rühmt sich seiner Heldentaten im Krieg, der andere erzählt von Eroberungen oder Niederlagen im Felde der Liebe, ein dritter berichtet von weiten Reisen und unglaublichen Erlebnissen, philosophische Fragen werden aufgeworfen, die Köpfe erhitzen sich, ein Streit entsteht, und mit blutigem Dreinschlagen endigt das Beisammensein, wobei natürlich der Grobianer voran zu sein hat. Köstlich wird auch beschrieben, wie der Grobianer die Vorkehrungen trifft, wenn er eingeladen wird. Da fragt er den Diener nach allem aus, was ihm geboten werden soll, welche Speisen, welche Getränke, welche Gesellschaft man ihm zu geben gedenkt, und ob Musik und Tanz ihn bei seinem Gastfreunde erwarten. Dann macht er sich ein Verzeichnis des Versprochenen, damit er auf seinem Recht bestehen und verlangen kann, was ihm zukommt. In dieser Weise bildet Dedekind seine Vorlagen originell weiter. Und so entsteht das Buch, das kennzeichnend ist für das gesellschaftliche Leben Deutschlands im 16. Jahrhundert, trotz aller grotesken Übertreibungen. Der Grobianus ist in einer Universitätsstadt entstanden und trägt einen akademischen Charakter. Bei seinen dummdreisten Entschuldigungen läßt Dedekind den Grobianer doch recht gut in der Literatur der Alten und der Humanisten bewandert sein. Ein philosophischer Disput führt zur Schlägerei. Die angeführten Schwänke handeln von Gelehrten, von einem Doktor, einem Magister, einem Rhetor. Aber nirgends wird gesagt, daß die Satire dem Leben der Universitätsstadt ausschließlich gelte. Dedekind weist sogar auf die Allgemeinheit der Sittenverrohung hin, gegen die er sich wendet, und so ist der akademische Charakter mehr auf die Rechnung des Verfassers zu setzen, als daß er die Folge einer gerade hier besonders zu Tage tretenden Vernachlässigung guter Sitten wäre.

So ist der Grobianus, trotz seiner lateinischen Form, die Scheit glücklich durch derbe Reimpaare in der Muttersprache ersetzte, ein für das deutsche Leben des 16. Jahrhunderts ungemein charakteristisches Buch. In Deutschland hat sich der Begriff des Grobians gebildet. Der Grobianismus; die Verwerfung jeder anständigen Sitte in bezug auf Benehmen und Erscheinung, verbunden mit einem rohen, anmaßenden und angriffslustigen Charakter, die Neigung zu grobsinnlichem Genuß, zu übermäßigem Essen und Trinken ohne Scham vor den Folgen solcher Ausschweifungen, hat in Dedekinds Satire seinen Niederschlag gefunden. Diese Satire verbreitete sich rasch und gelangte auch nach England, wo sie, vermöge der lateinischen Fassung, den Gebildeten leicht verständlich war.

Wie schon im vorausgehenden bemerkt, war diese Satire, bei der Verpflanzung auf fremden Boden zumal, einer Auffassung aus verschiedenen Gesichtspunkten ausgesetzt. Sie konnte zunächst im Zusammenhang der altüberlieferten Lebensregeln und Tischzuchten, in denen sie wurzelt, aufgefaßt werden. Sie konnte ferner als eines der hervorragendsten Erzeugnisse der ironisch-satirischen Literatur der Humanisten erscheinen. Sie lieferte aber auch dem Ausländer eine Darstellung deutscher Sitten, die nur allzu gläubig hingenommen wurde. Abgesehen von Didaktik und Satire mochten die vielen Unanständigkeiten und derbkomischen Szenen, die sich im Grobianus finden, großes Ergötzen bei sympathetischen Gemütern erregen. Endlich aber hatte man hier die außerordentlich eingehende Schilderung eines Typus, des groben und flegelhaften Gesellen, der sich, die grotesken Übertreibungen abgerechnet, zu allen Zeiten und in allen Ländern ähnlich ausnimmt, und mit dem man sich stets gern satirisch beschäftigt hat.

In der nun folgenden Besprechung der Nachwirkungen des Grobianus auf englischem Boden nach ihrer chronologischen Abfolge kann man beobachten, wie ganz verschiedenartig diese Satire im Laufe der Zeiten aufgefaßt

wird. Daß aber der Grobianus einer so mannigfachen Ausdeutung zugänglich war, eine solche innere Elastizität besaß, erklärt vielleicht am ehesten seine Langlebigkeit in der Literatur. Auch in Hinsicht hierauf bietet die Untersuchung seines Nachlebens in England einiges Interesse.

II.

Literarische Erscheinungen, die die Aufnahme des Grobianus vorbereiten und bedingen.

Barclays Übersetzung von Brants Narrenschiff — Lebensregeln, Sittensprüche und Tischzuchten.

Als der Grobianus Dedekinds gegen Ende des 16. Jahrhunderts in England bekannt wurde, waren Gestalt, Namen und Sitten des Grobianus gebildeten Lesern doch nicht ganz neu. Diese waren durch Sebastian Brants Narrenschiff in die internationale Literatur eingeführt worden. Das Narrenschiff wurde 1508 von Alexander Barclay ins Englische übertragen, weitere Ausgaben dieses Ship of Fooles erschienen 1522, 1532 und 1570.[1])

In der Bearbeitung des 72. Kapitels von Brants Narrenschiff taucht auch der Grobianus auf, Anstand und Zucht sind von der Erde verbannt, vor seinem Tempel opfert alles:

> In our tyme nowe both waman childe and man
> Without nomber worshyp with humbyll reuerence
> The festis abhomynable of vyle grobyan
> With all theyr myght honour and theyr dylygence
> Compassynge his auters with lawdes and insence
> With wordes and vsys, Fowle and abhomynable
> Suche men myscheuous to hym ar acceptable.[2])

Noch in mehreren anderen Kapiteln gibt Barclay im Anschluß an Brant Bilder grobianischer Sitten mit heftigen

---

[1]) Vgl. The Ship of Fools Translated by Alexander Barclay. Edited by Jamieson, 2 vols. Edinburgh 1874.

[2]) vol. II pag. 54.

Tadelworten, so z. B.: Of immoderate vylenes in maners, usyd at the table[1]) und Of glotons and dronkardes,[2]) denen beidemal derselbe Schnitt beigegeben ist, der ein grobianisches Gelage darstellt. So waren Ansätze zu der großen Satire auf grobianische Sitten auch in England bekannt. Anführungen bei Nash und Dekker beweisen, daß auch noch um 1600 das Ship of fooles gelesen wurde, ja noch 1652 fügt John Bulwer seinem Buche: Anthropometamorphosis or the Artificial Changeling of Man, große Abschnitte aus dem Narrenschiff bei. So konnte das ältere, bekanntere Werk die Aufnahme des jüngeren vorbereiten und fördern.

Auch die Literaturgattung der Lebensregeln, Sittensprüche und Tischzuchten, aus der Dedekinds Satire hervorging, stand gegen Ende des 16. Jahrhunderts in England noch in voller Blüte. Im 16. und 17. Jahrhundert erscheinen zahlreiche englische Ausgaben der Distichen des Dionysius Cato, denen meist der lateinische Text und öfters auch die Scholien des Erasmus beigegeben sind[3]). Sie waren eine beliebte Schullektüre[4]). Daß ein älterer Mann einem jüngeren kluge Ratschläge in der Art des Cato erteilt, findet ja auch in der schönen Literatur seinen Niederschlag, so in dem Roman von Greene: The Carde od Fancе (Huth Library IV, p. 22) und in der Rede, die Polonius dem scheidenden Laërtes hält.

Eine reiche Entwicklung zeigen die Tischzuchten und Lebensregeln, die Furnivall in The Babees Book E. E.

[1]) vol. II, pag. 259.

[2]) vol. I, pag. 92.

[3]) Vgl. Goldberg, die Catonischen Distichen, Phil. Dissertation, Leipzig 1883.

[4]) Vgl. Thom. Middleton, ed. by A. H. Bullen, vol. V, pag. 84. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside: Jel: . . has he children too? — Allwit: Children! boys thus high in their Cato and Corderius. — Jel: What? you jest, sir? — Allwit: Why, one can make a verse, and's now at Eton College.

T. S. 32 veröffentlicht hat. Im 15. Jahrhundert war aus der Schule Lydgates die verbreitetste der älteren Tischzuchten hervorgegangen: The Book of Curteisie That is Clepid stans puer ad mensam, dem das von Caxton gedruckte Book of Curtesye[1]) folgt, das sich aber nicht mit der bloßen Aufzählung von Tischregeln und Anstandslehren begnügt, sondern allgemeinere Betrachtungen und Begründungen, sowie persönliche Ansichten des Autors enthält, den Stoff rundet und der Schilderung des gesitteten Jünglings auch die drastische Darstellung eines ungeschliffenen Burschen gegenüberstellt. Dazu kommen noch solche Schriften wie: The Boke of Curtasie, das neben wesentlichen Vorschriften des stans puer noch die allgemeineren Lebensregeln in der Art des Cato enthält und zum Schlusse die Tätigkeit und Pflichten eines jeden Hofbediensteten aufzählt. Dieses Buch ist der Vorläufer von John Russels Booke of Nurture aus der Mitte des 15. Jahrhunderts, und die ganze voraufgegangene Entwicklung faßt zusammen: The Booke of Nurture, or Schoole of good maners: For men, seruants and Children, with Stans puer ad mensam, verfaßt von Hugh Rodes, das zum erstenmal vor 1550 und dann noch 4 mal — vermutlich 1577 zum letztenmal — gedruckt wurde. In dieser Schule der guten Sitten werden die Pflichten der Eltern und Lehrer hergezählt, daneben steht eine Anweisung, wie ein Edelmann zu bedienen sei. Diese Kapitel sind in Prosa verfaßt. Der Kern des Buches führt die Sonderüberschrift: The schoole of good manners for man and for Chylde. Sehr ausführlich sind hier Weisheitssprüche in der Art der Disticha Catonis mit der Tischzucht in der Weise des stans puer zu Regeln für jede Tageszeit und Tätigkeit vereinigt. Während in diesem Buche noch vieles unausgeglichen und ohne rechte Ordnung unter gemeinsamem Titel aneinander gereiht ist, bietet die Schrift von F. Seager 1557: The schoole of

[1]) Caxton's Book of Curtesye, ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. S. III.

Vertue, and booke of good Nourture for children and youth to learne their dutie by, wirklich eine regelrecht geordnete „Schule der Tugend". Den einzelnen Vorschriften werden allgemeine Betrachtungen beigefügt, und diese durch Hinweis auf alte Philosophen, Plato, Aristoteles, auf Isokrates und auf die Disticha Catonis bekräftigt. Zuerst wird ein Morgengebet mitgeteilt, dann folgen Vorschriften für das Verhalten beim Aufstehen, beim Anziehen, beim Gehen auf der Straße, in der Schule, bei Tisch, beim Servieren und in der Kirche. Dann handelt der Verfasser über die Zerstreuungen, er preist weiterhin Barmherzigkeit, Liebe, Geduld, er eifert gegen das Lügen. Nach einem kurzen Gebet schließt dann das Buch, indem jedem Stand ein Merksprüchlein erteilt wird.

Außer diesen auf heimischem Boden entstandenen Sittenvorschriften, gibt es im 16. Jahrhundert auch noch solche, die aus fremden Sprachen übersetzt werden und sich anscheinend einer gleichen Beliebtheit wie diese erfreuen. Da ist vor allem des Erasmus: De civilitate morum puerilium zu nennen, das 1532 ins Englische übersetzt weitere 4 Auflagen bis 1554[1]) erlebte. Ein anderes berühmtes Werk dieser Art kommt aus Italien: Galateo of Maister John della Casa, Archbishop of Benevent, or rather a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it behoueth a man to use and eschewe in his familiar conversation. A worke very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other, translated from the Italian by Robert Peterson of Lincolns Inn. 1576.[2])

Daß diese Bücher viel gelesen und gebraucht wurden, beweisen: 1. die Kontinuität dieser Literaturgattung, wie sie sich im voraufgehenden zeigte, 2. die häufigen Neuauflagen

[1]) cf. Handbook to Early English Literature. by W. C. Hazlitt, s. v. Erasmus.

[2]) Dictionary of National Biography (D. N. B.) s. v. Peterson.

desselben Buches, die sich oft über einen großen Zeitraum erstrecken — so wurde F. Seagers Schoole of Vertue, das nach der Titelangabe des Druckes von 1557 schon einmal vorher erschienen sein muß, abermals 1588, 1620 und dann bis zum Jahre 1687, soweit die erhaltenen Exemplare erkennen lassen, noch 7 mal gedruckt, 3. die Anspielungen auf den Gebrauch, z. B. bei Shakespeare, As you like it V, sc. 4. 'We quarrel in print as you have books for good manners'. Overbury[1]) Characters: 'A fine Gentleman is the Cynamon tree, whose bark is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it'.[2])

Unter dem Zeichen solcher Bücher stand Dedekinds Grobianus bei seinem ersten selbständigen Erscheinen auf englischem Boden, wie sich weiterhin zeigen wird.

---

[1]) The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse of Sir Thomas Overbury ed. by Edward F. Rimbault, London 1890, pag. 65.

[2]) Als Schullektüre werden diese Bücher auch empfohlen von J. Brinsley in The Grammar Schoole, 1612. Er zählt die Bücher auf, die die Kinder zuerst lernen sollen, nämlich ABC, Psalmen, Testament und: If any require any other little booke meet to enter children, the Schoole of Vertue is one of the principall ...... and after it the Schoole of good manners, called the new Schoole of Vertue, leading the childe as by the hand, in the way of all good manners. (Furnivall, The Babees Book, Einleitung.)

III.

Die erste Erwähnung des Grobianus bei Thom. Nash.

Summers Last Will and Testament (1592). — Lenten Stuffe (1599).

Der erste englische Autor, bei dem Bekanntschaft mit der Satire Dedekinds sicher nachgewiesen werden kann, ist Thom. Nash[1]), der 1601 zu London, 34 Jahre alt, starb. Bei diesem Satiriker verbindet sich mit dem lebhaftesten Witz, dem heftigen Temperament, der Fähigkeit in kraftvollem, bilderreichem Stil, Gedanken, Gefühl und Stimmung auszudrücken, auch eine umfassende Belesenheit und Gelehrsamkeit, zu der er nach seiner Angabe in seiner beinahe siebenjährigen Studienzeit zu Cambridge den Grund gelegt hat. Es gehört nun zu den Eigentümlichkeiten seiner Ausdrucksweise, die Schriftsteller und Autoritäten, denen er Kenntnisse und Anschauungen verdankt, anzuführen und sich auf sie zu berufen. Sein lebhaftes Temperament veranlaßt ihn dabei, hie und da über sie zu urteilen, sie zu loben oder zu tadeln. Öfters gibt er auch Proben eines historischen und systematischen Erfassens der Literatur, die er kennt, indem er verwandte Erscheinungen aufzählt und diese Werke unter einem bestimmten Gesichtspunkt gruppiert.

[1]) Vgl. The Huth Library. The Complete Works of Thomas Nashe, ed. by Alexander B. Grosart. Zur Biographie und Charakteristik: Grosarts Introduction vols. I und VI; ferner: D. N. B. s. v. Nash (Sidney Lee). The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare by J. J. Jusserand. London 1890. vol. I. pag. 287.

Bei einem solchen Manne ist es interessant zu sehen, welche Stellung er zur Satire Dedekinds nimmt.

Er zitiert den Grobianus an zwei Stellen, das eine Mal mit Namen, das andere Mal so, daß nur dieses Buch gemeint sein kann.

1. Summers Last Will and Testament[1]) (aufgeführt 1592 vor der Königin).

Hier ergeht sich der alte Winter in einer langen Tirade gegen die Dichter, die ihm trunkene Tafellecker sind, die ihrem Gönner für eine Mahlzeit Unsterblichkeit verheißen, er wendet sich gegen Philosophen und Gelehrte, es gibt kein Laster, das Wissenschaft und Gelehrsamkeit nicht gefördert haben und zu dessen Preise nicht irgend ein weiser Mann geschrieben hat. Das durch Beispiele illustrierend fährt er fort:

> The arte of murther Machiauel hath pend:
> Whoredome hath Ouid to uphold her throne:
> And Aretine of late in Italie,
> Whose Cortigiana teacheth baudes their trade.
> Gluttonie, Epicurus doth defend,
> . . . .
> Drunkennesse of his good behaviour
> Hath testimoniall from where he was borne:
> That pleasant worke 'De arte bibendi',
> A drunken Dutchman spued out few yeares since:
> Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths plague bee want)
> His paper pillars for to leane upon;
> The praise of nothing pleades his worthinesse,
> Follie Erasmus sets a flourish on.
> For baldnesse a bald asse, I haue forgot,
> Patcht up a pamphletarie periwigge.
> Slouenrie Grobianus magnifieth:
> Sodomotie a Cardinall commends,
> And Aristotle necessarie deames.

2. In ähnlichem Zusammenhang erwähnt Nash abermals das Werk zum Preise der 'Slouenrie', worunter nur der

[1]) Works, vol. VI, p. 146f.

Grobianus gemeint sein kann. In seinem Buche: Nashes Lenten Stuffe, Containing, The Description and first Procreation and Increase of the towne of Great Yarmouth in Norffolke. With a new Play neuer played before, of the praise of the Red Herring, 1599[1]), rechtfertigt Nash sein Vorhaben, „den Pökelhering im Triumphwagen vorzuführen", durch folgenden Überblick über diese Literaturgattung:

> Homer of rats and frogs hath heroiqutit, other oaten pipers after him in praise of the Gnat, the Flea, the Hasill nut, the Grashopper, the Butterflie, the Parrot, the Popiniay, Phillip sparrow, and the Cuckowe; the wantonner sort of them sung descant on their mistris gloue, her ring, her fanne, her looking glasse . . . . . .
>
> The posterior Italian and Germane chronographers, sticke not to applaude and canonize unnatural sodomitie; the strumpet errant, the goute, the ague, the dropsie, the sciatica, follie, drunckennesse and slouenry.

Nash erkennt so, seiner Gelehrsamkeit und Belesenheit entsprechend, in dem Grobianus die Verwandtschaft mit des Erasmus Encomium Moriae, mit dem Buche de arte bibendi des Obsopäus und anderen mehr oder weniger berühmten Werken, die sich mit dem Lobe tadelnswerter, unangenehmer oder unbedeutender Dinge beschäftigen. In Summers Last Will and Testament zeigt Nash, wie der griesgrämige Winter die Ironie und Satire solcher Bücher verkennt. In Lenten Stuffe dagegen erscheint der Grobianus, das Werk des Deutschen zum Preise der 'slouenrie', mit unter den Büchern ironisch-humoristischen oder satirischen Inhalts, die Nash zu dem ähnlichen Lobe des Pökelherings begeistern.

Indem nun Nash die satirische Absicht des Grobianus erkennt, gibt dieser ihm zugleich Kenntnis und Bestätigung der Verhältnisse, gegen die er sich richtet. Zusammen mit dem Grobianus wird das Buch de arte bibendi genannt. Letzteres wird ausdrücklich als von einem 'dutch-

[1]) works, vol. V, p. 234.

man' herrührend gekennzeichnet. Die Begriffe 'dutchman' und 'Germain' waren für die Zeitgenossen Nashs und Dekkers kaum verschieden. Das Bild, das sich diese von den Bewohnern Deutschlands und der Niederlande machten, war in seinen wesentlichen Zügen in de arte bibendi und im Grobianus gegeben, und diese Bücher festigten und stärkten die geringe Meinung, die man von ihnen hatte:

The Germaines and lowe Dutch, me thinkes, should bee continually kept moyst with the foggie aire and stinking mistes that arise out of their fennie soyle: but as their Countrey is ouerflowen with water, so are their heads alwaies ouerflowen with wine, and in their bellies they haue standing quagmires and hogs of English beere. — One of their breede it was that writ the Booke, De Arte bibendi, a worshipfull treatise fitte for none but Silenus and his Asse to set forth: besides that volume, we haue generall rules and iniunctions as good as printed precepts, or Statutes set downe by Acte of Parliament, that goe from drunkard to drunkard; as still to keepe your first man, not to leaue any flockes in the bottome of the cup, to knock the glasse on your thumbe when you haue done, to haue some shooing horne to pull on your wine, as a rasher of the coles, or a redde herring, to stirre it about with a candles ende to make it taste better, and not to holde your peace whiles the pot is stirring. (Nash: Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Diuell.)[1]

[1]) Works, vol. II, p. 81.

IV.

Die erste Übersetzung des Grobianus.

Verfasser. — Angaben der Vorrede. — Auffassung. — Gestaltung der Übersetzung.

Für das lateinische Buch Dedekinds, das so gegen Ende des 16. Jahrhunderts in England bekannt wurde, fand sich alsbald auch ein Übersetzer. Der volle Titel der ersten englischen Übersetzung des Grobianus lautet: The | Schoole of Slovenrie | Or | Cato turnd wrong side outward. | Translated out of Latine into English verse, to the use of all English Christendome, except Court and Cittie. | By R. F. gent. | London. | Printed by Valentin Simmes dwelling on Adling | hil neere Bainards castle at the signe of | the white Swanne. | 1605. Wer der Verfasser dieser Übersetzung ist, läßt sich nicht ermitteln. In einer kurzen Vorrede gibt er einige Angaben über die Entstehung und Veröffentlichung dieser Übersetzung. Nachdem er sich wegen der Roheit der Verse und ihres Gegenstandes entschuldigt hat, erklärt er, daß er diese Übersetzung in seinen frühen Studienjahren auf Wunsch anderer verfertigt habe. Gegen seinen Willen und ohne sein Wissen sei ein Teil dieser Übersetzung gedruckt worden, und nun sehe er sich genötigt, das Ganze zu veröffentlichen. Er erklärt, daß er dem literarischen Leben fernstehe und den strengen Tadel der Kritiker fürchte.

Als was der Grobianus bei diesem ersten Erscheinen in englischem Gewande gelten sollte, dafür ist der Titel

sehr lehrreich. Dieses Titelblatt hat keine Beziehung zu den fortlaufenden Seitenüberschriften, die stets lauten: The First (resp. Second, Third) Booke of Grobianus and Grobiana. Auf dem Titelblatt dagegen ist weder Grobianus noch Grobiana noch der Verfasser genannt, während sich sonst der Übersetzer stets eng an die Vorlage hält. Dieser Umstand scheint seine Angabe, daß er dem Drucke zunächst fernstand, und daß somit die Veröffentlichung ein buchhändlerisches Unternehmen war, zu bestätigen. Der Titel: Schoole of Slovenrie or Cato turnd wrong side outward, wurde dem Buch gegeben, da er bekannte Vorstellungen bei dem Publikum erweckte. Es ist im vorausgehenden gezeigt worden, wie sich die Lebensregeln, Catos Disticha moralia und solche Bücher wie F. Seagers Schoole of Vertue großer Beliebtheit zur Zeit des Erscheinens dieser Übersetzung erfreuten. Auf diese Bücher weist der Titel hin. Der Schule der Tugend wurde eine Schule schlechter Sitten gegenübergestellt, und von einem umgekehrten Cato mußten sich die Leser des Titels viel versprechen. Zu diesen Angaben berechtigte ja auch der Inhalt der Dedekindschen Satire, der als eine Parodie auf jene Bücher aufgefaßt werden konnte. Aber auch eine gewisse satirische Spitze trat in der ironischen Bemerkung hervor: to the use of all English Christendome, except Court and Cittie. Während so Ironie und Satire zu ihrem Recht kamen, ist von den Beziehungen des Buches auf deutsche Zustände weder in dem Vorwort noch auf dem Titel die Rede.

Zur Gestaltung der Übersetzung selbst ist noch folgendes zu bemerken. Sie hält sich inhaltlich eng an den Text der Bearbeitung Dedekinds vom Jahre 1554, nichts wird hinzugefügt, nichts weggelassen, sie ist somit weit getreuer als etwa die Übertragung Caspar Scheits und seiner Nachfolger. Die lateinischen Distichen sind durch paarweise gereimte Septenare, dem beliebten Versmaß für Übersetzungen klassischer Dichter, ersetzt.

Im allgemeinen kann gesagt werden, daß der Übersetzer bemüht ist, die lateinische Vorlage lebendig und anschaulich wiederzugeben.

1. für formelhafte lateinische Wendungen, für abstrakte Substantive, für das Personalpronomen oder die unpersönliche passivische Konstruktion gebraucht der Übersetzer konkrete und anschauliche Ausdrücke, z. B.: like a paltry blew-cote knave (v. 451)[1]) reliquis vilior, verbera: crooked sticke (v. 961), salutare: to bid God spede (v. 730), dapes: wild-fowle (v. 546), pelle loco socium: throw out some simple foole (v. 430), an dubium est unum cunctos habuisse parentem?: had we not all one father Adam and one mother Eve? (v. 424); man vergleiche auch:

(I. cap. IV, 9) Aut velut exciso quondam sub Monte Metallum
Quaeritur in venis terra benigna tuis:

(v. 460) Or as our Mettal-mongers do, with their industrious paines,
By digging mountaines, rob the earth of her rich mettall vaines.

2. Einzelne Ausdrücke des Originals werden durch mehrere synonyme wiedergegeben, neue Bilder und Vergleiche werden ausmalend hinzugefügt, z. B.: Impositam mensae crebris te pungere mappam ictibus: The table-cloth with pin or knife to pricke or cut beginne (v. 486), lis luctaque grandis erit: their wrangling, wrestling, strife, and swaggering will be great (v. 1345), und ferner:

(I. cap. VII, 8) Simplicitas stulta est omnem fugienda per artem,
Quae male moratis verbera dura parit:

(v. 962) Simplicitie that is too foolish, flie in any case,
Lest it procure thee store of stripes on shoulders, backe, and face.

(I. cap. V, 1) Ipsa parens rerum, quae vita humana requirit,
Cuncta tibi larga contulit ecce manu:

[1]) Die Verszahlen beziehen sich auf den voraufgehenden Abdruck der Übersetzung, p. 1—162.

(v. 518 f.) Aske but of Nature, our deare mother, and shee'le lend thee soone
A paire of lips, which thou maist use better then scoupe or spoone.

3. So werden auch ganze Situationen lebhafter ausgeführt, hie und da wird eine witzige Begründung hinzugefügt, die indirekte Rede wird in direkte aufgelöst, Ausrufe oder Beteuerungen werden eingeschaltet, Gründe oder Betrachtungen, die nur in dritter Person gegeben waren, werden einem der Beteiligten in den Mund gelegt:

(I. cap. V, 3) Et tibi nullus adest hominum qui porrigat illam,
Arripe protensa protinus ipse manu.
Qui refert etenim quod non in parte propinqua
Te coram ut positum debuit esse, fuit?:

(v. 534 f.) And if thou sit by no such friend as strait will helpe thee to it,
By stretching out thy limbes upon the table, thou maist do it,
If any seeme offended with thee, tell them tis the fashion
To set the best meate to the best men of the congregation.

Wenn du deinen Gürtel lockerer machen willst, gebrauche folgende List:

(I. cap. V, 9) Cum tibi vicino te permutare sodali
Finge dolo, vestis vincula velle tuae.
Et pete ut ante tibi sua praebeat ille videnda,
Dic tua te dempta promere velle mora.

(v. 606 f.) Thinke it no shame, or if thou dar'st not do so, tis thy best,
To pull it off though, for thou well maist cloake it with this jest:
Neighbour, you have a prettie gerdle, it shews verie fine;
What boote ifaith? let me see yours, and you shall strait see mine.

Von der Schüssel, die das Gefallen des Grobianers erregt, wird gesagt:

(I. cap. V, 4) . . Aripe quo citius fiat utraque manu:

(v. 547) Strait cover it with both your hands for feare it flie away.

Wenn der Grobianer eine Jungfrau sieht, so heißt es:

(I. cap. VI, 12) Inde adeas recta (pudor omnis inutilis hic est)
Curaque sit blando molliter ore loqui:

(v. 746) Then go strait to her, and in this case lay aside all shame
And with a pleasant smiling looke, demand the virgins name.

4. Andererseits gibt der Übersetzer umständliche lateinische Ausdrücke kurz und prägnant wieder: vestis vincula: gerdle (v. 606), Impositam mensae . . . . . mappam: table cloth (v. 486), Aeneus circulus. impositas sustinet ille dapes: salt-cellar (v. 492), Cereali litho: beere (v. 1134).

5. Er vermeidet phrasenhafte Wiederholungen Dedekinds und kürzt da, wo dieser, ohne neues zu bringen, noch einmal auf denselben Gegenstand zurückkommt, z. B. da, wo er von dem Reinigen der Schuhe zum zweitenmal spricht:

(I. cap. VI, 6) Nec licet immundo sit calceus undique coeno
Oblitus, ut purges sit tibi cura velim.
Quid purgasse iuvet, cum sit tibi rursus eundum
Perque luto plenas stercoribusque vias?
Sumpseris incassum vanos purgando labores.
Vanaque propositi cura sit illa tibi.

(v. 688 f.) What though your shooes be thicke with dirt? to purge them it is vaine,
For why you know in dirt and dung they must be fowlde againe.

(I. cap. VI, 15) Cum socio latam spatiabere forte per urbem,
Et via communis una duobus erit:
Sive sit aequalis, seu dignior esse putetur,
Tu dextrum studeas obtinuisse latus.
Si tamen immundo fuerit via lubrica coeno
Nequaquam tibi mos iste tenendus erit.
Ingrediere viam quae mundior esse videtur,
In medio comitem nil nocet ire luto.

Nec tibi quid prosit facile cognoveris ipse,
Si tua vel modicum mens rationis habet:

(v. 800 f.) When in a common way thou with thy friend doost walke the streete,
Take thou the right hand both of him and all that thou doost meete:
But if the way bee fowle, then make this order not a whit,
Take thou the cleane, as for the durtie let him goe in it.

Trotzdem es so dem Übersetzer gelungen ist, durch kleine Abänderungen, Zusätze und Kürzungen den Stil lebendiger, anschaulicher und volkstümlicher, freilich auch oftmals rauher und derber zu gestalten, scheint der Erfolg der Übersetzung unbedeutend gewesen zu sein. Von einer späteren Auflage oder Bearbeitung ist nichts bekannt. Erwähnungen oder Einflüsse dieser Übersetzung sind nicht zu finden. Der nächste Autor, der sich vier Jahre nach ihrem Erscheinen diesem Stoffe zuwendet, bemerkt ausdrücklich, daß er einen Teil des Grobianus selbst übersetzt habe, von der früheren englischen Übersetzung ist bei ihm nicht die Rede. Noch weniger ist dem zweiten Übersetzer des Grobianus, Roger Bull (1739), irgend etwas von seinem Vorgänger bekannt.

V.

Die erste englische Umgestaltung des Grobianus durch Th. Dekker.

Thom. Dekker als Prosasatiriker. — Sein Verhältnis zum Grobianus. — The Guls Horne-booke. — Der Charakter des Gull, a) satirische Definitionen, b) der Gull bei Ben Jonson. — Grobianus und Gull. — Vergleich von The Guls Horne-booke mit dem Grobianus. — Resultate.

Die erste Umgestaltung des Grobianus auf englischem Boden geschieht durch den Satiriker und Dramatiker Thomas Dekker im Jahre 1609.

Als Prosasatiriker gilt Thomas Dekker[1]) gemeinhin für den Nachfolger von Thomas Nash. Wie dieser richtet er seine Satire gegen Mißstände und häßliche Erscheinungen des geistigen und sozialen Lebens seiner Zeit und wird so ihr Sittenschilderer. Aber während Nash der gelehrtere und witzigere der beiden ist, findet sich bei Dekker, dessen Haupttätigkeit der Bühne gilt, weit mehr Dichtergabe und Darstellungsvermögen. Daraus erklärt es sich, daß Nashs Satire einen viel allgemeineren, abstrakteren Charakter trägt

[1]) The Huth Library: The Non Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker, ed. by Alexander B. Grosart, 1886. Dazu: The Guls Hornebooke, ed. by Dr. Nott, 1812. — The Dramatic Works of Th. Dekker, ed. by R. H. Shepherd, 1873.

Zur Biographie und Charakteristik vgl.: D. N. B. s. v. Dekker (A. H. Bullen). — Grosarts Memorial Introduction vol. V. — Ad. W. Ward: A History of English Dramatic Literature, 1899, vol. II, p. 450ff. — Jusserand a. a. O. p. 330ff. — Swinburne: Essay on Dekker in The Nineteenth Century, Januar 1887.

als die Dekkers, da ausgenommen natürlich, wo es sich um persönliche Fehden handelt. Nash zählt die Laster und Unsitten seiner Zeit auf, beschreibt sie kurz und verdammt sie dann mit gewichtigen Gründen und der ganzen Gewalt seiner Rede. Dekker aber gibt anschauliche Bilder von dem verwerflichen Treiben, das er um sich sieht. Er stellt einzelne Typen vor seine Leser, deren Verhalten er bis auf die kleinsten Einzelzüge ausmalt. Er bedient sich novellistischer Einkleidungen, er erzählt Erlebnisse und Anekdoten zur Illustrierung des Gesagten. Es kommt ihm offenbar manchmal mehr darauf an, die Lachlust und Neugierde seines Publikums zu befriedigen, als der richtende Satiriker seiner Zeit zu sein. Zur Ermutigung der Junggesellen behandelt er etwa sehr ausführlich die Launen der Weiber, er schildert das Leben und Treiben der Gesellschaft, die sich in St. Pauls Walk zusammenfindet, er wendet sich aber auch den Nachtseiten des Londoner Lebens zu, er deckt die Einrichtungen der Bettlergilde in ausführlicher Darstellung auf, er erzählt, wie Reisende in Wirtshäusern beschwindelt werden, er weist auf die betrügerischen Kniffe der Wucherer, der Hochstapler, der Roßtäuscher hin, und auch das elende Leben einer Hure wird beschrieben. Diese Neigungen Dekkers erklären es, daß er sich mit dem Grobianus beschäftigte. Hier sah er eine Satire auf Völlerei und Unmäßigkeit vor sich, Laster, die auch im London seiner Zeit reichlich vertreten waren. Hier fand er viele interessante Einzelzüge um eine typische Gestalt gruppiert, die komische und sonderbare Elemente reichlich aufzuweisen hatte.

Nach seiner eigenen Angabe hat Dekker von dem Grobianus „viele Bücher“ (many books) in englische Verse gebracht. Da er aber den Gegenstand nicht sonderlich mochte, so habe er aus einem 'Dutchman' einen wirklichen Engländer gemacht: not greatly liking the subject, I altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman. Einen weiteren Grund, warum er die Übersetzung aufgab, führt er nicht an. Immerhin läßt sich aus dieser Stelle

herauslesen, daß ihm der Grobianus als die getreue Darstellung eines 'Dutchman' erschien, daß sie also doch viel fremde und dem englischen Publikum wie dem Dichter gleich unsympathische Züge aufwies, die den Erfolg in England fraglich machten. Deshalb glaubte Dekker besser zu fahren, wenn er aus dem 'Dutchman' einen Engländer zurechtschnitte. So entstand, veranlaßt durch den Grobianus und mit deutlichen Spuren seines Einflusses 1609 die Satire: The Guls | Horne-booke: | Stultorum plena sunt omnia | Al Sauio meza parola, Basta. By T. Deckar. Labore et Constantia. | Imprinted at London for R. S. 1619. | Hier wird der Gull zum Seitenstück des deutschen Grobians.

Der Charakter dieses Gull, soweit er sich aus der Dekker voraufgehenden Literatur ergibt, soll im folgenden zunächst gezeichnet werden, damit die Frage beantwortet werden kann, inwiefern dieser Typus an die Stelle des Grobians treten konnte.

Der Gull ist in der Gesellschaft von Shakespeares England ein häufig auftauchender Typus. Gull, ursprünglich Bezeichnung für einen Vogel, bedeutet dann Dummkopf, Einfaltspinsel, Stutzer. Dem Äußern nach ist er verwandt dem courtier, dem Höfling oder dem Gallant, wie ihn Ben Jonson in seinem Fastidious Brisk gezeichnet hat: one that wears clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach.[1]) — Wie dieser wird er Gegenstand satirischer Definitionen, die sein Wesen erkennen lassen; die drei ausführlichsten seien hier angeführt:

1. English Epigrammes much like Buckminsters Almanacke. Calculated by John Davis of Graves Inne . . . 1594.[2])

[1]) Vgl. Ben Jonson, Works, ed. by William Gifford, p. 29.

[2]) Vgl. Narcissus. A Twelfe Night Merriment, ed. by Margaret L. Lee. Introduction, p. XIX.

Of a Gull.

A gull is hee that weares a velvett gowne,
And when a wench is brave dare not speake to her;
A gull is he that traverseth the towne,
And is for marriage knowne a common wooer.
A gull is hee that, when he proudly weares
A silver hilted rapier by his side,
Endures the lye and knocks about the eares,
Whilst in his sheath his sleepinge sword doth bide.
A gull is hee that hath good handsome cloaths,
And stands in presence stroking upp his haire,
And fills upp his imperfecte speech with oathes,
But speaks not one wise word thoughout the yeere.
But, to define a gull in tearms precise,
A gull is hee, that seemes, and is not, wise.

2. Skialetheia of Edward Guilpin (1598).[1])

Friend Candidus, thou often doost demaund,
What humours men by gulling understand:
Our English Martiall hath, full pleasantly,
In his close nips describde a gull to thee:
I'le follow him, and set downe my conceit
What a Gull is: oh word of much receit!
He is a gull, whose indiscretion
Cracks his purse strings to be in fashion;
He is a gull, who is long in taking roote
In barraine soyle, where can be but small fruite.
He is a gull who runnes himselfe in debt,
For twelve dayes wonder, hoping so to get;
He is a gull, whose conscience is a block,
Not to take interest, but wastes his stock:
He is a gull, who cannot have a whore,
But brags how much he spends upon her score:
He is a gull, that for commoditie
Payes tenne times ten, and sells the same for three:
He is a gull, who passing finnicall,
Peiseth each word to be rhetoricall:
And to conclude, who selfe conceitedly,
Thinks al men gulls, ther's non more gull then he.

[1]) Vgl. Skialetheia of Edward Guilpin, ed. by Alexander B. Grosart. (Occasional issues of unique or very rare books, vol. XXI.)

3. Endlich die anschaulichste der drei Definitionen in: Choice, Chance and Change: or conceites in their colours 1606.[1])

He that is well conceited of his wit,
Because a knave or foole doth flatter him,
And knowes not how to stand, nor goe nor sit,
When in his garments he is gaie and trim:
Rides like the trey of Clubs betwixt two Clownes,
A yealow doublet, and a tawny hose,
Hath half a yeard of Land, in two country townes,
Ane like a Hogge doth gruntle as he goes:
Weares a course stocking, and a Holland Ruffe,
A Brooche and picktoothe, in an old silke hat,
Lookes bigge at Beggars, takes a jest in snuffe,
And in an ale-house spends he cares not what:
Of this great Gull what memory will passe?
He liv'd a Cockscombe, and he died an asse.

Aus diesen Definitionen läßt sich der Gull als der einfältige, aber eingebildete Mensch erkennen, der dadurch als vornehmer Herr erscheinen möchte, daß er die albernen Moden und Manieren eleganter Stutzer nachzuahmen sucht. Es sind hier schon manche Einzelzüge dieses Typus gegeben. Seine äußere Erscheinung, seine Kleidung, sein Benehmen wird dargestellt. Er füllt seine Rede nach der Mode mit mannigfachen Beteuerungen und spricht kein vernünftiges Wort, sein wirkliches Verhalten entspricht weder seinem Aussehen, noch seinen Aufschneidereien. Er wirft sein Geld weg und ruiniert sich, um seine alberne Laune zu befriedigen.

Ein ausführliches Bild von diesen Gulls entwirft Ben Jonson, indem er sie als Figuren seiner Charakterkomödien unter den 'Humours' vorführt, die er dem Londoner Leben entnimmt.

---

[1]) Choice, Chance and Change (1606) or Glimpses of Merry England in the olden Time, ed. by Alexander B. Grosart, 1887. (Occasional Issues etc. vol. XXXIII.)

In Every Man in his Humour[1]) unterscheidet Ben Jonson den 'Country Gull', Master Stephen, und den 'Town Gull', Master Mathew. Master Stephen ist prahlerisch, feige und sehr einfältig und dumm. Er ist der Neffe des reichen Knowell, er kommt vom Lande und ist vermögend, und sein ganzes Bestreben geht darauf, als ein Gentleman zu erscheinen — er hat sich vorgesetzt, 'proud, melancholy, and Gentlemanlike' zu sein. Zu diesem Zwecke studiert er die Jagdausdrücke, die in der feinen Gesellschaft mehr gelernt werden, als Griechisch und Lateinisch. Er hat sich alles Geräte zur Falkenbeize angelegt, und es fehlt ihm nur noch ein Buch, das ihn lehrt damit umzugehen. An Kapitän Bobadill bewundert er vor allem dessen kräftige und zahlreiche Beteuerungen, die er sich anzueignen sucht. Er wird von Edward Knowell zum besten gehalten, und Brainsworth schwindelt ihm sein wertloses Schwert als Toledanerklinge auf. 'He is stupidity itself' sagt Wellbred von ihm. Er fängt Händel an, er führt das große Wort, sobald es aber Ernst wird, zeigt er sich ängstlich und kleinlaut.

In seinen Grundeigenschaften ihm ähnlich ist Master Mathew, der 'Town gull'. Sein Vater ist ein rechtschaffener Fischhändler, er aber sucht die Gesellschaft aller vornehmen Stutzer in der Stadt auf, und sie halten ihn zum besten. Er gibt sich für einen Kenner der Poesie aus, und seine eigenen Gedichte liest er stundenlang seiner angebeteten Mrs. Bridget vor, die sich mit ihren Freundinnen über das zusammengestohlene Zeug sehr belustigt. Von Bobadill läßt er sich im Fechten unterweisen. Auch er prahlt weidlich, als es aber zum Fechten kommt, läuft er davon.

Indem der Gull so auf die Bühne gestellt wurde, erfuhr er gegenüber den satirischen Schilderungen der Epigrammatiker eine bedeutende Ausgestaltung, denn er erschien jetzt handelnd und sein Verhältnis zur Umgebung

---

[1]) Vgl. Works, p. 1 ff.

wurde vorgeführt. Dabei tritt besonders ein wichtiger Zug hervor. Der Gull ist bemüht, sein Benehmen zu vervollkommnen, er lernt aus Büchern, durch Beispiele oder durch direkte Unterweisung. Master Stephen wünscht sich ein Buch 'Of the sciences of hawking and hunting', Master Mathew führt zur Erhöhung seiner dichterischen Talente die Spanish Tragedy bei sich. Von Bobadill lernt Master Stephen seine kräftigen Schwüre wie 'by Pharaoh's foot: Body o' Caesar, upon mine honour, and by St. George, as I am a gentleman and a souldier, etc.', während Mathew von ihm Fechtstunde erhält.

Diese Lehren und Unterweisungen, die dem Gull erteilt werden, und der komische Eifer, mit dem der Gull bestrebt ist sich auszubilden, nehmen in der Darstellung dieses Charakters in 'Every Man out of his Humour'[1]) den breitesten Platz ein. Sogliardo fällt hier die Rolle des Gull zu. Ben Jonson zeichnet ihn zu Anfang folgendermaßen: 'Sogliardo' an essential clown, . . . so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laughed at.' — Carlo Buffone übernimmt es für Geld und gute Worte, ihn zu lehren, wie alle die 'rare qualities, humours, and compliments of a gentleman' zu erwerben sind. Dazu müsse er zunächst das Leben auf dem Lande aufgeben, sich für vieles Geld ein paar Kisten voll Kleider nach der neuesten Mode beschaffen, die Gesellschaft vornehmer Leute aufsuchen und deren Benehmen studieren. Er solle Karten spielen lernen und dabei stets recht kräftige Flüche zur Hand haben. Er solle fein im Wirtshaus speisen, in melancholischer Stimmung dasitzen und in den Zähnen bohren, wenn er nichts zu reden habe. Im Theater solle er seinen Platz auf der Bühne unter den vornehmen Herren einnehmen, wenn sein

[1]) Vgl. Works, p. 29 ff.

Anzug das erlaube. Da möge er mit einem steifleinenen Gesicht dasitzen, die Stirne krausziehen, daß sie aussehe wie ein neumodischer Schuh, und nur über seine eigenen Witze lachen, es sei denn, daß sonst etwa einer der feinen Herren in seiner Nähe das Beispiel dazu gebe. Er solle viel von angesehenen Verwandten und Angehörigen reden und vorgeben, mit Personen des Hofes oder sonstigen hochgestellten Leuten in Verbindung zu stehen. Den Kaufleuten möge er nur recht viel schuldig bleiben, das werde sie gefügig und von ihm abhängig machen. Den so unterrichteten Sogliardo führt nun Carlo Buffone nach St. Pauls Walk, dem Treffpunkt aller modischen Stutzer des damaligen London. Er schreibt ihm vor gravitätisch einherzuschreiten, außerordentlich stolz zu sein und nur von Edelleuten zu sprechen, wenn er die auch nur von Ansehen kenne. Als Sogliardo den Wunsch äußert zu speisen, da gibt ihm Carlo Buffone Verhaltungsmaßregeln für sein Benehmen im Wirtshaus. Wenn ein Fremder dorthin komme, so sei es Brauch, daß alle aufständen und ihn anstarrten, wie ein unbekanntes Tier aus Afrika. Dagegen helfe nur, eine recht kühne Miene zur Schau zu tragen. Er müsse ganz unverschämt sein, sich niedersetzen und gar keine Scheu zeigen. Werde etwas vorgebracht, das seine Fassungskraft übersteige, so solle er nur lächeln und sein Gesicht ein paarmal verziehen, dann werde man denken, er sei weit gereist, und wenn er auch den ganzen Tag nur mit Stillschweigen oder Lächeln am Gespräch teilnehme, so werde es doch hingehen. Dann und wann könne er aber auch einmal erregt werden, ein paar kräftige Beteuerungen in das Gespräch einwerfen, oder eine große Wette ausbieten. Sogliardo wird ferner gelehrt, wie er kunstvoll zu rauchen habe, und zum Schlusse kommt er sogar an den Hof, wo es sich für ihn darum handelt, durch galante Phrasen die Gunst der Hofdamen zu erobern.

In dieser Weise zeichnet Ben Jonson den Gull offenbar nach dem Leben in festen Umrissen und stattet ihn mit vielen lächerlichen Einzelzügen aus.

Dieser Gull war nun in vieler Hinsicht das Seitenstück zum deutschen Grobianer, und so erklärt es sich, daß an die Stelle der Satire auf den Grobian, die auf den Gull treten konnte.

Wie der Grobianer in Deutschland, so war der Gull in England ein Typus, der im öffentlichen Leben sowohl, als auch in der Gesellschaft häufig begegnete. Wie der Grobianer forderte auch der Gull durch sein lächerliches, aber auch oftmals sehr lästiges Betragen die Satire herauf. Die Satire heftete sich bei beiden Gestalten zunächst an das Äußere. Aussehen, Kleidung, Gang, Haltung wurden verspottet. Was den Charakter anbetrifft, so sind beide Gestalten anmaßend, frech, prahlerisch und feige. Das zeigt sich besonders in ihrem Benehmen auf der Straße und im Wirtshaus (resp. im Hause des Bekannten), im Verkehr mit Genossen und Frauen. Aber doch sind beide Gestalten ihrem Wesen nach grundverschieden voneinander. Bei dem Grobianer richtet sich die Satire vor allem gegen die Verrohung seines äußeren Benehmens, gegen seine ungezügelte Hingabe an die grobsinnlichen Genüsse des übermäßigen Essens und Trinkens, während er nicht so sehr als tölpelhaft, dumm und bäurisch erscheint. Der Gull hingegen sucht gerade ein feiner Herr zu sein und sich alle Manieren eines solchen anzueignen, aber die Sitten und Moden vornehmer Stutzer, die er zur Schau trägt, passen nicht zu seiner angeborenen Albernheit und Bäurischkeit, und daraus entspringen die lästigen oder lächerlichen Eigenschaften, die ihn kennzeichnen. Dieser Wesensunterschied erklärt sich aus den verschiedenen Kulturkreisen, denen beide Gestalten entstammen. Der Grobianus hat seine Urbilder in der armen deutschen Universitätsstadt des 16. Jahrhunderts, seinen Hintergrund bildet die allgemeine Sittenverrohung dieser Zeit, der Gull aber erscheint in dem öffentlichen Leben eines reichen Handelsmarktes, einer blühenden Residenz, deren Hof und deren Bürgerschaft eine glänzende äußere Kultur aufweisen.

Die Form der Satire auf den Gull hatte sich, wie bei Ben Jonson zu beobachten war, der des Grobianus genähert. Der Gull erschien als Schüler, einem Lehrmeister wurden eine Reihe von Ratschlägen, die seinem Benehmen gelten sollten, in den Mund gelegt. So besteht ja auch bei dem Grobianus die Fiktion, daß der Grobianer Schüler seines Meisters Grobianus ist und dessen Vorschriften gehorcht. Aber auch hier ist wieder auf einen wesentlichen Unterschied hinzuweisen. Was in der deutschen Satire nur eine Fiktion ist, die sich, wie oben gezeigt wurde, aus einer literarhistorischen Entwicklung herleitet, das wird bei der Satire auf den Gull durch Verhältnisse der Wirklichkeit mitbedingt. Der Gull, der unerfahrene Gimpel, war genötigt, sich nach einem Freund und Ratgeber oder nach einem Vorbild umzuschauen, und da er hierbei nur zu oft gerupft und betrogen wurde, ergab es sich naturgemäß, daß er zu Büchern seine Zuflucht nahm, die ihm Anleitung zu seinem Verhalten geben konnten. Indem nun die Satire auf den Gull in Form einer Unterweisung, durch die Wirklichkeit bedingt wurde, ging ihr ein großer Teil der Wirkung verloren, die die Satire auf den Grobianer gerade durch ihre paradoxe Fiktion ausgeübt hatte.

Nachdem das Wesen des Gull, Form und Inhalt der Satire auf ihn und deren Verhältnis zu Dedekinds Grobianus gekennzeichnet worden, soll in einer eingehenderen Untersuchung gezeigt werden, wie in Dekkers The Guls Horne-booke, die Einflüsse des Grobianus beschaffen waren. Ein satirisches Lehrbuch für den Gull zu schreiben, lag nahe, nachdem die Form der Satire auf diesen Typus die der Unterweisung bei Ben Jonson geworden war. Es gab, wie oben gezeigt wurde, „Schulen der Tugend und der guten Sitten“, es gab Anleitungen zum Benehmen bei gebildeter Unterhaltung, es gab Bücher über die Kunst der Jagd und des Fechtens, und so konnte auch der Gull sein ABCbuch beanspruchen. Daß nun Dekker gerade von dem Grobianus ausgehend auf den Einfall kam,

dem Gull ein solches Lehrbuch zu widmen, hat wohl auch mit seinen Hauptgrund in der Verwandtschaft des Grobianus mit solchen Büchern, die Ausläufer der alten Gattungen der Lebensregeln, sowie der Hof- und Tischzuchten sind. Dekker sagt ironisch folgendes über den Zweck seines Buches: I know that most of you (O admirable Guls!) can neither write nor reade. A Horne-booke haue I inuented, because I would haue you well schooled. Powles is your Walke, but this your Guid. So führt nun Dekker seinen Gull durch die verschiedenen Schauplätze seiner Wirksamkeit und rät ihm von Kap. II—VIII: How a young Gallant shall not onely keep his Clothes (which many of them can hardly do) from Brokers; but also saue the charges of taking physick, with other rules for the morning (cap. II), How a Gallant should warme himselfe by the fire; How attire himselfe (cap. III), How a Gallant should behaue himselfe in Powles-Walkes (cap. IV), How a gallant should behaue himselfe in an Ordinary (cap. V), How a gallant should behaue himselfe in a Play-house (cap. VI), How a Gallant should behaue himselfe in a Tauerne (cap. VII), How a gallant is to behaue himselfe passing through the Cittie, at all houres of the night: and how to passe by any watch (cap. VIII).

Dekker widmet sein Werk den Gulls: To all Guls in generall, wealth and Liberty, und gibt dem Leser die Veranlassung zur Entstehung an. Dem eigentlichen Lehrbuch voraus geht eine Art Prolog, ein Prœmium, in dem Dekker seine Zuhörerschaft zusammenruft und die Musen seiner Dichtung anredet.

Wenn man den Inhalt von Guls Horne-booke mit dem Grobianus vergleicht, so ergibt sich sofort, was Dekker in seinem Vorwort sagt: It hath a relish of Grobianisme, and tastes very strongly of it in the beginning. Der Einfluß des Grobianus reicht bis zum dritten Kapitel einschließlich, er ist sehr stark, aber auch sehr begrenzt, denn Verwendung findet nur: 1. Die Widmungsepistel Dedekinds an Simon Bing und

2. Das erste Kapitel des ersten Buches, einschließlich der ihm unmittelbar voraufgehenden Apostrophe Dedekinds an Simplicitas und die grobianischen Gottheiten. Weiter hat inhaltlich The Guls Horne-booke keine Berührung mit dem Grobianus mehr. Die übrigen Kapitel sind ausschließlich dem Gull gewidmet, dem gezeigt wird, wie er sich als Gallant zu benehmen habe. Im voraufgehenden wurde gezeigt, wie Gull und Grobianer bei allen Berührungspunkten doch grundverschiedenen Wesens sind. So konnte es Dekker nicht gelingen, die beiden Gestalten zu einer zu verschmelzen. The Guls Horne-booke klafft demnach in zwei Teile auseinander. In dem ersten Teil ist Dekker stark vom Grobianus beeinflußt und bemüht, diesen mit zeitgemäßen Zügen zu versehen und ihn in Beziehung zu dem Gull zu bringen, und im zweiten Teil schließt er alles Grobianische aus und handelt von dem Gull allein. Auch in bezug auf die Form macht sich der Unterschied der beiden Teile voneinander geltend. Wie im ersten Teil die Vorschriften den fingierten des Grobianus entsprechen, so ist auch die Form, die komische und witzige Begründung grobianischen Tuns beibehalten, ja noch bedeutend ausgearbeitet und gesteigert. Dieser Stil ändert sich wesentlich im zweiten Teil. Hier bleiben Vorschriften und Begründungen stets auf dem Niveau der Wirklichkeit, und die einzige Begründung, die eigentlich dem Gull gegeben wird, ist die, daß ihn ein solches Verhalten zu einem Gallant mache.

Die Komposition von The Guls Horne-booke ist der des Grobianus sehr ähnlich. Wie für den Grobianer so erstrecken sich auch für den Gull die Vorschriften über die gesamte Tagestätigkeit: Aufstehen, Anziehen, Morgenbegrüßung, dann der Spaziergang, die beiden Hauptmahlzeiten, und endlich der Nachhauseweg sind hier wie dort Gegenstände der Unterweisung.

Für eine eingehende Vergleichung von The Guls Horne-booke mit dem Grobianus kann, wie sich aus dem obigen

ergibt, nur der erste Teil von Dekkers Satire d. i. cap. I—III und Proemium in Betracht kommen.

In dem Proemium gibt Dekker im wesentlichen den Inhalt der Verse wieder, die in dem Grobianus dem ersten Kapitel unmittelbar voraufgehen, und in denen Dedekind-Grobianus seine Schüler zusammenruft, seine Lehren anpreist und die grobianischen Gottheiten um Beistand bei seinem Vorhaben angeht. Dedekind beginnt:

Si tibi Simplicitas priscorum antiqua virorum,
Et rudis, et nulli noxia vita placet . . . .
Huc ades, et nostrum studio non deside carmen
Perlege, fors aliquid quod iuvet inde feres.

So fordert auch Dekker auf, herbeizukommen: any man, woman, or child, be he Lorde, be he Lowne, be he Courtier, be he Carter of the innes of Court, or Innes of City, that, hating from the bottome of his heart all good manners and generous education, is really in loue, or rather doates on that excellent country Lady, Innocent Simplicity, being the first, fairest, and chiefest Chamber-maid that our great grandam Eue entertained into seruice.

In derselben Reihenfolge, wie bei Dedekind, werden die grobianischen Gottheiten angerufen:

Tu mihi prosper ades veterum non inscie morum
Silvane . . . .

O thou venerable father of ancient (and therefore hoary customs) Sylvanus, I inuoke thy assistance. Ebenso Faunus und ganz besonders Bacchus:

Die Lenæ pater, bibulæ notissime turbæ,
Pocula quo deceat sumere plena modo:

Awake thou noblest drunkard Bacchus, thou must likewise stand to me . . . . teach me, you soveraigne skinker, how to take the Germanies upsy freeze, the Danish Rowsa, the Switzers stoap of Rhenish . . . ., dann folgt Comus:

Come cibis avide quondam præfecte vorandis,
Si tua constitui sacra docere, fave:

Comus, thou Clarke of Gluttonies kitchen, doe thou also bid me proface, and let me not rise from table, till I am perfect in all the generall rules of Epicures and Cormorants: und zum Schluß:

Almaque Rusticitas nostro Dea maxima seclo,
Huc ades, et vatem dirige prompta tuum:

Last of all . . . thou homely but harmelesse Rusticity, Oh breath thy dull and dunstical spirit into our ganders quill.

Als Zusatz erscheint in diesem Proemium der Anfang, in dem sich Dekker mit geringschätzigen und scheltenden Worten an seine Leser, besonders aber an die Kritiker darunter wendet. Wo er dem Grobianus folgt, ist er stets bestrebt, die Angaben seiner Vorlage derb, doch anschaulich auszuführen, und satirische Beziehungen zur Gegenwart einzuflechten.

Schon hier entwirft er ein lebendiges Bild des Gull: haunting theaters, he may sit there, like a popiniay, onely to learne playspeeches, which afterward may furnish the necessity of his bare knowledge, to maintaine table talke, or else, heating tauernes, desires to take the Bacchanalian degrees, and to write himselfe in arte bibendi magister: that at ordinaries would sit like Biasse, and in the streets walk like a braggart, that on foote longs to goe like a French Lacque, and on horsebacke rides like an English Tailor, or that from seuen yeares and upward, till his dying day, has a monethes mind to haue the Guls Hornebooke by hearte. Sylvanus — (cf. veterum non inscie morum Silvane . .) wird gekennzeichnet: thou that first taughtest Carters to weare hobnailes, and Lobs to play Christmas gambols, and to shew the most beastly horse-trickes. Bei der Erwähnung des Bacchus werden alle die mannigfachen Trinkgebräuche aufgezählt, die damals in England Mode waren: The Englishmans healths, his hoopes, cans, halfe cans, Gloues, Frolicks and flapdragons etc. Wie ein rotnasiger Trinker solle er all seine

Geheimnisse offenbaren: The mystical Hieroglyphick of Rashers a'th'coales, Modicums, and shooing-hornes, and why they were inuented, for what occupations, and when to be vsed. Bei Comus wird ein langer Ausfall gegen die Unsitte des Rauchens eingefügt. Comus wird Herrscher der Inder genannt und Dekker wendet sich mit folgender Bitte an ihn: make me thine adopted heire, that, inheriting the vertues of thy whiffes, I may distribute them amongst all nations, and make the phantastick Englishmen (aboue the rest) more cunning in the distinction of thy Rowle Trinidado, Leafe, and Pudding, then the whitest toothd Blackamoore in all Asia. After thy pipe shal ten thousands be taught to daunce, if thou wilt but discouer to me the sweetnesse of thy snuffes, with the manner of spawling slauering, spetting and driueling in all places, and before all persons.

Auf diese Weise bildet Dekker seine Vorlage in origineller Weise um und fügt ihr reichlich Lokalfarbe bei. Wie er sich dann zu dem eigentlichen Grobianer stellt, das lehren die folgenden Kapitel.

Kapitel I hat die Überschrift: The old world, and the new weighed together: the Tailors of those times, and these compared: the apparell and dyet of our first fathers.

Dieses erste Kapitel zeigt einige Ähnlichkeit mit der Epistel Dedekinds an Simon Bing, die der Verfasser gleichsam als Vorrede seiner Satire mitgab. Wie Dedekind so läßt sich hier Dekker näher über den Zweck seines Vorhabens aus und hebt hervor, eine wie schwere Arbeit er auf sich genommen. Wie dieser vergleicht er ausführlich seine Vorschriften mit Medikamenten und Kuren, die die Ärzte zur Heilung ihrer Kranken anwenden. Ins einzelne gehen aber diese Anklänge nicht. Dedekind zeigt hier, wo er das Programm der folgenden Kapitel entwirft, eine von Dedekind beträchtlich abweichende Auffassung des Grobianers. Dekker vergleicht die Welt, wie sie früher war, mit der gegenwärtigen und schildert Kleidung und Leben der Voreltern. Damals, so sagt er, bestand Adams bestes

Sonntagsgewand in einem Feigenblatt und Evas Kleidung war aus demselben Stoff verfertigt. Die Schneider konnten keine langen Rechnungen aufstellen, und die vielen Moden waren unbekannt. Nachdem Dekker dann eine große Anzahl solcher modischen Kleidungsstücke aufgezählt hat, wendet er sich zur Lebensweise jener Alten. Ein Salat und eine Zwiebelsuppe war damals ein Mittagsmahl für einen weit größeren Mann als den Großsultan. Der Italiener pflegte nicht sein Fleisch mit einer silbernen Gabel zu zerlegen, und der Engländer wechselte nicht zwölfmal die Teller bei der Mahlzeit. Peirs ploughman deckte den Tisch und Simplicity brachte die Schüsseln herein. Diese Welt will Dekker wieder heraufführen und so ruft er seinen Lesern zu: You therefore whose bodyes, either ouerflowing with the corrupt humours of this ages phantasticknesse, or else being burnt vp with the inflamation of vpstart fashions, would faine be purgd: and to shew that you truly loath this polluted and mangy-fisted world, turne Timonists, not caring either for men or their manners. Dekker empfiehlt also hier die 'Simplicitas priscorum antiqua virorum' seinen Zeitgenossen. Die früheren Zeiten mit ihren einfachen Sitten hält er der verfeinerten Gegenwart gegenüber. Darin unterscheidet er sich schon im innersten Wesen von Dedekind, für den ja 'simplicitas priscorum antiqua virorum', die ironische Bezeichnung ist für Sitten und Zustände, die er in der Gegenwart und in seiner nächsten Umgebung erblickt, und gegen die sich seine Satire wendet. Dekker aber erblickt in seiner zeitlichen und örtlichen Umgebung keine grobianischen Sitten. In der Vorzeit, als die ersten Menschen noch auf Erden wandelten, da war jeder ein Grobian. Da kümmerte man sich nicht um Menschen und Sitten, und zu der Lebensweise dieser 'Grobianer' in Dekkers Sinne sollen die überfeinen Leser der Gegenwart angeleitet werden.

In den Kapiteln II und III: How a young Gallant shall not onely keep his Clothes (which many of them can hardly do) from Brokers: but also saue the charges of taking

physick, with other rules for the morning: The praise of sleep, and of gooing naked, und How a Gallant should warme himselfe by the fire; How attire himselfe: Description of a mans head: The praise of long haire, gibt nun Dekker im Anschluß an das erste Kapitel des ersten Buches von Dedekinds Grobianus eine Reihe von solchen grobianischen Vorschriften.

Er rät zunächst seinem Schüler, nicht vor Mittag aufzustehen: neuer rise, till you heare it ring noone at least:

Fulcra soporiferi cum liqueris alta cubilis
(Quod fieri medium non decet ante diem)

den Eltern keinen guten Morgen zu bieten: Bid nod goodmorrow so much as to thy father, tho he be an Emperour:

Egregie civilis eris, si nulla parentes
Mane salutandi sit tibi cura tuos,

das Gähnen und Strecken wird anempfohlen: Onely remember, that so soone as thy eyelids be vnglued, thy first exercise must be, either sitting vpright on thy pillow, or rarely loling at thy bodies whole length, to yawne, to stretch, and to gape wider then any oyster-wife:

Non habet exiguas quoque pandiculatio vires,
Si medicos par est credere vera loqui . . .

Darauf soll der Grobianer nackt im Zimmer auf- und abgehen: walke awhile vp and downe thy chamber, either in thy thin shirt onely, or else (which, at a bare word, is both more decent and more delectable) strip thy selfe stark naked:

Nec reliquis surgens te vestibus indue, nudæ
Indusium satis est imposuisse cuti.

Die Kälte aber treibt ihn bald zu weiteren Maßnahmen: be then as swift as a whirle winde, and as boysterous in tossing all thy cloathes in a rude heape together: With which bundle filling thine armes, steppe brauely forth, crying: 'Room, what a

coyle keep you about the fire?' The more are set round about it, the more is thy commendation, if thou either bluntly ridest ouer their shoulders, or tumblest aside their stooles to creepe into the chimney corner:

Sed reliquas geminis vestes complectitor ulnis,
Aspera si duro frigore saevit hyems:
Scilicet in calido iucundius est hypocausto
Induere, a sævo ne violere gelu.
Nec moveat, virgo vel fœmina si sit ibidem,
Tu tamen utaris moribus usque tuis.
Sique tuis quisquam factis offenditur, illum.
Cernere si talem nolit, abire iube.

Auch die Vernachlässigung der Kleider empfiehlt Dekker im Anschluß an Dedekind, und einen besonders langen Abschnitt widmet er der Anpreisung des langen Haares. To maintaine therefore that sconce of thine, . . . neuer suffer combe to fasten his teeth there: let thy haire grow thick and bushy like a forrest, or some wildernesse:

Ne nimis evades moratus, pectere crines
Neglige, neglecta est forma decora viro.

Dekker wahrt so Inhalt der Vorschriften und auch deren Aufeinanderfolge und stimmt oft fast wörtlich mit dem Original überein, aber auch hier wieder führt er in breiter und lebendiger Darstellung aus, was in der Vorlage nur kurz und summarisch behandelt wird. Besonders kommt es ihm darauf an, seinen Helden ausführlich zu schildern, so z. B. wie er sich am Feuer wärmt: There toast thy body, till thy scorched skinne be speckled all ouer, being staind with more motley colours then are to be seene on the right side of the rainebow. Er verweist auch zu diesem Zwecke auf bekannte Typen: As for thy stockings and shoos, so weare them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of a Male-content. Hier wird der Grobianer seinem Aussehen nach mit dem unglücklich Verliebten verglichen, der durch seine vernachlässigte

Kleidung seinen Schmerz in affektierter Weise zur Schau trägt.[1])

Zu diesen Vorschriften gehören die Begründungen, die Dedekind seinem Schüler mit den Regeln zugleich gibt. Sie bilden, wie in der Einleitung gezeigt wurde, durch ihre witzige Ironie einen Hauptreiz dieser Satire. Hierin übertrifft nun Dekker bei weitem noch seine Vorlage. Da, wo bei Dedekind Begründungen gegeben werden, bringt er sie auch vor: so sagt Dedekind, indem er von der Begrüßung der Eltern am Morgen spricht:

> Prospera quantumvis optes, quid proderit illis?
> Optima non dammum est perdere verba leve:

An idle ceremony it is, and can doe him little good; to thy selfe it may bring much harme. Auch auf den Brauch der Juden, die das Grüßen vermeiden, verweist Dekker gerade so wie Dedekind. Bei Anempfehlung eines langen und wirren Haarwuchses, sagt Dekker: So make thou account, that, to haue feathers sticking here and there on thy head will embellish, and set thy crowne out rarely. None dare vpbraid thee, that like a begger thou hast lyen on straw, or like a trauelling Pedlar upon musty flockes; for those feathers will rise vp as witnesses to choake him that sayes so, and to proue that thy bed was of the softest downe. Ganz dem entsprechend heißt es bei Dedekind:

> Eximio tibi erit decori, si pluma capillis,
> Mixta erit, et laudem providus inde feres.
> Scilicet hoc homines poteris convincere signo,
> Non in stramineo et cubuisse toro.

Hier, wo Dekker der Vorlage folgt, erweitert er sie schon beträchtlich und gibt den lateinischen Text anschaulich und lebendig wieder. So fügt er denn auch eine

[1]) Vgl. die Schilderung bei Shakespeare: Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation (As you like it, III, 2).

Menge von komischen und witzigen Begründungen neu hinzu. Warum sollten wir nicht nackt gehen? fragt er z. B. Sind wir nicht so geboren? Sollte eine törichte Gewohnheit uns die Gesetze der Schöpfung durchbrechen lassen? Solange die ersten Menschen nackt gingen, durften sie im Paradiese wohnen, als sie aber Kleider auf den Rücken bekamen, wurden sie hinausgewiesen. Auch sollen wir die Kleider lose und nachlässig tragen, denn Freiheit gilt mehr als Knechtschaft. Wahrheit geht nackt, Falschheit bedarf eines deckenden Mantels. In dieser Weise erörtert er auch den Nutzen des langen Haares, und diese Lobpreisung ist reich an komischen Einfällen: Gras ist das Haar der Erde, und solange man es wachsen läßt, schmückt es den Boden, der es trägt, und zeigt eine gefällige Farbe. Aber wenn es der Bauer niedermäht, und es wie ein Barbier bis auf die Stoppeln abschneidet, dann welkt es und taugt nur noch dazu, daß man es zusammenrafft und den Pferden vorwirft. Ein kahler Schädel, erklärt Dekker, ist wie ein Gesicht ohne Nase, aber ein Kopf, ganz von Haar umhüllt, gibt selbst dem häßlichen Gesicht eine schöne Form und sieht aus wie eine Wiese im Frühling. So geht es weiter, bis er endlich schließt: Langes Haar wird dir bei deinem Feinde ein männliches Aussehen verleihen. Es ist im Frieden ein Schmuckstück, im Kriege eine Wehr, ein starker Helm. Es macht die Schneide eines Schwerts stumpf und macht das bleierne Geschoß unwirksam. Es ist im Winter eine warme Nachtmütze und im Sommer ein kühlender Federfächer. In gleicher Ausführlichkeit behandelt Dekker unter Anführung von sehr komischen Gründen, den Nutzen des langen Schlafens, wozu ihm die Vorlage nur die Angabe lieferte, daß sich der Grobianer erhebt, wenn die Sonne schon hoch am Himmel steht. Zur humoristischen Ausstattung gehört auch die Beschreibung von „eines Mannes Haupt", die der Lobpreisung des langen Haares beigegeben wird. Das Haupt wird hierin in seinen einzelnen Teilen mit einem Hause verglichen, die Augen sind die Fenster, die Nase der Schlot

usw. Ohne Dach taugt aber das ganze Gebäude nichts, und dieses Dach wird eben durch das dichte Haar gebildet, das man deshalb möglichst lange wachsen lassen muß.

Mit dem dritten Kapitel endet der unmittelbare Einfluß von Dedekinds Grobianus. Wie sich zeigte, hält sich Dekker inhaltlich eng an die Vorlage. Aber im Gegensatz zu Dedekind ist für Dekker der Grobianer kein Gegenstand der Satire mehr, sondern eine komische Gestalt. Dekker, der den Grobianer einen 'Dutchman' nennt, fand den Grobianismus in seiner Umgebung nicht vertreten, deshalb setzte er ihn dem Benehmen der Gulls gegenüber und stattete ihn mit komischen Zügen aus. Komisch wirken die drastischen und derben Wiedergaben der Vorschriften, die große Häufung der Gründe, die ironischen Lobpreisungen verwerflicher Dinge und witzig durchgeführte Vergleiche wie der letzterwähnte. In dieser Auffassung und Behandlung des Grobianus kann nun auch gleichzeitig mit ein Grund gefunden werden dafür, daß Dekker nicht weiterhin seine Vorlage bearbeitete. Mit der Satire fiel zunächst ein Hauptreiz für Autor und Publikum weg. Wollte sich ferner Dekker eng an seine Vorlage halten, wie bisher, so boten ihm die unabsehbare Menge von Einzelvorschriften eine ungeheure Arbeit, zumal bei der breiten Ausführung, die die humoristische Gestaltung erforderte. Die Menge der Vorschriften erschwerte es ihm auch, einzelne charakteristische Züge herauszugreifen und daraus ein wirksames Ganze zu schaffen. Das alles mag dem Dichter die Beschäftigung mit dem Grobianus verleidet haben.

Zu Anfang des 4. Kapitels wendet sich Dekker mit den Worten: Being weary with sayling vp and downe alongst these shores of Barbaria, here let vs cast anchors and nimbly leape to land in our coasts, der unmittelbar zeitlichen und örtlichen Gegenwart zu. Ein bekannter Schauplatz wird gegeben, 'St. Powles Walkes', und dem bekannten Typus, dem Gull, gelten von nun an die Vorschriften. Im vorausgehenden wurde gezeigt, was der Gull mit dem Grobianer

gemeinsam hatte und inwiefern es gegeben war, daß der Grobian durch den Gull ersetzt wurde. Von den folgenden Kapiteln braucht hier, wo es sich um die Einflüsse des Grobianus handelt, nicht mehr viel gesagt zu werden. Inhaltlich bewegen sich diese fünf Kapitel in dem Geleise, das durch die Satire vor Dekker, hauptsächlich durch Ben Jonsons Sogliardo gegeben war. Diese Satire wurde durch Beobachtungen nach dem Leben natürlich mit reichem Stoff und mit vielen Einzelzügen neu versehen. So entstand die ausführlichste Darstellung des Gulls, wie sie The Guls Horne-booke liefert. An Ben Jonson erinnern auch die Schauplätze, wo sich die Tätigkeit des Gull abspielt. Hier, ebenso wie in Every Man out of his Humour, sind es das Theater, St. Paul's Walk, und die vornehmen Wirtshäuser Londons. Was die Form anbelangt, so wurde schon im vorausgehenden auf den Unterschied in den Begründungen hingewiesen. Gegenüber den Kapiteln II und III sind jetzt die Begründungen knapp und kurz gehalten, die Vorschriften überwiegen bei weitem, und die Begründungen stehen im engsten sachlichen Zusammenhang damit. Ihr Sinn ist etwa der: these are complements that gaine a Gentleman no mean respect, oder: that qualitie . . . is the onely furniture to a Courtier thats but a new beginner, and is but in his A. B. C. of Complement.

Zur Lösung der Frage nun, in welchem Verhältnis beide Teile, in die The Guls Horne-booke offenbar zerfällt, zueinander stehen, und wie Dekker sie aneinandergepaßt hat, ist folgendes zu bemerken.

Nach Dekkers eigener Angabe ging die Übersetzung, resp. Bearbeitung, einzelner Bücher des Grobianus der Entstehung der Satire auf den Gull voraus. Die Kapitel II und III, die sich so eng an den Grobianus halten, sind die ursprünglichsten, sie haben im Grunde nichts mit dem Gull zu tun und nehmen auch nirgends direkte Beziehung auf ihn. Darauf folgt die Satire auf den Gull von Kapitel IV an. Proemium und Kapitel I dienen zur Verknüpfung. Sie enthalten Grobianisches und Satire auf den Gull in gleicher

Weise. In dem Proemium wird als Leser angeredet der Grobianer: any man . . hating from the bottome of his heart, all good manners and generous education, ebenso aber auch der Gull: any person aforesaid, longing to make a voyage in the ship of Fooles, would venture all the wit that his mother left him, to liue in the country of Guls, cockneyes and coxcombs, to the intent that haunting theaters, he may sit there etc. . . . . Im Kapitel I aber wird dem Grobianer, gegenüber dem Gull, seine Stellung als nachahmungswertes Beispiel alter Sitteneinfalt zugewiesen. Und so geht dann in den zwei folgenden Kapiteln der eigentlichen Satire auf den Gull eine mehr scherzhaft humoristische Einleitung voraus, in der gezeigt wird, wie sich dieser als Grobianer ausnehmen würde.

Die Resultate dieses Abschnittes lassen sich kurz dahin zusammenfassen: Was den Inhalt des Grobianus anbetrifft, so erscheinen die darin gegeißelten Zustände Dekker als spezifisch festländische, er nennt den Grobianer einen 'Dutchman' und stellt ihn den Sitten seiner Zeit und seines Landes gegenüber. Indem der Grobianus auf englischen Boden verpflanzt wird, verliert er an satirischem Gehalt und wird zur komischen Gestalt. An die Stelle der Satire auf den Grobianer tritt die auf den Gull, einen Typus des öffentlichen Lebens, der bei wesentlichen Unterschieden doch auch verwandte Züge aufweist. Die Form des Grobianus ist wohl im allgemeinen für die Entstehung eines 'Hornebook' bestimmend gewesen. Hauptsächlich aber hat in den beiden Kapiteln, die sich eng an Dedekind anlehnen, die Ironie der Satire Dedekinds solche ironisch humoristischen Lobpreisungen geringer und tadelnswerter Dinge wie The Praise of Sleep and of gooing naked, the Praise of Long Haire hervorgerufen, die schon vor Dekker Nash gepflegt hatte, und die sich hinfort vereinzelt in der englischen satirischen oder humoristischen Literatur finden.

The Guls Horne-booke hatte größeren Erfolg als die Übersetzung des Grobianus. Es wurde nach der Restauration

ein zweites Mal herausgegeben unter dem Titel: The young Gallants | Academy | Or | Directions how he should be | have himself in all Places and | Company | as 1) in an Ordinary | 2) in a Play-house | 3) in a Tavern | 4) as he passes along the Street all hours of the night | 5) and how to avoid Constables Interrogatives. | To which is adde, | The Character of a Town Huff. | Together with | The Character of a right | generous and well-bred gentleman | by Sam. Overcome. London 1675.

Die Bezeichnung grobianisme, die Dekker auf Inhalt und Stil seiner Vorlage anwandte, fand Eingang in die englische Sprache. In Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, das 1611 zum ersten Male erschien, wird französisch 'grobianisme' wiedergegeben durch englisch 'grobianisme, slouenlinesse'.

VI.

Dramatisierung des Grobianus.

Burtons Bekanntschaft mit dem Grobianus. — Der verliebte Grobianer. — Grobiana's Nuptials. — Der Grobianismus im englischen Universitätsleben. — Entstehungszeit und Verfasser von Grobiana's Nuptials. — Inhaltsangabe. — Verhältnis von Grobiana's Nuptials zu dem Grobianus: Form, Inhalt, wesentlicher Unterschied. — Satirische Elemente in Grobiana's Nuptials. — Charakter und Bedeutung des Stückes. — Erwähnung des Grobianus bei John Bulwer und Gayton.

Burton, der Verfasser der Anatomy of Melancholy, scheint die Satire Dedekinds gekannt zu haben. Er spricht nicht nur in dem dritten Buche seiner Anatomy of Melancholy 1621[1]) von 'grobians', sondern er erwähnt auch 'Grobian's scholar', welche Bezeichnung doch eine Bekanntschaft mit dem Wesen der grobianischen Satire voraussetzt. In diesen Kapiteln spricht er von den Symptomen der Liebesmelancholie.[2]) Er führt aus, daß der Verliebte den Gegenstand seiner Leidenschaft anbetens- und bewundernswert findet, und sollte selbst das geliebte Wesen ein Ausbund von Häßlichkeit und Widerlichkeit sein. Dabei entwirft er eine lebendige Schilderung von so einer Dame: Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favoured, wrinkled, pimpled, pale, red, yellow, tanned, tallow-faced, . . . a dowdy, a slut, a scold, a nasty, rank, rammy, filthy, beastly quean, dishonest peradventure, obscene, base, beggarly, rude, foolish, untaught, peevish, Irus's daughter,

[1]) Neudruck: London 1893, bei John C. Nimno, 3 vols.

[2]) vol. III, p. 150f.

Thersites's sister, Grobians's scholar, if he love her once, he admires her for all this, . . . he had rather have her, than any woman in the world. Den Anverwandten der klassischen Typen, des häßlichen und schmähsüchtigen Thersites und des gefräßigen Irus, wird hier die Schülerin des Grobianus beigesellt. Sie soll als Inbegriff einer häßlichen, schmutzigen, nachlässigen, rohen und auch durch ihr Benehmen Anstoß erregenden Weiblichkeit gelten. Diese Grobiana kommt der von Dedekind sehr nahe. Ähnlich gebraucht Burton auch die Bezeichnung Grobian. Er spricht in demselben Kapitel von den wohltätigen Einflüssen der Liebe auf die verschiedenen Menschen. Sie wirke, so sagt er: All manners of civility, decency, compliment and good behaviour, plus salis et leporis, polite graces and merry conceits. Diese längere Erörterung schließt er: In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts, if once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce.

Nachdem so das Wort 'grobianisme' in den Sprachgebrauch eingegangen war, hatte Burton hier auf das Benehmen eines Grobianers hingewiesen, der von Liebesleidenschaft erfaßt wird. Diese Stelle in dem bekannten Buche des in Oxford lebenden und verehrten Philosophen mag mit den Anlaß gegeben haben zu einer Dramatisierung des Grobianus, die in den 30er Jahren des 17. Jahrhunderts zu Oxford erfolgte, und in der eine Gesellschaft von Grobianern vorgeführt wird, die die Liebe in Bewegung und Handeln versetzt.

Das einaktige Stück Grobiana's Nuptials hat geringen literarischen Wert. Aber es ist interessant insofern, als es die einzige dramatische Ausgestaltung des weitverbreiteten Grobianus ist. Einen besonderen Reiz bietet es in folgender Hinsicht. Fast hundert Jahre nach seinem Entstehen in Deutschland kehrt jetzt in England der Grobianus in die Kreise zuück, aus denen er ursprünglich in seiner Heimat hervorgegangen war. Studenten bemächtigen

sich des Stoffes und dramatisieren ihn. Dabei entsteht nun bei aller grotesken Übertreibung ein Gebilde, das ebenso bezeichnend für Oxforder Universitätsleben vor der Revolution ist, wie es einst Dedekinds Satire für Leben und Treiben der armen, kleinen deutschen Universitätsstadt gewesen war. Insofern ist eine Vergleichung von Grobiana's Nuptials mit seinem Vorbild eine lohnende Aufgabe.

Grobiana's Nuptials ist in einem Ms. erhalten, das auf der Bodleiana liegt. Das Quartheft (28 fol.)[1]) enthält auf fol. 2—12 ein lateinisches Drama 'Thysiponomachia', das von C. Wrenn, dem Vater Sir Christopher's, verfaßt, dem derzeitigen Präsiden von St. John's College, Buckridge,[2]) gewidmet ist. Dessen Amtszeit endete 1611, Wrenn wurde 1609 immatrikuliert, so muß man die Entstehung des lateinischen Stückes ungefähr 1610/11 ansetzen. Auf fol. 13 beginnt, ohne besonderen Titel, Grobiana's Nuptials. Am Schlusse, unter den letzten Zeilen, stehen die Namen, offenbar der Verfasser, Roger Shipman und William Taylor,[3]) während auf dem letzten Blatte noch mehrmals 'William Taylor' und 'William Taylor his booke' geschrieben ist. Roger Shipman und William Taylor gehören ebenfalls dem St. John's College an.[4]) Unter den 'Alumni Oxonienses' befinden sich mehrere William Taylor, doch nur einer, dessen Aufenthalt in St.

[1]) Bodleiana, Ms. 30.

[2]) Vgl. D. N. B. s. v. Buckridge.

[3]) Diese beiden Namen sind mit anderer Tinte, offenbar von späterer Hand, fast bis zur Unleserlichkeit durchstrichen.

[4]) Vgl. Alumni Oxonienses 1500 - 1714, ed. Jos. Foster, 1892. — Ferner: Anthony A Wood, Fasti Oxonienses, 1815. — Zur Geschichte der Universitäten vgl.: Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, two series, 21 and 18 vols., darunter besonders: S. John Baptist College, by William Holden Hutton, B. D. London 1898. — The Live and Times of Anthony Wood, Antiquary of Oxford, 1632—1695, described by himself, collected from his Diaries and other Papers by Andrew Clarke, M. A. Oxf. Hist. Society, 1891. — Antony Wood, the Histories and Antiquities of the Colleges and Halls of Oxford with an Appendix by J. Gutch. 1790.

John's College mit einem Roger Shipman zusammenfällt. Es ist dies: Taylor, William, s. William, of Oxford (city) D. Med. St. John's Coll., matric. 16 Dec., 1636, aged 16, B. A. 24 July 1641. Der andere Eintrag lautet: Shipman, Roger, s. William, of Whaddon, Wilts, sacerd. St. John's College, matric. 19 May, 1637, aged 16, B. A. 6. Feb., 1640—1, vicar of Chisledon, Wilts, 1663; father of William 1671. — In diese Zeit also wird die Entstehung von 'Grobiana's Nuptials' fallen, das auf die leeren Seiten eines Heftes geschrieben wurde, das ein älteres Drama enthielt.

Das Stück ist in neun Szenen eingeteilt, deren Inhalt zur Übersicht kurz angegeben werden soll.

Sz. 1. Within a prologue a prologue: Grobianus tritt auf und spricht eine Art Prolog. Er schildert, was die Zuschauer an dem heutigen Abend zu sehen bekommen werden, nämlich Menschen in ihrer wahren Gestalt, so wie sie Natur geschaffen, Grobianer, aus deren Kreis er sich einen Mann für seine Tochter auswählen will.

Sz. 2. Es treten auf Pamphagus, Lorrell und Oyestus. Pamphagus, ein Hauptgrobianer, gibt seinem Koche Lorrell, und dem Diener und Ausrufer Oyestus, Anweisungen für das große Gastmahl der Grobianer, das am folgenden Tage stattfinden soll. Lorrell zählt allerlei unappetitliche Gerichte auf, die er schon zubereitet hat oder noch zubereiten will. Oyestus macht dazwischen alberne Bemerkungen. Er bekommt zum Schlusse den Auftrag, die Gäste zusammenzurufen, und liest aus einer Liste deren Namen vor.

Sz. 3. Vanslotten, Tantoblin, Ursin, die den 'court of assistants of Grobians' bilden, erscheinen zur Verhandlung. Die oberste Behörde der Grobianer wird hier vorgeführt. Nachdem die drei nun zunächst lebhaft bedauert haben, durch ihre Sitzung von wichtigen Geschäften abgehalten worden zu sein, beraten sie über Beschlüsse, die der Förderung grobianischen Wesens gelten sollen. Alsbald tritt Pamphagus zu ihnen, der von seinen Beobachtungen in der Stadt berichtet, und Bemerkungen über das Benehmen eines Mit-

gliedes ihrer Vereinigung macht. Dann muß Pamphagus neue Verordnungen, grobianische Lustbarkeiten betreffend, vorlesen, und Oyestus wird beauftragt, sie in der Stadt bekannt zu machen.

Sz. 4. Grobiana und ihre Magd und Confidente Ungartred unterhalten sich. Zunächst erfahren die Hörer etwas über das wenig anziehende Äußere von Grobianus' Tochter, dann wird von ihrem verführerischen Wesen gesprochen, dessentwegen ihr alle jungen Männer der Stadt huldigen. Ungartred erzählt des näheren ven einzelnen Freiern, die sich um die Gunst ihrer „schönen" Herrin bewerben. Oyestus tritt dann, von Grobianus hereingeführt und ermutigt, zu den würdigen Damen und bringt seine Einladung zum grobianischen Festmahl vor, die angenommen wird.

Sz. 5. Zwei grobianische Kandidaten, Hunch und Jobernole, unterhalten sich über ihre Aussichten für die Aufnahme in die Gemeinschaft der Grobianer.

Sz. 6. Das Festmahl findet statt. Grobianus, Grobiana, Vanslotten, Tantoblin, Ursin, Oyestus, Pamphagus, Ungartred erscheinen. Vanslotten und Tantoblin begrüßen die Anwesenden, insbesondere Grobianus und dessen hübsche Tochter. Ursin macht Grobiana den Hof. Grobianus weist seine Tochter auf die Vorzüge der Anwesenden hin. Grobiana stimmt ihm bei und findet namentlich Tantoblin sehr anziehend. Einige grobianische Gebräuche werden bei Tisch beobachtet. Tantoblin und Ursin wetteifern im Bewerb um die Gunst Grobiana's, diese muß jedoch, von einem plötzlichen Unwohlsein befallen, den Tisch verlassen. Bald brechen alle auf, um sich schlafen zu legen.

Sz. 7. In einem Monolog erörtert Tantoblin den Stand seiner Dinge bei Grobiana. Diese tritt unversehens ein, und die Szene einer grobianischen Liebeswerbung spielt sich ab. Grobiana ist sehr entgegenkommend und redet sogar in Versen. Tantoblin begegnet ihrem Liebeswerben durch verstocktes Schweigen. Er antwortet auf alle Zärtlichkeiten seiner Geliebten nur mit 'Hum, Hum'. Dies hält er für eine

besondere Art, Liebe zu erwidern. Inzwischen ist Ursin, Tantoblin's Rivale, eingetreten. Er redet Grobiana an und erklärt ihr seine Liebe. Sie weist ihn ab, er wird immer zudringlicher und begehrt sie zu küssen. Sie wehrt sich und ruft nach Tantoblin, der wohl abseits gestanden sein muß. Dieser haut Ursin mit den schlichten Worten 'you saucy bearheard' nieder. Ursin schreit Mord und verliert die Besinnung, seine Freunde eilen herbei, er wird bald wieder ins Leben zurückgerufen und geht schmerzbewegt ab, um sich zu stärken.

Sz. 8. Grobiana erscheint, schwerkrank von Ungartred hereingeführt. Der Schreck hat es ihr angetan, und ihre Leiden, die vom Kopf zum Leibe wandern, werden in sehr ergötzlicher Weise geschildert. Ihr einziger Wunsch ist, einmal noch vor ihrem Ende ihren geliebten Tantoblin zu sehen. Ihr Vater kommt herzu, besorgt um ihr Leben, und endlich gelingt es den Anstrengungen der getreuen Ungartred, Grobiana wieder auf den Weg der Besserung zu bringen. Sie zieht erfreut mit ihrem Vater ab, der ihr versprochen, daß am nächsten Tage die Hochzeit mit Tantoblin stattfinden soll. Oyestus bleibt mit Ungartred zurück, die ihm kaum mißzuverstehende Anträge macht.

Sz. 9. Es treten auf alle Grobianer des Stückes. Die Versöhnung der beiden schwer beleidigten Rivalen erfolgt jetzt. Vanslotten wird die Angelegenheit zum Spruche unterbreitet. Oyestus führt das Protokoll dieser komischen Verhandlung. Ursin gibt schließlich klein bei. Auf dem Hochzeitsfest soll die Versöhnung gefeiert und neue Freundschaft geschlossen werden. In der allgemeinen Feststimmung werden auch die Kandidaten aufgenommen, nachdem sie sich zu Wahrung der grobianischen Regeln verpflichtet haben. Dann geht es zur Kirche, und darnach soll das Hochzeitsmahl stattfinden, wo es Wein und Kuchen die Menge geben wird, und wozu ein jeder geladen ist.

Grobianus spricht den Epilog. Er bittet, den Beifall zu unterlassen und heißt die Zuschauer weggehen.

Wie sich schon aus dieser Inhaltsangabe ersehen läßt, ist Grobiana's Nuptials durchaus nicht in enger Anlehnung an den Grobianus verfaßt. Wie sich das Stück zu der Satire Dedekinds verhält, soll im folgenden genauer betrachtet werden.

Die Form des Grobianus, die der Vorschriften, die einem Schüler von dem Meister erteilt werden, erscheint in Grobiana's Nuptials in der Fiktion wieder, daß ein Klub, ein Verein, sich die Pflege grobianischen Lebenswandels zur Aufgabe gestellt hat und alle Mitglieder zur strengen Beobachtung seiner Vorschriften und Satzungen anhält. Grobianus ist der Gönner und Protektor dieser Gesellschaft. Ein 'court of assistants of Grobians' bildet die höchste Behörde dieser Gemeinschaft, er besteht aus Vanslotten, Tantoblin, Ursin und Pamphagus. Darunter ist Tantoblin der Vornehmste. Er nennt sich 'warden of the companie'. Pamphagus hat mit seinem Koch Lorrell und dem Diener Oyestus für die leiblichen Genüsse und für die Lustbarkeiten zu sorgen, während sich das sportliche Interesse um den Bärhetzer Ursin sammelt. In feierlicher Verhandlung wird in dieser Gemeinschaft über grobianische Statuten beraten. Nicht ohne Schwierigkeiten und Formalitäten gelingt es den Kandidaten, Aufnahme in den erlesenen Kreis zu erlangen. Wer die Vorschriften nicht befolgt, wird bestraft und mit Ausstoßung bedroht. Da die Verfasser Studenten waren, so liegt es nahe, in dieser Einkleidung Anspielungen auf die Verfassung des College's zu sehen, wo es ja auch einen Präsidenten, einen Warden, eine oberste Behörde und reichlich Statuten gab. Für die Aufnahme der Kandidaten in die Gemeinschaft der Grobianer namentlich kann man auf einen ähnlichen Brauch hinweisen, von dem Anthony Wood berichtet, und zwar aus Merton College um eben diese Zeit.[1]) Es handelt sich um die Aufnahme junger, neu eingetretener Studenten, der sogenannten 'freshmen', in den Kreis ihrer

[1]) **The Life and Times etc. Oxf. Hist. Soc., 1891 vol. XIX,** p. 133 ff.

älteren Genossen, was ein Hauptvergnügen von Fastnachts Dienstag bildete.[1]) Die 'freshmen' hatten während der langen Winterabende auf mancherlei Weise zur Unterhaltung ihrer älteren Kameraden beitragen müssen. Am Fastnachts Dienstag nun wurde in der Halle früher als gewöhnlich Feuer angezündet, vor 6 Uhr schon gingen die älteren Mitglieder des College's zum Abendessen und zogen sich dann zurück, den Studenten die Halle zu deren Belustigung überlassend, freilich mit der Ermahnung, daß alles in guter Ordnung vor sich gehen solle. Während sie noch beim Essen saßen, mußte schon der Koch ein Gefäß voll Weinsuppe (cawdle) auf Kosten der Füchse bereiten. Diese wurde später an das Feuer in der Halle gesetzt. Darauf mußte ein jeder der Füchse 'gown' und 'band' ablegen und sich ein verlottertes Aussehen geben. Dann wurden sie, einer nach dem andern, auf die Bank gestellt und mussten mit lauter Stimme Reden halten, für die sie je nach ihrer Leistung einen Trunk Weinsuppe oder ein salziges Getränk (salted drink) erhielten. Dabei gab es 'tucks', d. h. einer der älteren machte ihnen mit dem Nagel ein blutiges Zeichen unter die Unterlippe. Darnach wurden sie in die Gemeinschaft der älteren aufgenommen, und dabei wurde ihnen ein feierlicher Eid über einem alten Schuh abgenommen, von dem A. Wood nur noch einen kleinen Teil berichten kann: Item tu jurabis quod penniless bench non vistabis etc. (Pennyless Bench war ein Platz bei St. Martin's Church, wo Butter- und Höker-weiber zu sitzen pflegten.) Dann mußten sie diesen alten Schuh küssen, durften ihre Tracht anlegen und sich nun zu den älteren setzen. Der allgemeine Charakter dieses Brauches stimmt mit dem überein, was in Grobiana's Nuptials geschildert wird. Auch hier handelt es sich um Kandidaten, die den Eintritt in eine Gemeinschaft suchen, deren Glieder sie mit ängstlich komischem Respekt ansehen müssen. Dieser

[1]) Der im folgenden geschilderte Brauch erinnert an die sog. Deposition der deutschen Universitäten in älterer Zeit.

Eintritt ist nicht leicht zu erlangen. Zu den Formalitäten dabei gehört zunächst ein verwahrlostes Aussehen, ferner wird ein Eid geschworen, dessen Inhalt komischer Unsinn ist, und auch ein schmerzhaftes Element ist mit der Aufnahme verbunden, hier hören wir von Schlägen, die die Kandidaten empfangen, dort von 'tucks'. So findet hier die eigentümliche Form des Grobianus, die Umkehrung der Sittenregeln, eine Entsprechung von ganz heimischer Gestalt.

Inhaltlich ist Grobiana's Nuptials eine vom Grobianus abhängige Ausgestaltung der Anregungen, die mit den Namen 'Grobianus' und 'Grobiana' gegeben waren. So hat Grobiana's Nuptials mancherlei Züge mit dem Grobianus gemein, ohne daß sich von einer Stelle nur behaupten ließe, sie sei der Dedekindschen Satire wörtlich entnommen.

Echt grobianisch ist zunächst das verwahrloste Äußere, dessen sich alle Mitglieder der Gemeinschaft befleißigen: such as ne're swathed their feete in socks, for feare of the graine of their owne bodies, whose beardes and haire never impoverish'd the wearers, that banish wisely a barber as a superfluous member from their commonweale, a Taylor is admitted, but one of the primetive time, that cutts out longe bellies, short skirts, codpeese you knowe, and most canonicall round knees. Wie bei Dedekind nun die grobianischen Vorschriften sich hauptsächlich um Mahlzeiten gruppieren, so bildet auch hier eine Mahlzeit den Mittelpunkt der Handlung, und dabei zeigt sich das grobianische Betragen auf seiner Höhe, und hier hört man auch nun Überreste jener alten Begründungen, die Dedekind seinen Vorschriften mitgab. So heißt es da: Vanslotten: Fall too, handes were made befores knives, spred your butter, knifes are dangerous, are they not? . . . . Tantoblin cut up the pye. Tantoblin: Soe I will, as soone as I have clensed my knife, there is a little of our trade upon it. Grobianus: Noe matter, all goes the same way, and comes to the same againe.

Schon Dedekind hatte Grobiana an den wüsten Gelagen der Männer teilnehmen lassen, und hier wie dort legt sich

Grobiana im Verkehr mit Männern wenig Zurückhaltung auf. Zum Grobianismus gehört es auch, daß die Grobianer niederen leiblichen Gefühlen keinen Zwang antun und sich ungeniert darüber aussprechen. Auch das schnelle und grobe Dreinschlagen Tantoblins hat sein Vorbild in der Satire Dedekinds.

Trotz solcher gemeinsamen Züge ist doch dieser englische Grobianismus gänzlich verschieden von dem deutschen. Herford hat diesen Unterschied dahin formuliert, daß dieser neue Grobianismus etwas absichtlich zur Schau getragenes, eine exzentrische, modische Laune sei. Dies ist näher auszuführen. Grobianus theoretisiert über das Wesen des Grobianismus, wie er ihn versteht. Zu seinen Zuhörern sagt er: You shall see the true shapes of men, not in the visor and shaddow of garbes and postures, but verie pure, pate man, such as nature made u'm. Zuvor hat er sich selbst vorgestellt: I am old Grobian . . . . I am he, that hate manners worse then Tymon hated man. And what did he hate them for? Marrie for their foolish, apish compliments, niceties, lispings, cringes. Dieser Überzeugung verleiht er des öfteren Ausdruck. So stellt er seiner Tochter die Grobianer vor mit den Worten: Daughter these are the men I wish you, these be the moralls of the age, not like these gay butterflies which are as tender as old weather beaten userers in a thicke suit of old frize. Auch in der höchsten Erregung bleibt er seiner Überzeugung getreu: My daughter ill, better humanitie were dead. Das grobianische Tun entspringt also bei ihm aus einem Prinzip, einer Überzeugung, aus dem Haß gegen die heuchlerischen Sitten der Menschheit. Es ist hier das bewußte Tun einzelner, während es bei Dedekind als ein Grundübel der Zeit, in der allgemeinen Verrohung gesellschaftlicher Zustände seine Ursache hat. Was nun Dedekind mit satirischer Ironie zur Begründung dieses Treibens, dem Stil seines Werkes gemäß, nachträglich hineinlegte — das Ideal unverfälschter Sitteneinfalt: simplicitas veterum antiqua morum, das ist in Grobiana's Nuptials der vorgefaßte Ausgangspunkt für alles

Handeln. Dieser Charakter des Absichtlichen drückt sich ja besonders deutlich darin aus, daß die Kandidaten einen Eid ablegen müssen, dem Grobianismus treu zu bleiben: 'You must sweare never to buy a suit but at Longe lane and that on of our fashion, its noe matter though it be lac'd like a footman, never to weare stockins but when they are ruff'd like a pigeon, nor gloves, till they have beene twice dippt in a drippinge panne, nor shoes till the phisitian hath given them ore to a dunghill; you shall sweare allsoe never to eat beefe, till the salt be alive in't, nor any meat, till on savour has put out another, soe kisse the butter, and grease yourselves into our companie. Deutlich charakterisiert auch folgende Episode die Absichtlichkeit des grobianischen Tuns: Pamphagus teilt seinen Genossen mit, daß Mr. Ployden auf dem Fest erscheinen werde und zwar in einem neuen Kleide. Darüber große Entrüstung. Ursin bemerkt: er werde seinen Platz verwirken, wenn er das tue. Pamphagus aber kann sie beruhigen. Sobald Mr. Ployden von Oyestus seine Einladung erhalten, hat er sich in den Schweinestall begeben und sich mit dessen Insassen eine Stunde lang belustigt, so daß er jetzt allen Anforderungen grobianischer Unsauberkeit getreulich nachkommen kann.

Dieser Unterschied des englischen Grobianismus von dem deutschen erklärt sich durch die verschiedenartige Tendenz von Grobianus und Grobiana's Nuptials. Der Grobianus ist Satire auf die Sitten seiner Zeit, er hat einen allgemein kulturhistorischen Hintergrund. Grobiana's Nuptials schildert das exzentrische Tun und Treiben von ein paar Personen. Der Grobianismus wird hier nicht in satirischer Absicht dargestellt, er soll nur die Gelegenheit zu einer derb-grotesken und oft sehr rohen Komik bieten. Diese Grobianer sollen durch ihre Erscheinung und durch ihr Benehmen die Lachlust und nicht die Entrüstung der Zuschauer hervorrufen und durchaus nicht zu deren moralischer Besserung beitragen.

Schon gleich zu Anfang mußten sich bei der grotesken Schilderung grobianischer Speisen Haare und Magen der Zuhörer in komischem Entsetzen sträuben. Die Reden der Grobianer und der Kandidaten in den folgenden Szenen sind so derb und komisch als möglich. Grobiana aber ist die groteskeste Figur dieses Kreises. Mit offenbarer Liebe verweilen die Dichter bei ihrer umfangreichen Erscheinung. Sie hat keine Zähne mehr, was sie aber durch geschicktes Benehmen bei der Unterhaltung zu verbergen weiß. Auf ihrem Gesicht erblickt man keine einzige Falte, solange sie ihre Maske trägt. Ihr Atem hat es nötig, durch Essenzen einen großen Wohlgeruch zu erlangen, und sogar im Schlafe erweist sie sich nützlich, indem sie durch ihr Schnarchen die Schweine ihres Vaters zusammenrufen kann. So ist es kein Wunder, daß alle Jünglinge der Stadt in sie verliebt sind. So gewinnt sie auch die Zuneigung Tantoblins und Ursins. Die Szenen, die das Geständnis der Liebe von Tantoblin und Grobiana, des Rivalen Ursin energisches Vorgehen und sein trauriges Schicksal, dann die Krankheit Grobiana's, wo sich alle mit jedem erdenklichen Mittel um Abstellung ihrer Leiden bemühen, umschließen, bieten zu roher Situationskomik die allererreichste Gelegenheit.

Während so grobianische Satire zu grobianischer Farce wird, finden sich kaum noch satirische Bemerkungen allgemeineren Inhalts. Hierher gehört nur die Verspottung puritanischer Frömmigkeit, die an einem drastischen Beispiel gezeigt wird. Hunch, einer der beiden Kandidaten, erzählt von seiner Geliebten: She liv'd with a puritane once, and because she blew her nose in grace time, shee was turned out of her service, worauf Jobernole sein Urteil abgibt: That Puritane was a course fellow, nor did hee know what belong'd to good manners. Der Eifer, mit dem Oxford in den Kämpfen zwischen König und Puritanern Partei nahm, schlägt bis in diese derbe Farce hinein seine Wellen.

Wenn nun auch von allgemeiner Satire kaum etwas zu merken ist, so enthalten doch viele Stellen offenbar scherzhafte

Beziehungen auf Personen und Zustände, die Verfassern und Publikum verständlich waren und wohl den Hauptreiz von Grobiana's Nuptials bildeten, die aber heute nicht mehr aufzulösen sind. Die ganze Einkleidung trug ja Spuren des Collegelebens und so ist auch anzunehmen, daß sich der Inhalt auf vieles bezog, was innerhalb des College's vorging. Die Erwähnung der Speisezubereitung, der tölpelhafte Diener Oyestus schlossen möglicherweise eine Verspottung des Dienstpersonals ein. Ursin, der leidenschaftliche 'bearheard', Vanslotten, der 'candlemaker', konnten sich unter den Insassen des College's befinden. Es ist auffällig, wie viel in in dem kurzen Stück von Personen und Vorkommnissen geredet wird, die außerhalb des Rahmens von Grobiana's Nuptials liegen. So spricht Tantoblin von einem Grobianer: hee is called the Auter, he hath a monopoly for all Butterie bookes, kitchinge bookes, besides old declamations and theames, which to the wonder of the world he spends very punctually, and constantly, you scarce can get any paper to put under pyes, against a good tyme for him. Dieser zweideutige Papierverbrauch soll offenbar zur Verspottung eines besonders schreibseligen Kameraden dienen. Ungartred erzählt von mehreren Jünglingen, die sich um die Gunst Grobiana's bemüht haben und schildert sie mit deutlicher Beziehung auf wirkliche Personen. Es mag einer der Verfasser, William Taylor, selbst gemeint sein, wenn es da heißt:

Ung.: You doe not knowe your husband yet? I saw the prettiest fellow the other day cast suche a gloatinge eye upon you.

Grob.: Do'st know his profession?

Ung.: Not very well, he had a pair of bow leggs, with two feete at the end of them, and a couple of neate shoes, tyed with a riband of the broader sort, he did cut such a many of crosse capers, sure he was a Tayler.

Grob.: Hange him, nitlie breechd rogue . . . .

Ung.: Oh, he sings curiously upon his shopboard of faire Rosamond and Jane Shore.

Aus dem im voraufgehenden Gezeigten ergibt sich deutlich der Charakter von Grobiana's Nuptials. Dieses Zwischen-

spiel ist nicht in Verbindung zu bringen mit den lateinischen oder englischen Dramen, die an den Universitäten von Oxford und Cambridge öffentlich aufgeführt wurden. St. John's College war berühmt wegen der Pflege dramatischer Kunst, und die Vorliebe für schauspielerische Darstellungen[1]) wird auch die Verfasser von Grobiana's Nuptials zur Dramatisierung des Grobianusstoffes veranlaßt haben. Doch im übrigen kann Grobiana's Nuptials als dramatisches Erzeugnis keiner höheren Gattung der Literatur einverleibt werden. Das Stück gehört zu den Scherzen, an denen sich die jüngeren Insassen der Colleges während der langen Winterabende belustigten. Auch wenn die Jugend der Verfasser nicht bezeugt wäre, sie ließe sich erkennen an der ungelenken und wenig gelehrten Schreibweise, an der rohen Freude am Derben und Unanständigen, an dem geringen Interesse für allgemeinere Fragen und Gegenstände und an der scherzhaften Verspottung von Personen und Verhältnissen, mit denen sie in unmittelbarer Berührung standen. So hat Grobiana's Nuptials wenig literarischen Wert. Aber es ist ein interessantes literaturgeschichtliches Denkmal, insofern es zeigt, wie in den ersten Jahrzehenten des 17. Jahrhunderts auf englischen Universitäten deutscher Grobianismus aufgefaßt wurde. Es läßt ferner einen Blick tun in das Treiben der jugendlichen Collegebewohner vor der großen Revolution, deren Ausbruch bald dem Leben in den Colleges eine andere Gestalt gab.

Das Grobianertum, wie es in Grobiana's Nuptials in burlesker Form erscheint, eine Gesellschaft, deren Mitglieder bestimmten Gesetzen gehorchen, die ihnen unschickliches Betragen und nachlässige Kleidung vorschreiben, wird so auch bei dem Arzte John Bulwer[2]) (fl. 1654) erwähnt in

[1]) Vgl. Narcissus usw., Introduction, p. IIIff. — Hutton a. a. O. p. 86 ff.

[2]) Vgl. D. N. B. s. v. Bulwer — Bulwer war zu seiner Zeit als „wissenschaftlicher" Vertreter der Chiromantie bekannt und

dessen Buch: Anthropometamorphosis or the Artificial Changeling of man, 1652. Dieses Buch schildert unter Hinweis auf zahlreiche Quellen, wie die Angehörigen der verschiedenen Nationen, vornehmlich die unzivilisierten Völker, die ihnen von der Natur gegebene Gestalt künstlich verstümmeln aus Gründen der Gefallsucht und der Eitelkeit. Einem Anhang dazu gibt Bulwer den Titel: An Appendix Exhibiting the Pedigree of the English Gallant. Es habe ihm nahe gelegen, führt hier John Bulwer aus, über die Torheiten der Kleider und Moden zu handeln, nachdem er zuvor die widernatürlichen Verstümmelungen des Körpers erörtert habe. Er will den Spruch erläutern: God makes and the Tailor shapes. Er vergleicht in Hinblick auf das Hauptthema seines Buches die hohen Hüte der englischen Frauen und Männer den künstlichen Verlängerungen des Schädels, wie sie bei den Ureinwohnern von Pontus üblich sind. Schminke und Mouche entsprechen den Tätowierungen der wilden Indianer, usw. Die auf den Grobianus bezügliche Stelle lautet: The bombasting of long peascod-bellied doublets so cumbersome to arm, and which made men seem so far from what they were, was sure invented in emulation of the grobian, ar all-paunch family. In Grobiana's Nuptials tragen die Grobianer dieselbe Tracht: 'longe bellies, short skirts, codpeese'. Eine Illustration zeigt in der zweiten Ausgabe den Grobianer mit seinem ausgewölbten Bauchwamms. Von den Gesetzen und Regeln der Grobianer ist in Bulwers Buch ebenfalls die Rede: It is plain by the full length and position of the Hand (contrary to the Grobian-law) that nature never intended the Hand to be as a Fork to pitch meat as unchopt Hay into the mouth. Diese grobianische Regel, auf die hier angespielt wird, schreibt das Essen mit den Fingern vor, so wie es in Grobia-

---

berühmt. In Deutschland erwähnt ihn z. B. Harsdörffer in den „Frauenzimmer Gesprechsspielen". Vgl. Jöchers Gelehrtenlexikon s. v. Bulwer.

na's Nuptials heißt: Fall to, hands were made before knives. Ferner berichtet Bulwer: In Candon Island the people have a Fashion that while they are eating none dare spet or cough, but they must rise and go forth; contrary to the practical rule of the Grobians, and indeed somewhat against the freedome and liberty of Nature. Es läßt sich aus diesen Stellen nicht klar ersehen, woraus Bulwer seine Kenntnis des Grobianismus entnimmt. Die letzt erwähnte Regel entspricht Dedekinds Grobianus (II. cap. V), während sich die Auffassung des Grobianertums als einer 'family', und die andere Vorschrift aus Grobiana's Nuptials herleiten können. Bekanntschaft mit dem Grobianus läßt sich ferner zu dieser Zeit nachweisen bei Edmund Gayton[1], der von 1638 an als Fellow in St. Johns College, Oxford, lebte und seine Kenntnis möglicherweise aus derselben Quelle wie die Verfasser von Grobiana's Nuptials schöpft. Seine Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot, London 1554, fügen zu einzelnen Sätzen und Situationen des Originals eine Menge von erläuternden Ausführungen und Betrachtungen hinzu, in denen der Glossator seine Gelehrsamkeit dartut. So bemerkt er von den Hirten, die mit Don Quichote und Sancho Pansa ihr spärliches Abendmahl teilen: For handsomenesse of feeding, use of napkins, and complement, they had been very well all trained up in Grobians School, where they learn'd every punctilio of abominable, nasty and grosse feeding, which would make a man loath any meal that should be eaten by such swine (I, 11). Von dem Benehmen Sancho's wähend der Nacht, wo die beiden Helden in Erwartung unerhörter Abenteuer dem Stampfen einer Walkmühle zuhören, erklärt Gayton: But the thing is justifiable by nature, and there is a book wrote by Grobianus and Grobiana (who are the Patron and Patronesse of these deportments) wherein the scholars are authoriz'd to the venting, disburthening

[1]) Vgl. D. N. B. s. v. Gayton. Hutton, a. a. O. p. 135.

at any place or time (be it Dinner, Sermon, Prayers, or any other while whatsoever) of these flatulent spirit, which is troublesome or desirous to be dispossessed (I, 20).

Von Burton herab bis zu Gayton sieht man jetzt den Grobianus in gelehrte Kreise zurückgekehrt, nachdem der Versuch, ihn zu popularisieren, den der erste Übersetzer und Dekker gemacht hatten, mißlungen war. Die Satire wird als komisches Kuriosum betrachtet, Grobianus, Grobiana und ihre Schüler gelten als Superlative unanständigen Betragens. Für das Bekanntsein des Buches in gelehrteren Kreisen ist es ein Symptom, wenn um diese Zeit eine der letzten lateinischen Ausgaben der zweiten Bearbeitung zusammen mit des Erasmus: De civilitate morum puerilium in London bei Roger Daniel erscheint.[1])

[1]) Grobianus et Grobiana etc., 1661. Vgl. Milchsack a. a. O. p. XXI.

VII.

Roger Bulls Ubersetzung des Grobianus und letzte Ausläufer der alten Beziehungen.

Widmung an Swift. — Swift und der Grobianus. — Swifts ironische Satiren: A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation und Directions to Servants. — Bedeutung der Widmung von Roger Bulls Übersetzung. — Roger Bulls Vorrede zu der Übersetzung. — Seine Auffassung des Grobianus. — Charakteristik der Übersetzung. — Letzte Ausläufer der Beziehungen des Grobianus zur englischen Literatur.

Spuren weiterer Bearbeitungen oder Einflüsse des Grobianus lassen sich in den folgenden Jahrzehenten nicht aufweisen. So ist es denn wohl mehr einem Zufall als einem allgemeineren Interesse an der Satire Dedekinds zu verdanken, daß sich unter den letzten Ausläufern grobianischer Schriften auch noch eine englische Übersetzung der zweiten Fassung des Grobianus befindet. Sie ist 1739 erschienen und trägt den Titel: Grobianus; | Or, The | Compleat Booby. | An | Ironical Poem. | In Three Books. | Done into English, from the | Original Latin of Friderick Dedekindus, | By Roger Bull, Esq. | Acta cano, veniam da turpiter acta canenti, | Fas mihi sit crasso crassa referre modo. | Grobian. Lib. 3. Cap. 3. London: Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater Noster-Row. MDCCXXXIX. Diese Übersetzung ist Swift gewidmet mit den Worten: To The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Dublin; Who first Introduc'd into these Kingdoms, Of Great Britain and Ireland,

An Ironical Manner of Writing, to the Discouragement of Vice, Ill-manners, and Folly: And the Promotion of Virtue, Good-manners, and Good-sense: The following Poem Is With all Submission Dedicated By his most Obedient, Humble Servant, The Translator. Diese Widmung hat wohl mit dazu beigetragen, daß die Ansicht aufkam, Swift habe den Grobianus gekannt, so daß ihm diese Satire bei Abfassung seiner eigenen ironisch satirischen Meisterwerke vorgeschwebt haben könnte. Milchsack sagt: Noch ein Swift spricht zuletzt davon 'as a diverting and agreeable Performance, which might help a Man to pass away a leisure Hour in a comfortable Manner'. Mit dieser ehrenvollen Beurteilung und der durch sie hervorgerufenen Übersetzung Roger Bulls, der zweiten englischen, ist der Grobianus aus der Literatur geschieden.[1]) Die Stelle, auf die sich hier Milchsack bezieht, steht in der Vorrede von Roger Bulls Übersetzung. Aber es ist dabei durchaus nicht bemerkt, daß diese Beurteilung des Grobianus von Swift herrühre, und daß Swift diese Übersetzung veranlaßt habe. In dieser ganzen Vorrede wird Swift überhaupt nicht erwähnt. Der Verfasser sagt nur, indem er von der Entstehung der Übersetzung redet, es sei ihm von einer angesehenen Persönlichkeit: no less remarkable for his own personal Accomplishments, and his Encouragement of the Muses, than on Account of the ancient and honourable Family, from which he is descended, das lateinische Gedicht gegeben worden, das er hier übersetzt habe. Von dieser rührt auch das oben angeführte Urteil her. Es ist nicht wahrscheinlich, daß der Verfasser damit Swift meint, warum sollte er in so versteckten Umschreibungen von ihm reden, nachdem er ihm zuvor seine Arbeit gewidmet hat? Auch Herford sagt: 'The author of the genteel and ingenious Conversation can hardly have been unacquainted with the classic of inverted etiquette,[2]) worunter

[1] a. a. O. p. IX.
[2]) a. a. O. p 397.

natürlich der Grobianus gemeint ist. Daß Swft aber den Grobianus gekannt habe, ist nicht nachzuweisen. In seinen Werken ist dieses Buch nirgends erwähnt, und auch der Name oder die Bezeichnung grobian, wie etwa bei Bulwer oder Gayton kommt nirgends vor. Auch berührt sich Swift, so derb an vielen Stellen seine Werke sind, nirgends inhaltlich so eng mit dem Buche Dedekinds, als daß man an eine Benutzung denken könnte. Was den Gegenstand anbetrifft, so kommt Swift in seinem A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation, according to the Most Polite Mode and Method, now used, at Court, and in the best Companies of England,[1]) und in den Directions to Servants[2]) der Satire Dedekinds sehr nahe. In dem ersteren Werke handelt es sich um die satirische Darstellung der Sitten in der Unterhaltung und bei Tisch, wie sie in der 'guten' Gesellschaft von Swifts Zeit zu beobachten waren, ebenso wie Dedekind die Sitten im gesellschaftlichen Umgang seiner Zeit im Grobianus satirisch behandelte. Die Directions to Servants geben den Bedienten ironische Anweisungen, wie sie ihre Herrschaft möglichst schlecht bedienen und am besten hintergehen können. So hatten auch bei Dedekind die Vorschriften für den bedienenden Knaben einen großen Raum eingenommen. Aber für keine Stelle dieser Werke Swifts braucht man an eine andere Entlehnung als die aus den Erfahrungen des wirklichen Lebens zu denken. A Complete Collection etc. beschäftigte ihn, wie er in Briefen an Freunde durchaus glaubhaft versichert, mehr als dreißig Jahre, und die Erfahrungen, die ihm das Leben der Gesellschaft bot, und seine Ansichten darüber hat er ernsthaft öfters niedergelegt, so verfaßt er: A treatise of Good Manners and Good Breeding,[3]) Hints towards an Essay on Conversa-

[1]) Vgl. Works, ed. Thomas Roscoe, II, p. 325.

[2]) Ebenda, II, p. 352.

[3]) Ebenda, II, p. 308.

tion.[1]) Hints on Good Manners,[2]) und in den Nummern der moralischen Wochenschriften, die er verfaßte, erzählt er gelegentlich seine unangenehmen Erfahrungen auf diesem Gebiete. Ebenso zeichnet er, praktischen Anforderungen gehorchend, eine lange Reihe von Vorschriften für die Bediensteten seines Haushaltes auf, die bis in das einzelste gehen, und Zeit seines Lebens hat ihn die Bedientenpsychologie interessiert, wie seine Biographen berichten. Was die Form nun anbetrifft, so liegen allerdings im Grobianus sowohl, als in den beiden Satiren Swifts typische Vertreter der durchgeführten Ironie vor. Aber ohne daß enge stoffliche Berührung oder andere augenscheinliche Beweise vorhanden wären, läßt sich aus diesem Umstand allein nicht auf Beziehungen zwischen diesen Werken und dem Grobianus schließen.

Wenn Swift direkt auch keinen Anteil an der Übersetzung des Grobianus hatte, so ist doch die Widmung an ihn gerechtfertigt. Die Blütezeit der englischen satirischen Dichtung, die mit Dryden begonnen hatte, erreicht mit den Schöpfungen Popes und Swifts ihre Höhe. Die Vorliebe für satirische Behandlung religiöser, politischer, literarischer und gesellschaftlicher Gegenstände findet in den Meisterwerken dieser Autoren ihren Niederschlag. Mehr aber als bei den anderen Autoren der Zeit bildet die Ironie, die das Tadelnswerte lobt und nachahmungswürdig findet, ein Element der Satire Swifts, der ausschließlich diese Form anwendet in A Tritical Essay on the Faculties of Mind,[3]) in A Complete Collection etc. und in den freilich erst nach seinem Tode veröffentlichten Directions to Servants. Während so der allgemeine Geschmack der Zeit Roger Bull eine Übersetzung des Grobianus nahelegte, regte ihn die ironische Satire Swifts vornehmlich dazu an. Was er in der Widmung von Swift sagt: Who first introduced into these

[1]) Vgl. Works II, p. 292.

[2]) Ebenda, II, p. 309.

[3]) Ebenda, II, p. 284.

kingdoms . . . . an ironical Manner of writing to the discouragement of vice, ill-manners and folly; and the Promotion of virtue, Good-manners and good-sense, stimmt genau mit der Charakteristik überein, die Swift in On the Death of Dr. Swift[1]) von seinen Werken gibt:

Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.

Und weiter sagt er von sich:

As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool, and lash'd the knave.

Im folgenden soll die Übersetzung Roger Bulls etwas eingehender betrachtet werden.

Der Name des Verfassers ist sonst in der Literatur nicht bekannt, da er aber offenbar ein Mann ist, der sicher nicht nur dieses eine Mal vor der Öffentlichkeit erschien, so darf man Roger Bull für ein Pseudonym halten, das sich freilich heute nicht mehr auflösen läßt. In der Vorrede ergeht sich Roger Bull über Anlaß und Zweck seiner Übersetzung, darauf folgt eine kritische Betrachtung von Dedekinds Buch, und zum Schluß gibt der Verfasser einige Angaben über die Gestaltung seiner Übersetzung. Über die Veranlassung ist im vorausgehenden schon gehandelt worden. Das Buch Dedekinds habe ihm, so sagt der Verfasser, reichlich Gefallen gewährt, und so habe er es übersetzt, um denen Gelegenheit zu geben es kennen zu lernen, die der Sprache des Originals nicht kundig seien. Es solle aber nicht nur zur Unterhaltung und Belustigung dienen. Es sei des Autors Absicht, jede Tugend durch das ihr entgegenstehende Laster zu schildern, sicherlich zum Nutzen der gemeinen Wohlfahrt, und so müßte sein Buch von Rechts wegen in alle Sprachen

[1]) Vgl. Works I, p. 654 f.

übersetzt werden. Von diesem Autor weiß Roger Bull nichts zu vermelden, trotz aller Bemühungen, wie er versichert. Was sein Werk anbetrifft, so muß er hauptsächlich gegen den Vorwurf der Unanständigkeit in Schutz genommen werden. Mit einem Bilde, das er der Widmung Dedekinds an Simon Bing entnimmt, vergleicht er den Verfasser mit dem Arzte, der auch manch widrige Verrichtungen vornehmen muß, um der Krankheit des Patienten beizukommen, und der sich selbst auch wohl einmal dabei beschmutzt. Aber doch kann man von ihm sagen, was Dryden von Virgil behauptet: 'He tosses about his Dung with an Air of Majesty'. Auch ist Roger Bull versichert, daß nur der Zweck seiner Schrift den Verfasser nötigt, anstößige Ausdrücke zu gebrauchen. Andererseits ist Bull überzeugt, ebenso wie Dedekind, daß die Ratschläge strenger Moralisten, die sich scheuen, das Laster in seinen wahren Farben zu schildern, nichts ausrichten. Im Gegenteil, jemehr das Anstößige und Schmutzige beschönt wird, desto gefährlicher wird es den Menschen, die sich in milde dargestellte Laster verlieben. So ist das Buch, weit davon entfernt, eine Lobrede auf Torheit und Laster zu sein, eine bittere Satire auf beide. Unverschämtheit und Unanständigkeit werden in das hellste Licht gerückt, jede Entschuldigung für ein solches Betragen wird abgewogen und alles das zu dem Zwecke, die Unbilligkeit schlechter Handlungen und der elenden Entschuldigungen dafür aufzudecken. Roger Bull vergleicht ferner den Grobianus mit dem Don Quichote, der auch nicht geschrieben sei, die fahrenden Ritter zu ermutigen, sondern ihr Tun lächerlich zu machen, und witzig fügt er noch zum Beweis ein Wort Quintilians bei: Omnis false dicendi ratio in eo est, ut aliter quam est rectum verumque dicitur; intellegitur enim quod non dicitur. Er spricht dann weiter von Veränderungen, die er selbst vorgenommen. Dem Vorgang des Autors folgend, der Klassiker und das Beispiel manches hervorragenden Mannes der Neuzeit und des Altertums anführe, habe er sich nicht gescheut, auf die besten englischen

Autoren gelegentlich zu verweisen. Ferner habe er alles, was die Vorschriften Dedekinds auf die Bedienten beschränken könne, weggelassen. Er hält es nicht für angebracht, sich an einen besonderen Stand zu wenden, wo die Satire mit Leichtigkeit auf alle ausgedehnt werden kann. So wünscht er zum Schluß, daß sein Werk helfen möge, die Sitten zu bessern, die hierin dargestellt seien.

Wie aus dieser Vorrede hervorgeht, hat Roger Bull eine recht hohe Meinung von dem Werke Dedekinds. Er hat den Charakter des Grobianus und die Absichten des Verfassers, wohl in Anlehnung an dessen Ausführungen in der Epistel an Simon Bing, richtig aufgefaßt und glaubt ernstlich an die erfolgreiche und bessernde Wirkung seiner Übersetzung. Der Grobianus selbst erscheint ihm ganz losgelöst von seiner ursprünglichen literarhistorischen und kulturgeschichtlichen Umgebung. Er weiß nicht, wer der Verfasser war, und daß sich deutsches Wesen aus vergangenen Jahrhunderten darin spiegelt. Er faßt die Hauptzüge der darin geschilderten Laster ins Auge, die allen Zeiten und Völkern gemein sind, und sieht in Dedekind den Reformator schlechter Sitten überhaupt, auf dessen Spuren zu gehen er beabsichtigt. So versucht er, innerlich und äußerlich seine Vorlage abzurunden. Er läßt alles weg, was sich auf den Diener bezieht d. i.: Buch I. cap. III und cap. VII, 4. 5. 6. 8. 9., cap. VIII, 1. 2. 6. 9. 10. 13. Den übrigen Teil von Buch I. cap. VII und VIII zieht er zu einem Kapitel zusammen. Es fehlt ferner Buch III. cap. VIII, das von der Grobiana handelt. So erhält er eine ganz abgerundete Satire auf den 'Compleat Booby'. Es ist bei diesem Bestreben nach Abrundung ganz selbstverständlich, daß er die verschiedenen Widmungen Dedekinds, die Epistel an Simon Bing und die Conclusio, die an eben diesen gerichtet ist, gleichfalls übergeht.

Der Zeitgenosse Popes bedient sich der gebräuchlichen 5 füßig-jambischen Reimpaare, und seine Ausdrucksweise steht unter dem Einfluß des klassizistischen Stiles der Zeit.

Ich gebe eine Probe seiner Übersetzung, die zeigt, wie sehr der Grobianus modernisiert ist. Es ist die Stelle, wo dem Grobianer vorgeschrieben wird, auf dem Spaziergang die Frauen, die ihm gefallen, dreist anzureden (I. cap. VI, 12):

At her own Door perchance some Female stands,
Who now, Sultana-like, your Choice demands:
Tho' you ne'er saw her charming Face before,
With lawless Eyes her Features wander o'er;
Soft Words and softer Looks at Random dart,
For modesty ne'er won fair Maiden's Heart.
Whatever can the dimpled Smile provoke,
Deem not uncouth, nor filthy to be spoke;
Dame Nature nought that's shocking ever bred,
But Men from Bug-bears first, and after dread.
The Stoicks Doctrines, rigid and severe,
Will scarce a Lover to his Nymph endear;
Do thou the Rules, the crabbed Rules forsake,
Which surly Cato and harsh Zeno spake.
The Cynicks better Precepts bear in Mind,
Who liv'd to Love's sweet Pleasure well inclin'd.
Around her Neck of yielding Marble cast
Your Arms, and kiss her, when you have her fast.
Should she the complaisant Embrace avoid,
A little honest Force is well employ'd:
The coy, disdainful, flying Fair, will prove
A willing Victim to the God of Love.
Call her your Mistress, and with kind Address,
At ev'ry Wood your am'rous Flame confess:
This in the Street perform, that all may see
Your Wit, your tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee.

Weitere Stellen zeigen, mit dem Original verglichen, das Eindringen des klassizistischen Stiles. Wie im vorausgehenden die Geliebte 'Nymph' genannt wird, bekommt sie anderswo den üblichen Namen beigelegt:

This Quondam Youth relates his early Loves,
How soft his Chloe whisper'd through the Groves;

(I. cap. X, 2) Ille suos quondam iuvenis narrabit amores
Quae dederit blando verba puella sono.

Auch die allegorische Ausdrucksweise ist reichlich vorhanden:

Let nought disturb that hours of Slumber sweet
That dance away with Down upon their feet.

Feen und Elfen werden erwähnt (vgl. Ded. II. cap. VII, 17):

Now dance o'er Chairs and Tables, Stools and Shelves,
As in the Days of yore did Fairy Elves;

In bezug auf den Inhalt ist Roger Bull bestrebt, durch Erwähnung englischer Ortsnamen und durch Bezugnahme auf englische Verhältnisse seiner Zeit die Satire in seinem Vaterlande zu lokalisieren. Da, wo deutsche Ortsnamen gegeben waren, führt er englische an, z. B. von dem Bier heißt es:

(I. cap. VIII, 12) Optimus ad nostras Hamburgo mittitur oras,
Qui gratus gustu est et bene corpus alit.
Inferio paulo est, tamen haud spernanda Breana
Hannovera ex undis potio cocta tuis.

Your Cambro Britons swear, their Ales are best,
To please and nourish evry jovial Guest.
Tho' scarce inferior I esteem the Beers,
Of Dorset and of Lincoln, Rival Shires!

Auch anderswo fügt er, wo es sich gibt, englische Lokalitäten ein, z. B. (vgl. Ded. II. cap. IV, 1) die Grobianer bringen verschiedene Getränke mit zum Gelage, er fügt zu:

Another does with Punch his Noggin fill,
Sold by authority on Ludgate-hill.

oder (vgl. Ded. I. cap. IV, 11):

But thou correct, with poinant Sheffield Blade,
What Slips the Pewterer's Impatience made.

Ganz englisch mutet die Darstellung aus dem Universitätsleben an im Vergleich mit den Worten Dedekinds:

(III. cap. IV, 5) Accidit id magno (pudeat) quandoque Magistro

. . . .

Ille diu studiis animum exornavat honestis,
Iamque vir eximius, iamque Magister erat.

A very worthy fellow of St. Johns,
. . . .
He to a College Life, for Years confin'd,
With Arts and Sciences adorn'd his Mind;
And since the wish'd for Recompence was got,
A Fellowship, Degree, and God knows what,
Intended to review his native Soil. etc.

Einen besonderen Reiz sollten der Übersetzung offenbar die eingestreuten Anspielungen auf englische Philosophen und Dichter geben, zu denen sich von fremden Autoren nur Rabelais gesellt, während Cervantes' Dulcinea einmal zum Vergleich herangezogen wird. Diese Anspielungen sind nicht sehr zahlreich und weit davon entfernt, witzig zu sein. Roger Bull bringt es höchstens zu einem dürftigen Vergleich:

(I. cap. II) Or when you speak, like Butler's pious knight
Convert the outside of your Eyes to white.

Oder (III. cap. II):

Some Goblet ne'er till to Table brought,
Which brings all Brobdignag before your Thought.[1])

Oder (II. cap. IV):

Whos'ever knife upon the Table lies,
With its Edge upward, pointing to the skies,
Give it as many Gaps, as heretofore
Bedeck'd the Blade which mighty Falstaff wore.

Zuweilen bedient sich Roger Bull auch eines Zitates, z. B. (III. cap. IV):

What happens else, as Dryden wisely says,
Is Fortune's work, and Fortune takes the Praise.

[1]) Dieses Bild gehört nicht einmal ihm an: Pope, Moral Essays, ep. IV, v. 103 f. sagt:

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

Endlich muß ihm, bei einigen sehr unanständigen Worten, wo ihn die eigene sprachschöpferische Kraft verläßt, Rabelais aushelfen.

Eigentümlich sind dieser Übersetzung ferner die Anmerkungen, und es ist hier wohl das einzige Mal, daß der Grobianus eine glossierte Ausgabe erfahren hat.

Die Satire des Textes erstreckt sich auch auf diese Anmerkungen. So heißt es z. B. vom Golde: For yellow is the Colour rules the nation, und dazu bemerkt Roger Bull: This can never be understood of the Translators Nation, but only of the original Authors for (Thanks to Providence!) our M— —y are entirely devoid of Bribery and Corruption. Und wie sich Roger Bull mit dieser für seine sonstige Zurückhaltung kühnen Ironie der politischen Satire Swifts nähert, tritt er auch in dem Kampfe gegen Bentley auf dessen Seite. Schon in der Vorrede erklärt er: I would much rather be number'd with Vida, Ausonius, and the Author of the Dunciad, than with Dennis, Bentley, Thibbalds, or any other Person of the same Rank and Order. Er parodiert die scharfsinnigen Anmerkungen Bentleys an zwei Stellen:

(II. cap. VIII) Add thou the rest, to make thy Rudeness known
Which Brutes themselves would hardly blush to own.

Dazu die Anmerkung: Some Half-wits and Low-Criticks impudently assert, that Brutes never blush. But I can assure them they are mistaken. For is it not grown into a Proverb: He blushes like a black Dog? Bentley — Ferner:

(II. cap. VIII) Nor shall our Verse those warlike Scowrers blame
Who Stones and Brickbats at the Windows aim:

Dazu die Anmerkung: Several Criticks from these Lines have pretended to infer that either our Author or some of his Family were Glaziers; but the learned Dr. B—tly assures me, it is no such thing, for this Precept (saith he) is given upon no other motives than the foregoing, viz. the Promotion of Trade, and the Circulation of money.

Andererseits dienen solche Anmerkungen auch tatsächlich zur Erklärung und Illustrierung des im Texte Gesagten, so fügt er mehrfach Zitate aus Gulliver's Travels bei (I. cap. V; III. cap. III) und verweist auf Montaigne als die Quelle für die Geschichte von dem Vogel, der in dem Rachen des Krokodils seine Nahrung findet. Auch klassische Autoren wie Cicero, Horaz, Ovid führt er an, ferner Werke wie Salmon's Family Dictionary u. a. m.

Trotzdem so Roger Bull versuchte, die Übersetzung des Grobianus möglichst modern zu gestalten, und ihm dieses auch einigermaßen gelang, ist nichts von einem nennenswerten Erfolg dieser Übersetzung bekannt.

Ein letztes Mal noch erscheint der Grobianus in Verbindung mit der englischen Literatur, freilich in anderem Sinne, als in den vorher angeführten Fällen, es ist dies bei Gelegenheit der letzten deutschen Bearbeitung des Grobianus. Drei Jahre nach dem ersten Erscheinen, 1748, wurden Swifts Directions to servants bereits in das Deutsche übertragen. Mit durchgeführter Ironie und ganz im Sinne Swifts gibt sich der Verfasser in der Vorrede als einen von dem Bedientenstande aus, der diese Schrift aus dem Englischen zu Nutz und Frommen seiner Genossen übersetzt habe. Diese Übersetzung ist dann auch enthalten in 'Ludwig Tölpels | ganz | funkelnagelneue | Bauren Moral. | Mit einem lächerlichen Wörterbuch vermehrt | und in das Teutsche übersetzt | von Palato. Kamtschatka 1752'. Dieses Büchlein ist die letzte deutsche Bearbeitung des Grobianus.[1]) Der anonyme Verfasser behandelt seinen Stoff in 15 Abschnitten. Gleich die gereimte Vorrede zeigt, daß ihm eine der älteren deutschen Übertragungen Scheits oder eines seiner Nachfolger vorgelegen hat:

[1]) Ein Exemplar dieses von Milchsack vergeblich gesuchten Buches befindet sich im Britischen Museum. Es ist aber sogar schon einmal neugedruckt worden und zwar in: J. Scheible: Das Schaltjahr; welches ist der teutsch Kalender etc. Erster Band: Januar. Stuttgart 1846.

Hier zeigt sich Meister Grobian!
Wer nichts dergleichen hat gethan,
Der nehme sich darum nicht an.
Es ist schon längst an allen Orten
Ein Sprüchwort und Gewohnheit worden:
Was man befiehlt, das thut man nicht:
Was man verbietet, das geschicht.[1])

Und so führt auch er dasselbe aus, was Scheit sein Buch zum Leser sagen läßt, und wie dieser gibt er seiner Bearbeitung das Motto mit auf den Weg: Ließ nur dis Büchlein oft und viel, Und thu allzeit das Widerspiel. Im übrigen ist Ludwig Tölpels Baurenmoral eine Prosabearbeitung des Grobianus. Der Bearbeiter geht sehr frei mit seiner Vorlage um, er greift einzelne Vorschriften heraus, erweitert und streicht ganz nach Belieben, so daß eine völlig freie Umgestaltung des Buches entsteht, die mit dem alten Grobianus nur noch den Vorwurf, Lebensregeln und Tischzuchten, und die Form der Ironie gemeinsam hat. Zu Anfang hält er sich noch am engsten an seine Vorlage, indem er im ersten Kapitel „von der Eingezogenheit, so bey dem Aufstehen, Ankleiden, Kämmung der Haare, Waschung des Angesichts und der Zähne zu beobachten" handelt. Dann folgen die Regeln, „wie man sich bei dem Tisch mit Essen, Trinken, Trenchiren etc. verhalten soll", ferner „wie man sich bei einigen Speisen zu verhalten habe" usw. in buntem Wechsel. Der Stil dieser Bearbeitung ist sehr lebendig, er zeigt eine Fülle von drastischen Wörtern und Wendungen, und komische Anhäufungen wirken oft sehr gut, so wird z. B. vier Seiten lang von den Mitteln, wie man andern den Appetit benehmen könne, zwar sehr derb, aber auch sehr lustig gesprochen.[2])

[1]) Vgl. Scheits Grobianus, Milchsack p. 4:
Es ist ein alt herbrachter sitt,
Was man gebeut das hält man nit,
Deßgleichen was man hoch verbeut,
Wie bœs es sey, so thůns die leut.

[2]) Ich gebe einige Proben aus dem zehnten Abschnitt, der von „etlichen Tischregeln" handelt: Wann du den besten Wein über-

Als Anhang nun zu dieser Bearbeitung fügt der Verfasser die Übersetzung von Swifts 'Directions to Servants' bei, indem so gleichsam was von dem Tölpel im allgemeinen gesagt wurde, nun auf die Tätigkeit eines bestimmten Standes übertragen wird. Ihrem ganzen Tone nach eignet sich Swifts Satire ganz vorzüglich zur Ergänzung der Bauernmoral. Da nun die Übersetzung von Swifts Werk der letzten Bearbeitung des Grobianus vorausging, so kann man annehmen, daß der Verfasser dieser letzten

---

laut gefordert, obwolen du nur umsonst schmarotzest, so must du ihn gleich probieren, und kosten, als wärest du in deinem Keller. Setze etliche mal nach einander ab, schlorfe ihn zwischen denen Zähnen hinein, dass jedermann hört; du mußt auch gleich seine Mängel anzeigen und den Hausherrn fragen, was er ihn gekostet. Ist aber der Wein nach deinem Schleckermaul, so setze niemal ab, sondern schlinge die Gläser auf einen Gluck hinein und brich einer Bouteille nach der andern den Hals. Nach jedem Truncke aber suche und hole mit tieffen Seuffzern den zurück gebliebenen Athem.

In denen Gesundheitsgläsern must du ohne Ansehen der Person vor allen den ersten Anfang machen. Erstlich trincke deine eigene Gesundheit allen miteinander zu. Hernach das Leben und Wohlsein der gantzen Compagnie. Sodann trincke eins um den andern Vergnügen; fange bey dem letzten an, wie in allen Prozessionen die Vornehmsten zuletzt gehen, und auch die best Speiß und Tranck zuletzt aufgesetzt werden etc. Endlichen bringe es auch dem gnädigen oder gestrengen Herrn. Du must ihm aber keinen andern Titul geben als du; dann man weiß ja ohne dich schon eines jeden Titul, und kanst du denen Leuten keine schönere Namen geben, als sie in der Tauf bekommen haben.

Weil dir unterweilen eine kleine Abkühlung wohl bekommen möchte, so wirst du nicht übel thun, wann du des vornehmsten Gasts Gesundheit im Bier oder Wasser trinckest, darnach aber bleibe bey dem Wein bis zum Ende. Zuletzt begehre ausländische Weine als Muscat, Frontignac, Champagner, Tokayer und dergleichen zum zuspitzen und abdäuen. Hat man keinen im Haus, so kan man schon in denen Wirtshäusern solchen haben.

Vornehmen Standespersonen beyderley Geschlechts besonders geistlichen Herrn und Closterfrauen erweisest eine gantz besondere Ehre, wann du ihnen von ihren Inclinationen oder Coquetten allerhand Gesundheiten zutrinckest, deren man unter der nassen

Bearbeitung wohl ursprünglich von Swifts Satire dazu angeregt worden ist. Nachdem diese in ihm das Interesse für die durchgeführte Ironie geweckt hatte, wandte er sich dem alten Meisterwerk dieser Gattung zu und vereinigte dann mit seiner Bearbeitung die Übersetzung der englischen Satire, die vermutlich von ihm selbst, 1748 allein veröffentlicht

Pursch der Zechbrüder in gemeinen Wirtshäusern eine Menge hören kan: so wird ein Gespaß und Vexation die andere geben und du die beste Gelegenheit haben den Discurs fortzusetzen.

Trinckt eine vornehme Person deine Gesundheit, so bleibe nur sitzen, dann wenn du auch aufstündest, könntest du doch dadurch keinen zu einem grösseren Herrn machen. Behalte deinen Schabesdeckel auf dem Grind, mache keine Complimente oder Reverenz; dann diese nutzen ja weder für Hunger noch Durst, Kälte noch Wärme. Ergreif gleich dein Glas, halts eine Elle weit entgegen und sag: Unsere Gesundheit ist ein fürstlicher Trunk! Auf bald Wiedersehen und öfftere Zusammenkunft! Stoß dein Glaß an das andere, und: Topp du Bruder Camerad! Diesen Gegentrunck ende noch, ehe der vornehme Mann ausgetrunken. Alsdann wirf aus Freud und Ehrerbietigkeit ihm das volle Glas vor die Füsse und schrey öfters Ju! is gleich gescheider als andere verstellte Welt affereyen und Alfanzische Schlosserspossen.

Im Verlaufe solcher Vorschriften kommt nun auch der Verfasser zu allgemeinen moralischen Betrachtungen: Halte nur das vor eine Grundlehre: Was du thun darfst, wann du allein und verborgen bist, eben das ist dir auch erlaubt unter anderen Leuten: Ut sis semper idem, tam praesens quam absens, tam publice, quam privatim et occulte, ubique tibi constans et sui similis. Glaube festiglich, daß die beste Höflichkeiten und Complimenten jene seyn, welche jedem seine angebohrne Natur und Neigung, Affect und Passion an die Hand gibt; welche also am bequemsten sind und am leichtesten vorkommen; dann natura figura propria commoditas et utilitas soll in allem unser suprema lex und norma seyn. Hingegen all jene Höflichkeiten sind nichts nutz, die man erst durch mühsame Auferziehung und Abrichtung sich angewöhnen, durch Nachsinnen, Unterweisung, Mühe und Kunst erlernen muß. Was uns nicht angebohren, ist uns darum schon incommod und beschwerlich. . . . Weil man auch mit jener Regel in der Welt nicht mehr bestehen noch fort kommen kan: Quod tibi non vis fieri; alteri ne feceris: Was du nicht wilst, daß dir geschicht, das thu auch einem andern nicht; in dem

worden war. So steht diese eigentümliche Vereinigung am Schlusse der alten Beziehungen zwischen dem Grobianus und der englischen Literatur.

Auch das Wort 'grobian', das, wenn auch nicht häufig gebraucht, doch hin und wieder auftaucht, zeigt, daß die letzten Spuren des alten Austausches noch nicht ganz verwischt sind.[1])

Nachträglich sehe ich, daß soeben in Greifswald eine Dissertation von Fritz Bergmeier „Dedekinds Grobianus in England" (42 S.) erschienen ist. Zu meiner Beruhigung ergibt sich, daß ich aus dieser sorgfältigen Untersuchung für meine ausführlicher angelegte Darstellung nichts zu entnehmen brauche.

auf solche Weise kein Soldat im Feld mehr den Degen wider jemand zücken, keine Obrigkeit mehr die Unterthanen strafen, kein Glaubiger seinen Schuldner mit Gewalt zur Bezahlung anhalten dürfte etc., so mußt du auch, sonderbar bei Mahlzeiten, Gesellschaften und Zusammenkünften ganz eine andere Lebensart an dich nehmen; reden was man nicht gerne höret; thun was man ungern siehet, was andern verdrießlich ist und in die Nasen kriecht, Chagrin und Ungelegenheit verursacht, damit du ihnen beständige Gelegenheit giebst, die Tugenden ihrer Geduld und Sanftmuth an dir rechtschaffen zu probiren und auszuüben. Mithin soll dein Symbolum und Wahlspruch sein, den alle generöse heroische Männer haben: Was mich freut und andere Leute reut! Oder:

Was den Leuten zuwider ist, das treib ich,
Wo man mich nicht haben mag, da bleib ich.

[1]) Vgl. Murray's Dictionary, s. v. grobian.

THE

SCHOOLE OF SLOVENRIE

OR

CATO TURND WRONG SIDE OUTWARD.

Translated out of Latine into English verse to the use
of all English Christendome, except Court and Cittie.

By R. F. gent.

LONDON.

Printed by Valentine Simmes dwelling on Adling hill neere Bainards
Castle at the signe of the white Swanne.

1605.

To all that can write and reade and cast accompt, the Translator.

MAY it please you: To be a foole in Print is as ordinarie as a foole at an Ordinarie, and therefore t'were no good felowship to breake companie. Tis a Proverb, the child thats borne must be kept, though't be a bastard, seeing tis murder by the law to make away even the unlawfully begotten. If the rugged cadence of this Verse, and scurrile harshnesse of this subiect, doe chance to escape a murdring censure (quod Dij prius omen in ipsum), if: then the Translator vowes to conclude that either Signior 'Malevole' his sute of Gumme is fretted out at elbowes, and hee put to the naked shift of keeping his chamber (tis well he hath a chamber), or at least the subiect of this Booke is entertained with such abiection, that detraction, like your breath-broaker in a Midsummer vacation, can find no subiect to worke upon. Many a man may 'Petere sibi simile' that intends not 'Procreare sibi simile', may take a snatch and away, that would be loth to be tied to racke and manger, or passe billes of sope and candle. Tis my case: Who, though in the minority of my grammarschollership, I was induced by those whom dutie might not withstand, to unmaske these Roman manners, and put them on an English face; notwithstanding, witnesse my native bashfull ignorance, how distant it ever was from my desires: nay, how I ever feard to be pressed to death by the publicke censure of those who (as I have heard) have it by Patent to scandalise whatsoever undergoes the publicke Presse. The truth is, this translation was

halfe printed ere I knew who had it: So that 'Quo fata trahunt', without prevention or correction, the fooles bolt must needes be shot. And this is it. Those which mislike the verse in English, let them reade it in Latine (for I allowe no mislikers, unlesse at least they can reade Latin), and then perhaps thei'le wonder that a man of such wisedome as my Author, being neyther borne a Roman, nor a 'Naso', should with such confidence of a generall applause publish so elaborate a trifle: from which admiration of yours I hope your curtesie will derive a miracle viz. my pardon, especially considering that both 'Ovid' and 'Virgill' (both Poets Laureat) have beene metamorphosed into as indigest and breathlesse a kind of verse as this. All that I can say for my Author, is, hee speakes broad English; but by contraries: all for my selfe, is, tis a Punies translation onely, an orphane, howsoever fathered upon me, because I taught him English, yet begotten without my presence, borne before my witte, and published against my will, unlesse wee may be saide to will what we can not prevent. So fare ye well, and I pray picke as much matter out of this Epistle, as may be,

Yours in print against his will,

R. F. Gent. and no more.

The Preface of Frederike Dedekind to maister Simon Bing, Secretarie of Hassia.

SUCH happinesse on you (deere friend) the heav'ns I pray bestow
As you for your so vertuous minde most requisite doe know.
If that your matters of more weight did not your presence crave,
Your counsell and your ayde concerning this my booke I'de have.
My Muse, which whilome in two bookes did rusticke faults deride,
I have recalld, and into three foorthwith will it divide.
And now againe through all the worlde I purpose it to send,
If fortune, friends, and you doe favour that which I intend.
Then marke, I pray, for unto you I'le open all the truth,
My minde, my meaning, and intent unto well nurturde youth.
Those manners which unseemely are in these decaying times,
And auntient rude simplicitie I checke in iesting rimes.
If this my Booke will profite yeeld to men of any kind,
And make them weed home-bred behavior quite out of their minde:
That's all I want, that's all I crave, that is the furthest scope
Of all my paines, of all my cares, of all my furthest hope.
But out alas, how dares my Muse such good successe expect?
Since bad mens ill conditions do so the times infect.
I hope, but other mens examples do me much dismay,
Which have in vaine whole ages spent in counselling that way.
What skill'st too late for to relate renowned 'Platoes' Bookes,

And all those lights and guides whose losse poore 'Greece' but hardly brookes?
Which tride indeede, but all in vaine, those vices to amend
Which did mens mindes, by follies meanes, in beastly sort offend.
And for our later Latine writers, did they aught prevaile?
Which did so long, with such great paines, gainst rusticke vices raile.
Did not sage 'Tully' in his bookes mens dueties plainely tell?
And teach both young and old the meanes to live and die right well?
Yet for all this, what good, what gaines, procur'd that learned worke,
Since untamde actions well doe shew what in mens minds doth lurke?
So did old learned 'Roterodam' set foorth a booke of price,
From which for manners straitest rule all youth might take advise,
And yet what profite did he get by that most worthy booke?
Or who did on it, as he ought, for better counsell looke?
Too few do now (God wot) regard that jewell of such price,
Whenas whole multitudes of men runne headlong unto vice.
I touch not heere small common faults of a disorderd life,
(Although of these in every place the world is too too rife)
But let them passe as trifling faults and vertues, in respect
Of those great crimes and beastly deedes which I will heere detect.
For you shall finde, if you uncloake mens manners base and rude,
Many which in Rusticitie farre passe the multitude.
Put case you finde them eating meate to stuffe them till they burst,
Or quaffing liquor pot by pot to quench their drunken thurst,
You'le sweare they do not whit respect the end of their creation,
Nay, (which is more) you'le almost sweare they care for no salvation.

What though their souls were sent from heaven as things of peerelesse price,
Yet thei'le love Reason worse then Follie, Vertue worse then Vice.
They square their actions by the rule of beasts of brutish kinde,
And to their bellies blinde desires they captivate their minde.
Their wide stretcht guts, beyond the use of Nature or of neede,
In every place, at every time, unsatiately they feede.
Pots by the dozens filld to'th brims into their guts they presse,
Whenas (God knowes) their greatest thirst might well be quench'd with lesse.
If, after Gods gifts thus abus'd, they heere at lenght would end,
Twere well, but they exspect for faults that men should them commend.
And yet this fault, this great offence, which daily men live in,
By custome and continuance goes currant for no sin.
But what's the cause, I pray, that men, neglecting counsells guide,
Leave Vertues straight and narrow path, and hold on Vices side?
Why this, bid him that doth offend, in sober quiet talke,
To mend his faults, and in the steps of vertuous men to walke,
Hee'le either laugh in pleasant sort, as if you tolde a iest,
Or else with scorning, scouling lookes your absence hee'le request.
But if against his greater faults with bitter words you scolde,
Hee'le tell you that in others faults your iudgement is too bolde.
So that he which doth nowadaies precepts of manners give,
May preach and teach, but all in vaine, men as they list will live.
And so, good men which in this subiect have great studie spent,
Have lost their labor, for to follow them no man is bent.
And yet example of their fortune troubleth me no whit,
But that same marke which all they misst, I'le venture for to hit.
And though to dance after their pipe the vulgar sort refuse,
Yet I'le presume to teach them manners, which they ought to use.
Perhaps I shall be counted rash, and all my hopes but vaine:
And yet I'le hope, perhaps my meanes more auditors will gaine.
Dame Fortune is unconstant, changing course each other while:

Then, though on some she frowne, yet she on me may glance
a smile.
Tush, no man knowes the wages which I looke for at her
hand,
I doubt not but the vulgar sort my methode will command.
Fortune, I'le try thee, for I thinke in triall there's no harme;
And god 'Apollo' from ill lucke my enterprises charme.
What though perhaps I not prevaile, t'is but my labour lost,
A few ill verses spent in vaine, and this is all my cost.
But for because austere commands, and preceps cannot win,
Which say that all but honestie to do, or thinke, is sin,
I'le try by other meanes new found the selfe-same marke to hit,
Refusing all those other waies wherein fore-fathers writ.
Free leave to live disordredly unto all sorts I give,
And I command that in good order none presume to live.
Each clowne shall see what fits him best, and what his
manners be,
And I affirme that craftie deeds with crafty knaves agree.
Perhaps when many see there faults so fitting their owne name,
Such clownish manners from their mindes thei'le banish
quite for shame.
No other meanes is left behinde to cure this eating sore,
For being sencelesse of their faults, they love them more
and more.
Within the minde of sinfull man vice now hath got such roote,
As by slight meanes to weede it out it would be little boote.
Yet let us not dispaire for helpe, since this one meanes is left,
Whereby our mindes of vices buds may quickly be bereft:
Since to forbid vice will not helpe, we will alow vice too;
The common people, that which you forbid them, often doo.
Health most dispaired healths greatest causer sometimes
proved is,
And that from which men looke for bale, doth often bring
forth blisse.
You see the good Phisitian, whenas he cannot cure
By medcines might a sicknes great, sprung from a bod'impure,

How many waies he seekes to ease his patients grievous smart,
By seeking learned phisickes aide, by labour or by Art.
One while with Poticarie drugs he mitigates his paine:
Now he with dust opens his wounds, now shuts them up againe.
One while with mangling salve he cuts a member almost dead,
Another while he seares the same with yron burning red.
At length, when all 'Machaons' arte and phisickes force hath done,
(And yet the patient is as sicke as when he first begunne),
He gives him hote preservatives to comfort up his heart,
But all in vaine, he still is sicke, (diseases master Art.)
At lenght he comes to contraries and alters quite the case,
From hote to colde, he gives him Antidots in Cordialls place.
And thus to him he doth restore his unexspected health,
Which he before could not procure by phisicke, friends, nor wealth.
So I perceiving wholesome precepts, fitting for the minde,
Neglected, and fault-finders workes to purchase naught but winde,
All that which good men ought to practise, I forbid them flat,
And all which country clownage counteth currant, I bid that.
That so, whereas throughout my booke I still forbid the good,
The contrarie I meane, the bad I would have understood.
Perhaps while some with greedie minde my iesting rimes doth view,
He shall behold of his owne life a looking-glasse most true,
And blushing, of his owne accord, when no man doth him see,
Will spie his faults, and mend them all, and give some thanks to mee.
But by the way, thou which within this glasse dost thus behold
Thine owne disordred manners and thy life, be not so bold
As to finde fault with me, thy friend, or with my little booke,
Which upon thee, as upon all, with selfe-same eyes doth looke.
If any will assume these faults as theirs, at the first view,
Know they that they confesse themselves some of the rusticke crew.

Wherefore, unlesse he purpose to proclaime himselfe a clowne,
All anger lately taken up I wish him to lay downe.
Perhaps some severe Catonist will this my booke accuse,
Because I good behaviour by contraries abuse,
And say that I in common sence have made a grievous breach,
Who those things which to do tis sinne, have thus presum'd to teach.
And I confesse, within my booke there are bad precepts store,
And I may seeme to spurre a horse which ranne too fast before.
But those which looke into the worlds bad nature with good eyes,
I thinke, concerning this my booke, will iudge farre otherwise,
And finde that in this booke of mine no hurt at all doth lurke,
But that a man without much danger may peruse this worke.
For clownish customes long ago have made our mindes so bad,
That to our ill behaviours we can no worser adde.
We neede not have a master then to make us sinne the more,
For we, without a guide, of vice can quickly get great store.
Men sinne most willingly, and for their hainous faults seeke praise,
And have such persons as will still to skies their vices raise.
Whatse're I write, in other men I often have it seene,
From things oft done the subiect of my booke deriv'd hath beene.
Those faults which, ere I thought to write, in other men were knowne:
How can you iustly say that I devisde them of mine owne?
Or by what meanes should this my booke make any to be bad,
Unlesse before from vertues paths their mindes declined had?
Wherefore I guiltlesse am of this: that I should now devise,
Or set new found rusticitie, before the readers eyes.
If none I profite, (as God knowes) I meane to profite many,
Yet sure I know that this my booke can bring no hurt to any.
And now at length, my good friend Bing, whose favour I esteeme,

Thou which the chiefe of all my friendes at all my neede hast beene,
Respect these youthfull verses, fruits of an untamed braine,
And let your favour these my lines with wonted love maintaine.
Be ready now to take tuition of my booke and me,
And let my verse be patroniz'd under the name of thee.
Gainst all the poisned tongues of those that would my booke defame,
Defend these trifling toyes of mine under thy worthie name.
In briefe, this booke with all his faults I dedicate to thee,
That by thy hand from after-claps it may defended bee.
If aught I have (as sure I have) let passe in this my booke,
Supply the wants, I you desire, as over it you looke.
If any thing in this my worke be added more then should,
Correct it for its masters sake, for so full faine I would.
And so I being well perswaded of your strength and might,
Commit this scepter to your hand, which is your owne by right.
And furthermore unto your lawes all such I do subiect
Which this my perfect worke of old Simplicitie respect.
Behold your mightie empire stretcheth over sea and land,
And in all Kingdomes of the earth your Kingdome hath command.
For this great gift, what benefit can you repay to mee?
Let me be thine, and thou be mine, that's all I aske of thee.
Keepe me thy friend, and with the favour which thou hast begunne,
Pursue me, and my heart to thee for ever thou hast wonne.
Behold thy friend, whom if thou lov'st as of him lov'd thou art,
Thou maist command to do thee good himselfe, his goods, his heart.
And if the gods respect my thoughts, I hope, ere long, to send
A greater matter than this trifle for thee to defend.
Meane time, because thou of thy selfe deservest to live ever,
The gods preserve thee from all harme, and grant thee to die never.

A Table of the contents of every Chapter in this Booke.

pag.

Of modesty to be observed in the morning, in the apparell, the haire, and making cleane of the face and teeth 15
The breakfast, and ordering the body and lookes. . . 18
Of waiting at the table 23
Behaviour at the table before meate 28
Of manners in eating 32
Concerning manners after dinner 37
The adorning of the table before supper, and other dueties 43
Of waiting at the table in supper time 47
Of the usage of the guests after supper 53
Concerning the talking, debating, and wrangling of the guests 57
Of sending away the guests, and what is requisite to be done, before you go to bed 61

The second Booke.

HOW to prepare himselfe being invited of an other 66
Of behaviour in eating. 72
Behaviour at the table after the first course 75
As concerning other precepts of modestie in eating and drinking 80
Of devouring, laughing, vomiting at the table, and other such like civilities to be observed 81

pag.

Of washing the handes after supper, second courses, and how to behave yourselfe in the company of maides 89
Concerning exclaiming after supper, goeing out, and bargaining for the next nights supper 94
How, going drunke home, you shoulde behave yourselfe in the way homeward, after sleepe, and the day after 99
How to entertaine, use, and send away your guests . 104

The third Booke.

Behaviour at an honest feast in eating brewesse and crab-fish 110
Of daintinesse of drinke, and behaviour, when you departe 114
Of scoffes, farting, hawking, aunswering to a demaunde, and looking into other mennes letters 119
Of behaviour in other mens houses, diverse-colored parted coates, the adorning of the beard, the use of papers and bookes, entertaining friends, and other such like civilities 122
Examples of civilitie at the table 128
Of emptying the bladder, vomiting, and other such like elegancies of behaviour 136
Of belching, holding his urine, and such like rudenesse 146
Grobiana, concerning the behaviour of maides . . . 150

The Author to such as love Civilitie, health:

Give place time-scourging 'Aristotle', vice-controuling Plato,
Yeeld learned Tully, deepe Erasmus, and fault-finding Cato:
And you which by your tedious works, though to your mickle paine,
Did teach behaviours perfect meanes, and manners to attaine.
This Booke, which from a new found Schoole of late time did arise,
Behaviours pure simplicitie within it doth comprise:
Then yong and olde that doe desire nurture and education,
Peruse this Booke each day and houre with great deliberation.

The First Booke of antient Simplicitie of Behaviour. Written by M. Fredericke Dedekinde.

If thou desire an antient, harmelesse, simple life to lead
And in old, homely, clownish plow-mens perfit steps to tread:
Come hither, and unto my verse lend thine attentive eare,
It may be for thy private use some profit thou maist heare.
Peruse it through, and it, no doubt, a way to thee will tell,
How to conforme thy manners so as thou maist live right well:
Doubt not a single, simple man thou certainely shalt be,
If thou with good advise dost marke the things thou learn'st of me.
Too hard and intricate a thing it is, and farre from ease,
So strictly to behave thy selfe as all men thou maist please.
Those I commend which scorne to suffer every paltry foole
To weigh their words and iudge their deedes as Maister of a Schoole.
And those which scorn a masters check, and think their own deeds good,
Are right true Troyans, gallant souldiers, brave men by the Rood.
Pine-girted 'Silvane', country god, thou art most welcome hither,
Concerning country customes, let us two conferre together.
The praise of rude simplicitie in country swaines wee'le sing,
Of all my thoughts, of all my words, O 'Silvane', thou art king.
You mountaine-treading gods in woods and fields, I you request,
Declare to me, for country-men the life that you thinke best.
Old 'Bacchus' father, god of wine, best knowne to drunken crew,
The perfect way of quaffing right set downe before my view,
And thou which of the gut wert wont iolly governour to be,
Further me, if I chance to handle all thy rights and thee.

And thou, neate god Rusticitie, the greatest of our time,
Be present heere, and set thy hands to this my Rusticke rime.
T'is no small thing in perfect sort good manners thus to frame,
Great men, good schollers, have beene oft times troubled with the same.
Yet by the helpe of all those gods and goddesses Ile try
To passe the tedious laborinth of this simplicitie.
O helpe, friend 'Bing', judge of this cause, your aide heerein I aske,
For trusting to your helpe and aide, I under-go this taske.
If then my Muse with cheerefull lookes you kindely do revive,
My vaine will be more plentifull, my verse will better thrive.

What modestie is to be observed each morning in the apparrell, and making the haire, the face, and the teeth cleane.

Chapter I.

WHose're thou art that hat'st at heart a Masters crabbed charge,
Which reades a Lecture every day of gravitie at large:
Harke hither, come and heare this man, a man of quiet speech,
No thunder-thumping Catonist, you neede him not beseech.
My speech is brode, be rul'd, and then I'le do the best I can,
Be rudible, and sure, I thinke, you'le prove a learned man.
Be but a carefull auditor and scholler unto me,
And then you'le soone excell your Master in simplicitie.
What though some crabbed wittall do not like my precepts well,
Yet they can never hurte you, if you marke all that I tell.
When 'Morpheus', drowsie god of sleepe, from bed doth thee dismisse,
(Which must be iust at dinner time, for so my counsell is)
The parents blessing never aske, learne that good point of me,
This is a rule, and perfect note of great civilitie.
Good morrow nor good even to friend nor foe impart too faste:
If they beginne, repay no thanks, walke on, you are in haste.
What though you both should use, to both you know t'would be but vaine,

Then loose no words, for good words past cannot be cal'd againe.
Let fond Hebritians, which account their superstition wealth,
Salute their friends, pray for their foes, and aske them of their health.
Tis vaine to have so great a care of such superfluous things,
This too much care to iocond youth white haires and sorrow brings.
When you are up, to stretch your selfe deserveth mickle praise;
This is prescrib'd by all that practise phisicke in our daies:
For when your sinews, numb'd with sleepe, cannot performe their worke,
This stretching drives away all numbnesse, which in them did lurke.
Being out of bed, let it suffice to clothe thee in thy shurt,
To stay to put on all thy clothes with colde thou mightest thee hurt.
All thy apparrell else get up forth-with under thine arme,
Then to the chimney corner runne, for there thou maist it warme.
What though a maide or married wife be there, before thou come,
Go forward with thy purpose though, as thou wouldst erst have done.
If any man obiect to thee that manners thou dost lacke,
Bid him, if he mislike that sight, be gone and shew his backe.
Let every man give place to thee, thy selfe give place to none.
What man? Why Nature made thee free, then boldely hold thine owne.
At length, when thou art well araide, let both thy hose hang downe
About thy heeles, this onely thing will get thee great renowne:
For by this secret meanes the maides will seeke thy love to have,
And every wench thee for her husband of her friends will crave.
Your reason, sir. O sir, there is a speciall reason why,
I cannot stay to tell it now, Ile tell it by and by.

Simplicitie commands that you forget to trusse your pointes,
Hard tying is an enemie to bellie and to ioynts.
Lest some men say you are too hansome, ne're combe your haire,
As Nature sets it, and bed leaves it, use it so to weare:
Leave plaited haires and curled lockes unto the female sex,
And let them use to combe their haire whom cruell love
doth vex.
Beleeve me, not a wench unto thee will affection beare,
If she perceive that thou observ'st such nicenesse in thy haire.
Who can abide yong men that dresse themselves as female crew,
A Creetish dame writ to an Amazonion lover true.
Tis praise and credite to have feathers store upon your head,
For thereby men may well perceive you scorne straw in
your bed.
If any case cut not your haire, but let it hang at length,
Fort'will both keepe away the colde, and argue 'Sampsons'
strength.
When father 'Saturne' rulde the world, all men did use long haire,
And gloried in it, though now wenches use it most to weare.
Fore-fathers plaine simplicitie is prais'd in every place,
Then let not us disdaine to use it, it is no disgrace.
Thy face and hands too oft to wash is cause of mickle hurt,
Therefore (a Gods name) let them both have ever store of durt.
Let other men that with hands they have care to wash them
cleane,
But as for washing of my hands, to take no care I meane.
Some nice-controuling mate will counsell thee to wash thy teeth;
But I say water in the mouth not with the health agreeth.
What though your teeth through o're much rust are dide
to a red hue?
That is a perfect saffron colour, t'will much credite you.
What other colour then this red hath the bright glittering gold,
For which possessions, tenements, lands, lives, and all are sold?
Then thinke not that golds perfect colour doth your teeth
disgrace,
That colour which in few mens purses, in your teeth hath place.

The breakefast, the modestie of the eyes, the forehead and the nosthrilles: also of pratling, sneezing, bawdinesse, belching and going, and behaviour in the streetes.

Chapter II.

WHen you are up, before that sleepe hath fully left your eyes,
Call for your breakefast presently, marke that in any wise.
Which being got, incontinent, with both hands gripe it round,
Lest if you take not sure fast hold, it slip upon the ground.
At breakefast never use a trencher, wherefore serves your hand?
At dinner time t'is farre more meete upon such pointes to stand.
In any case see that the fat runne downe thy fingers thicke,
Which with your tongue, as downe it runnes, you alwaies ought to licke.
As for a ready way at meate your dinner to devoure,
I cannot tell you yet, but you shall heare within this houre.
For first I must instruct you how your bodie for to frame,
And all your lookes in fittest sort then briefly of the same.
And first in any case take heede of too much modestie,
For that doth very much abhorre from true simplicitie.
Ist not a foolish thing that yong hot bloods should be so nice,
You will be callde a ledden, slouthfull fellow of the wise.
I will that all men with turnde lookes you use for to behold,
For if you looke men in the face, they'le say you are too bold.
Tis not allowed that tender youth such gravitie should use,
Wherefore with distort eyes and forehead every man abuse.
Let such as learne at vertues schoole, and purpose to be wise,
And seeke to live by others praises, care for bashfull eyes.
But as for you, we give you leave each way to rowle your eye,
Then use it, for it is a marke of great simplicitie.
Tis not amisse, though store of wrinckles do thy forehead plow,
And though your face be full of furrowes, we will it allow.
Tis like a plowing heifers face, that many a blow of might
Hath borne, or like a savage beast, which gainst a man doth fight.
Even so a valiant gentleman his countenance should frame,
For all those hidden vertues which mans minde do decke and grace,

Are with a lively portraiture prefigurd in the face.
To no man speake but with such wordes as may him halfe affright,
For if thou doost, as by a foole, by thee they'le set but light.
Wherefore with might and maine prevent such ill repoit alwaies,
(And yet I'de with you never try the meanes to get true praise).
The proper use of every tongue is for to talke apace,
Then let your tongue like a mill-clacke go fast in every place.
It is a custome in some countries at each nosthrills ends
To hang great jems and pretious stones, such as rich 'India' sends.
Hath Fortune in these pretious jems denyde to thee a part,
Take courage though, and heare a friend that loves thee at his heart:
As ice sikles in winter time, which hang on houses hie,
Doe grace the roofes, and shew full faire to him that passeth by,
So snot, which from the nostrils both like bel-ropes hangeth downe,
Doth grace a youth, which doth professe himselfe a simple clowne.
Nature, the maker of all things, to decke thy life the more,
Hath lent thee of such ornament a most aboundant store.
Wherefore, as in all things besides, so in this, keepe this meane:
When store of snot is in thy mouth, thy nose then make thou cleane.
Do this but closely now and then, and sure I thinke, than thee
No man deserveth greater praise for his civilitie.
If when thou lackst an handkerchiefe, thou use thy cloake or hat
To blow thy nose, thou wilt be knowne a perfect clowne by that.
Or fill thy hand top full with snot, and cast it on the ground,
It is a very seemely thing to heare the same resound.
And let it lie. What neede you care? I charge you stirre it not,
And let them treade it out that say you have not store of snot.
I sawe a custome in a country where I lately was,
Where hung with cordes upon their sleeves a little pretty glasse.
You may (if so it please you) take example from that towne,
And see your picture in your snot, as it hangs dangling downe.

And lest you should lacke change of manners, fetch sighs now and then,
And rattle in the nose, this gesture pleaseth many men:
To fetch great blasts of breath together argues that you can
Blowe downe whole townes, and all will say: Oh, hee's a valiant man.
When you would sneeze, strait turne your selfe unto your neibours face:
As for my part, wherein to sneeze I know no fitter place.
It is an order, when you sneeze, good men will pray for you:
Marke him that doth so, for I thinke he is your friend most true.
And that your friend may know who sneezes, and may for you pray,
Be sure you not forget to sneeze full in his face alway.
But when thou hearst another sneeze, although he be thy father,
Say not, God blesse him, but, Choake up, or some such matter, rather.
Never be shamefast, never blush for any fault thats past,
Let them do so which, sory, say this fault shall be the last.
What though thou speake unseemely words, yet know it is not good
To have thy face and cheekes looke red, as they were dide with blood.
What though of bawdie, beastly words thou learnst to speake great store,
Why, tis a shame that from a childe thou didst not so before.
To give each thing that proper name which it of Nature had,
Is neither in the law of God, nor man, accounted bad.
The reason-wanting multitude do thinke those things are base
Which nature, in her secret wisedome, made mankinde to grace.
I would not have you from the common speech depart so farre
As against Nature, our best guide, unwisely to wage warre.
All that which in thy bladder and thy belly lieth hid,
To empty when as thou hast neede, what man will thee forbid?
Crabbed precise fault-finders, only, will not speake each word,
Thinking it is by proper names to call each thing absurd.

What kinde of men are these? true reason soone will prove them mad
Which will not speake the words, but do the deedes, which is as bad.
If any man do tell you newes which ne're before you heard,
And presently with ready words you can him not reward,
Then tis a great decorum your wide mouth forthwith to stretch,
And so stand still, as though some harmelesse flies you meant to catch.
If that he tell a ieast, which worth your laughter you suppose,
(But laugh not at each trifling thing) then laugh so lowde, that those
Which do about their owne affaires walke over-thwart the streete,
May tell you that you laugh full lowde, when next they do you meete.
And if, by laughing, your red teeth some pretty wench espy,
Because that colour is the best, shee'le love you presently.
And if you see shee likes you well, then laugh afresh againe,
This is of rude simplicitie an argument most plaine.
It is a very pretty thing, when you, by laughing much,
Do make your mouth by distorture your very eares to tutch.
Sometimes, though no man give you cause, laugh as lowd as you can,
For this is a most speciall signe of a praise-worthy man.
Oft times you shall espy some sober man with lookes most grimme,
Which will be angry, thinking that you laugh at none but him,
And this will be exceeding good, and make you laugh the more,
To see a fellow collericke, knowing no cause wherefore.
If now and then you meane to lie, (as who would tell the truth?)
Betweene each word cough once or twise, this a tricke of youth.
Are not your words in readinesse, according to your minde,
Then cough a while, and by this meanes perhaps you them may finde.
Tut, doubt not man, none can perceive whether you cough or no,
It is great cunning, what is true, and what is false to know.

When you have neede to cough indeede, you know this tricke of old.
To cough into your neighbours face you well may be so bold.
Let him take halfe the breath which from thy winde pipe thou hast got,
T'wil serve him for a cooler well, if that he be too hot.
If he take that in ill part which thou gavs't to him in good,
What neede you care? his force is weake, it well may be withstood.
Whatsoe're thou didst, thou'lt answer it, where, when, and how he can:
Thus thou by great out-braving words must prove thy selfe a man.
Tell him, within his currish heart anger hath set her rest,
If that he cannot take that well which thou didst meane in iest.
What would he do (trow) if he were not, as thou art, a man
Which no such little trifling iest with patience suffer can.
Or bid him, if he thinke thy breath could do him any ill,
That presently for full revenge he would thy heart blood spill.
When thou hast neede to belch, ne're hold it, freely let it out,
Dissemble not, it will not stay, helpe it away you lowt.
Tis hard to hold it without hurt, if that it seeke a vent,
Then let those blasts from forth thy stomacke fayle be freely sent.
They'le breede diseases infinitie in head and every part,
As stinking breath which doth infect, and the unsavory fart.
Therefore, to shunne all hurtes and harmes, which there of soone would breede,
Bee not too coy, but belch thy fill, whensoe're thou hast neede.
If thou desire at any time to walke into the streete,
That all thy hat with dirt and dust be sprinkled it is meete.
He that regardeth cleanelinesse, which onely women use,
At him let all men mocke and scoffe, let all men him abuse.
What though thy shooes be daubde with dirt: to make them cleane tis vaine,
For why you know, do what you can, they must be fowlde againe.

A long gowne weare, which all the ground may sweepe as thou doost go,
For so no man the place whereon thou troddest well can know.
The dirt which on thy hem thou getst, as thou doost walke along,
Will make the lowe welt of thy Gowne seeme to be very strong.
And if a man espy the durt, when he is farre remote,
Hee'le thinke you weare a very rich embroydred garded cote.
Cloth, made by silke-wormes paineful Art, from 'Scythia' land doth come,
Some strangers give to deerest friends, to others they sell some.
A man would think that with this cloth your gowne were garded thick,
If on the hemme, a great way off, he should see dry durt sticke.
Or if you like not these long gownes (as oftentimes we see
As many men, so many mindes and manners there will be)
Weare a short coate, which scarce will keepe your buttockes out of sight,
Like Noblemen, and those which doe reioyce in martiall fight.
Olde sage 'Erasmus' counsaile tis: Regarde not thine attire.
(The precept of so grave a man who will not much admire?)
Doe as he bids thee then, regarde not how thy garments sit,
Whether they be too little, or too bigge, or very fit.
Let both thy hands behinde thy backe together alwayes meete,
Whether thou sit, or stand, or walke, in citty, or in streete.
But lest my Lecture seeme to tedious for the multitude,
This Exercise in three short wordes I purpose to conclude:
Thus I would have thee frame thy life and deedes in any case,
Let this thy manners and behaviour be in every place,
That he which sees the good behaviour which thou learnst of me,
May know thou arte an expert Scholler in Simplicitie.

The setting on, and taking off the meate, and waiting at the Table.

Chapter III.

Behold: the boy hath layde the cloth, and on the Table put
Those cates which Cookery provides to fill mans hungry gut:

You're glad of that, that you such dainty dishes shall oresee
As with your rav'nous empty stomacke very well agree.
But soft, sir, first upon your Maisters trencher you must waite,
And afterward, when he hath dinde, you shall be served strait.
And yet too ready never be unto your Maisters hand,
Unlesse your helpe, by word of mouth, he twice or thrice command.
And now, sir, your behaviour fit I will lay foorth at large:
Your onely duetie is (as you were wont) to marke my charge.
You cannot say my precepts are too subtile for your reach,
And therefore doubt I shall not learne the things which I shall teach.
My muse is rusticke, and my Muse is easie, homely, plaine,
Which being perfectly attainde, can ne're be lost againe.
Whether your service be at home, or out of doores extend,
Whether you serve your maister onely, or your maisters friend,
Your methode and your manners eke must be the selfesame ever,
And all which you have done before, must be forgotten never.
At dinner when you meane to wait, lay by your clothes all,
So shall you be the lighter for to come at every call.
Have on your hose whenas you wait on them that are at meate;
But let your breast be naked to bee seene of them that eate,
That so your bodies slendernesse the strangers may perceave,
And give you praise, which none but fooles and mad men ought to leave.
But if, the weather being colde, apparell you doe weare,
The same to button, tie, or trusse, be sure that you forbeare.
As for those partes which we are bound to hide by natures bandes,
My counsell is that all them partes thou cover with thy hands.
So modest Matrons and wilde wenches thou shalt please I know,
And shalt thy selfe a prety stripling unto all men show.
I like not those which, when they wait, must stand on both their feete,
And carefull be, that as they stand, their legges may alwayes meete.

To use the right foote and the left by turnes I holde it best,
For so, while that you use the one, the other legge may rest.
But if my counsaile you will take, ne're stand on both togither,
For that which wanteth rest and ease, must needes wax weake and lither.
A nimble, stirring, hobling pase in yong men I like best,
The scabs, the gowt, and such diseases breed by too much rest.
Good Smiths do hobble with their feete, as they their bellowes blowe,
Then since good trades doe it allow, why should not thou doe so?
Marke that which most men use to doe, and scorne to learne of none,
But good behaviour and perfection get of every one.
Be sure, that weresoe're you wayt, your fingers never stand,
But still be fumbling, tis a credite not to hold your hand.
Praise comes to them by due desert which something do alwayes,
But slouthfulnesse is a great let to him that seeketh praise.
Wherefore be sure in both thy hands thou alwayes something have,
Lest such as finde thee doing nothing, call thee idle knave.
In right hand hold thy trencher still, and let thy left hand hold
Thy breeches, lest they slipping downe, thou chance to catch some cold;
Though thou doost nothing else, yet let thy finger scratch thine eare,
Or with thy left hand lay at length thy knotty tangled haire,
Or turne thy hat upon thy finger, or, among the rest,
Finde out some pretty pleasing sport, that fits thy humour best.
Or if you would be thought a learned Poet of your friends,
Then licke and gnawe with tong and teeth your nailes and fingers ends.
They use this action whome for thoughts aspiring men admire,
And so doe they which Hymnes doe say in god 'Apolloes' quire.
Or set your armes up by your side, like to a man of might.

And frowne, and by your very lookes theile thinke you meane to fight.
Doe nothing that is fit or meete, unlesse they you constraine,
For if you do, nor praise, nor price, youle get, you worke in vaine.
If you perceive a man ill nurturde, marke him presently:
His going, sitting, standing, deedes, marke with a carefull eie.
Marke how he eates, and drinkes, and how his hands he placeth best,
And if out of his life and maners you can picke some jeast
Thats worth the laughing, thats enough, deride him presently.
Be not ashamde, but laugh so long, till that you seeme to cry,
And from thy wit of his behaviour let some quips arise,
It may be, when he sees his faults, hee'le learne to be more wise.
And when thy maister shall have greatest store of merry guests,
Then from thy biting budget bring most store of pleasant jeasts.
And this will be an argument of thine exceeding wit,
If each mans sundry humour thou with biting jeasts canst fit.
Perchaunce, at length for second course some rowme must needes be made,
Then learne this tricke, a point most fit, for this thy serving trade:
Art thou an hungry, on a trencher some good bit lay by,
That is a waiters proper fee, no man will it deny.
Thou hast a leather sachell, to what purpose boughtst thou it?
But now and then, for thine owne use to keepe a friendly bit.
What though perchance some man espie thy sachel in thy sleeve,
Take a good courage though, and let not that thy conscience grieve.
But if perchance for this thy tricke he give thee some reproofe,
Have something still which thou maist freely say for thy behoofe.
What, sir, when other strangers have their bellies full at least,
Ist any reason that I should goe empty from the feast?

What can he say, when this he heares? perforce hee'le surely yeelde.
Then courage man, for sure from him thou'lt quickely winne the field.
If thou setst on a dainty dish of creame filld to the brimme,
Make bread, and meate, and salt, and all, in curds and creame to swimme.
When all is gone, and for a voider they doe call to thee,
Learne this good point of manners and behaviour of me:
Get from thy maisters sight, and lest with worke thy bones should ake,
Thou setst all on for his, let him remoove all for thy sake.
Say you have waited long enough, and are ev'n starv'd for meate,
And its a hard case, if that now you may not freely eate.
But if at length with thundring words your maister call his man,
Returne, but with as slow a pase as possible you can:
Haste maketh waste, and he which runneth, oft doth catch a fall,
When he which goes a sober pase, doth surely best of all.
And when you come, out of its order every dish remove,
When all the sweetest bittes are gone, what man would order love?
Take all at once, a weary man ought not to stand all day.
What foole will goe about, when he can goe a nearer way?
What though perhaps out of your hands the meate doe chance to fall?
Tush, a small matter, care not for it, tis no fault at all.
In trueth, the platters were so heavy, they weighed downe mine arme,
If that I had not let them fall, I should have caught some harme.
If that a stronger man than I had felt the weight of all,
I doe not thinke but that he also would have let them fall.
And if your maister greet you not with, take them up, I pray,
First looke upon them a good while, and then depart away.
And laugh, as though you did reioyce in doing of the same.
And for that fault, its tenne to one, that no man will you blame.

But if your maister with a frowne bid you remove them thence,
Look sadly, and hee'le thinke that you are sorie for th'offence.
If all at once you cannot take, tis good to let some lie,
And after you have placde the other, fetch them presently:
I thinke not one of all the guests will judge your fault so great,
As for the spilling a few scraps your maister should you beate.
Nay rather, in a merrie vaine, thei'le laugh and jeast at thee,
Which proovst thy selfe a perfect Scholler in Simplicitie.

Concerning the behaviour at the Table, before meate be set on.

Chapter IV.

Harke how thy hunger-pining panch for meate doth crie and rore,
And yet to comfort it with foode, whie hastest thou no more?
Make haste, make haste, and now at length, after thy fast so great,
Prepare thy selfe most speedily to give thy bellie meate.
If anie great impediment forbids thee to proceede,
As points, or girdle, thou wert best to loose them all with speede.
Although, if thou remove all lets, thou wilt be thought unkinde,
Thy doublet thou maist well unbutton, when thou hast halfe dinde.
Tis vaine with water (which cannot be cleane) to wash thy hands:
How often into cleerest ponds are clods throwne from the lands?
If water which should cleanse our hands, have lumps of durt in it,
Then surely from our hands it cannot wash the durt a whit.
Thy nailes ne're cut, but let them grow, it is a comely sight:
Hawks with long nailes do catch their meate, yet Lords in them delight.
Or if thou needes wilt cut thy nailes, cut them as thou doost dine,
Betweene the first and second course, for then thou hast good time.
If any gentleman at dinner with thee chance to sit,
Be sure to get the highest roome, thats for thy credite fit.
If any man chance to presume to bid thee leave that place,
Yet sit thou still, for if thou rise, twill be a great disgrace.

For when a man is plac'd a loft, according to his use,
Unto a worse place to be thrust, it is a great abuse.
What reason hast thou for to shew, thou hast so base a minde,
As when thou hast a place before, thou wilt be thrust behinde?
Had we not all one father 'Adam', and one mother 'Eve'?
Shall earth and ashes thrust thee downe? at that who would not grieve?
When as our Grandsire 'Adam' dig'd, and Grandam 'Eve' span,
Who then, I pray, amongst us all was the best gentleman?
When as you come too late to dinner, and a stoole you lacke,
Stand not in any case, for too much standing hurtes your backe.
By head and shoulders from his place thrust out some simple foole,
If to his elder, and his better, hee'le not yeelde his stoole.
Perchance your knife is fowle with bread which yesterday it cut,
Or in some other dirtie place perhaps it hath beene put,
This fault your shoo will quickely mend, if you no whet-stone have,
For whet it on your shoo-sole well, and it will shine most brave.
If any man do marvaile that you use so plaine a way,
Tell him that you have usde that custome many a summers day.
If, when you are sharpe set to dine, you nothing have to eate,
And for your hungry bellie you can get no store of meate,
Because the Cooke is somewhat long, before he will you serve,
If that you thinke, unlesse you eate forthwith, you strait shall sterve:
Be angry strait, for why you have good cause, stampe, stare and fume,
How dare they on thy patience, base pesants, thus presume?
Aske thou thy meate with angrie lookes, with choller, and with heate,
And if they will not bring it thee, cry still out, meate, meate, meate.
But if they still deny to come, with angry forehead say
That thou wilt beate them everie one, if that they thus delay.
Perhaps at length the meate is readie, and they onely tarrie

For one which should the meate from thence unto the table carrie.
Then sit thou still, stirre not a foote, tis better farre to sterve,
Then like a paltry blew-cote knave (thats base) thy selfe to serve.
Let no man, had he 'Tullies' wit, make thee such follie use,
What? serve thy selfe? thou never canst thine honour more abuse.
Meane time be casting with thyselfe, which way the time to spend,
Beware on idlenes, on which all vices do attend.
Hath the scabd dogge with tickling itching all thy bodie bit,
Thou maist have meanes to spend thy time by over-looking it.
Scratch off the scabs with busie fingers, that is verie good,
For so of putrefaction thou maist let out a flood.
Or as our Mettall-mongers do, with their industrious paines,
By digging mountaines, rob the earth of her rich mettall vaines,
So with thy knife from out thy body scabs thou maist dig store,
And seeke diseases which do lacke in every hidden pore.
Then with your unwasht knife to cut your meate can breede no hurt,
Nor wash your hands, you know that water cannot scowre off durt.
Tis common for yong men to have great store of lustie lice,
Their names declare their forme, they have six feete, be not so nice.
If that your flesh doth suffer any hurt by their sharpe teeth,
Deferre no whit their punishment, that with your health agreeth.
But with a courage from your head strait pull them by the taile,
And for their treason strait behead them with your thumbs sharpe nail.
From forth your bosome take them quicke unto their great disgrace,
And on the table valiantly their captive bodies place.
T'will be a prettie sight to see, how fast thei'le run away
To save themselves, and all their kinne, from that most bloodie day.

Though all things faile thee else, yet sure thou shalt finde trenchers strong
To help to drive away the time which thou dost think so long.
O're looke them well on every side, each corner, and each end,
And if they are not as they should be, helpe their faults to mend.
The Trencher-maker in his worke doth often make great waste,
Whenas he cannot stay to finifie each part for haste.
Thou which hast time enough, correct those faults in any wise
With thy sharpe knife, which seeme not hansome in thy curious eyes.
And when thou hast corrected of each trencher everie whit,
Thy Master cannot choose but praise thy labour and thy wit.
The table-cloth with pin or knife to pricke, or cut, beginne,
No reasonable man, I trow, will say, this is a sinne.
For let the foole, your Master, know that he did cause this deede,
In keeping such bad Cookes as would not give you meate with speede.
T'will make him charge his Cookes that at the first call they you serve,
And not to let his servants to sit without meate and sterve.
Perhaps a salt-seller stands by, tis good with that to play,
And strike it with your knife, t'will serve to drive the time away.
This by two sundry profits sure will stand thee in great steed,
For first the noise will make the Cookes remember thee to feed,
And secondly unto thine eares a pretty sound t'will send.
Wherefore, above all other trickes, this one I do commend:
If that your master, or your father, leave his knife behinde,
For their sakes use it favourably, never be unkinde.
With stones, or wood, or keyes, be sure you make it blunt and dull,
Lest that it cut too fast, as from their sheathes they do it pull.
So when their knife dooth cut their hands in carving out a messe,
By that good meanes which you foresaw, their wound will be the lesse.
In briefe, if that you had almost forgot your points to loose,

And now you have such suddaine haste, you cannot will, nor choose,
And that you feare your breeches shall partake your heavie waight,
And all the house you shall perfume, if you depart not straight:
Then rise, and if your fellow needes will know whither you went,
Tell him, to thrust away a knave that would not pay his rent.
So come againe, and without washing either hands or face,
As soone as may be, (as I told you) get the upper place.
Perchance, if you in washing of your hands had staied long,
The knaves would soone have parted all your part themselves among.

Your behaviour all the while you eate.

Chapter V.

When you are set, with pottage first your stomacke is unlockt,
Because, before all other meates, you may that best concoct.
And now, forsooth, you lacke a spoone, yet hardely can abstaine,
Why then to sup it up with mouth and lips you must be faine.
Aske but of Nature, our deare mother, and shee'le lend thee soone,
A paire of lips, which thou maist use better then scoupe or spoone.
Diogenes did scorne a spoone, but from a fountaine cleere
Did drinke as well out of his hand as we from pots of beere.
And sure he had no other cause the spoone for to despise,
But that he saw his ancesters do so before his eyes.
Whenas the meate is all set downe, according to thy wish,
See that thy right hand, wrest, and all, be first in every dish.
And if there be a daintie bit, tis good to snatch it strait,
Lest that another for the same do craftilie lay wait.
If thou be wise, observe this course and custome evermore,
So for thy belly daintie bits thou ever shalt have store.
If that some envious man do seeme for to repine at this,

Love others well but thy selfe better, say the proverbe is.
Perchance upon the platters furthest side there lies a bit
Which thou doost verie much desire, but canst not reach to it,
And if thou sit by no such friend as strait will helpe thee to it,
By stretching out thy limbes upon the table thou maist do it.
If any seeme offended with thee, tell them tis the fashion
To set the best meate to the best men of the congregation.
Now, sir, tis a more seemely tricke to turne the platter round,
That, by that meanes, the daintie bits may on your side be found.
The turning of the platter round in this sort it is best
To hide, and cloake, and in my minde it is a prettie iest:
After this sort all starres and the celestiall bodies move,
Which daily motion, and perpetuall stirring ever love.
Then bid your neighbour speake of planets so your talke to quite,
He smiling hits you on the eare, yo'are planet-strucken right.
Whenas your friend doth on your trencher daintie wilde
fowle lay,
Strait cover it with both your hands for feare it flie away.
And though your neighbour ne're so much upon you do bestow,
Yet keepe it all within your clutches, let not one bit go.
It is no profit for to give thy neighbour any part
Of those good bits which thou thy selfe doost love with all
thy heart.
And as for him which gave it you, his kindnes ne're commend,
Although he be a man of worship, and your very friend;
Tell him you were of age enough your selfe with cates to fit,
Although from off his trencher he had reachd you ne're a bit.
After that you have twice or thrice thus answerd everie friend,
No man from off his trencher dainties unto you will send;
And so heere after for your selfe you, where you will, may cut,
And out of everie daintie dish choose bits for your owne gut.
On everie side of everie dish be sure you taste and trie,
And that which pleaseth not your minde, for others let it lie:
False obiects oftentimes deceive this mortall sight of our,
And that which beares the sweetest shew, in taste is often sowre.
Wherefore my counsell is that in thy mouth thou taste aright

That which doth make so faire a shew unto the outward sight.
If that it hath a pleasant taste, and like your pallate well,
What then you ought to doe there with, I hope I neede not tell.
But if the taste which you expected, fit not to your minde,
Then take my counsell, for in it great profit thou shall finde:
Into the platter with an angry looke you may it cast,
There is no sense that you should eate that meate you cannot taste,
Or keepe it, and the best there of in cleanely sort gnaw round;
For doing this, as I suppose, no fault can well be found.
For whie, with tooth and naile to bite, and scratch, and gnaw your meate,
Is both a seemelie thing, and also bringeth profite great:
For by this meanes you spare your knife, which else might loose his edge,
If in your meate there should be bones. O wisedomes priviledge!
That which thou leav'st, into the platter wilt thou throw? O wit!
Perchance some other will it take for a most pleasing bit.
Ill men (as thou art) ever bare such malice in their hart
That, if they have a good thing, thei'le not give their neighbor part.
That which you cannot eate, some greedie-gut will snatch up strait,
And give you thankes, as if for him you had reserv'd that bait:
And that his hungrie paunch at length may well be cramd with meate,
That which upon your trencher lies, most ravenouslie hee'le eate.
But yet I thinke it is a tricke more civill, and more fine,
To loade thy neighbours trencher with those scraps that lie on thine.
Hee'le thanke you with a ioyfull heart for that so royall fare,
And saie he sees (he thankes you) that you mindefull of him are.
T'will moove you for to be his friend most faithfull and most kinde,
And yet a faithfull friend in these bad dayes is hard to finde.

Such meate as thou gav'st to thy friend, when he did none desire,
I thinke a ful-filld dog would scorne to give his hungrie sire.
When bisket bread, cimnells, and wine upon the table stand,
If that thou seest the Butler fills it with a sparing hand,
Hide thou the pot behinde thy backe, and unto others fill,
And unto no man present give a droppe against thy will.
If anie one of them be griev'd which at the Table are,
Tell him tis good that everie man should for himselfe have care.
And, sir, my counsell is that you the pot doe next time get,
If, when you dine abroad, you meane your lippes with wine to wet.
Thus, having filld your stomacke with the first course at the boord,
If that you thinke the second will some daintie cates affoord,
And that you feele your girdle doth your swelling bellie pinch,
Tis better strait to take it off, than from good meate to flinch:
Thinke it no shame, or if thou dar'st not do so, tis thy best
To pull it off though, for thou well maist cloake it with this jest:
Neighbour, you have a prettie gerdle, it shews verie fine;
What boote ifaith? let me see yours, and you shall strait see mine.
And by this meanes you may have cause your gerdle to put off,
Whereas, if you had not done so, you might have had a scoffe.
And if some bits of new gnawne meate within your mouth doe sticke,
Out of the same with hands and nailes tis manners it to picke:
Within the Crocodiles wide jawes, when jagges of flesh doe lie,
Some little bird to pull them out doth help her presently,
For while that she her tonguelesse mouth in widest sorte dooth stretch,
Some sharp billd bird from forth hir jawes the meat for food doth fetch:
The seelie bird within the beasts wide jawes doth walke and feede,
And hath no hurth, because her bellie dooth help the beast at neede.

But as for thee, thou needst not this; Nature, our mother free,
Forseeing this, hat lent both hands and fingers ends to thee.
Then with thy fingers search thy mouth, or with a knife, or pinne,
Since thou hast such meanes of thine owne, a birds help scorne herein.
And if from foorth thy teeth thou bring a bloodie peace of meate,
Lest that it should be lost, tis good foorthwith thou should'st it eate.
Or with your unwipte knife from foorth the platter take some bit
Which for your almost halfe-filld stomacke you doe thinke most fit.
Your gnawne meate on your neighbours trencher smiling you may lay,
Using these flattring, glosing termes: Refuse it not I pray.
And if that hee accept the meate which from your teeth you drew,
T'will stirre up store of laughter unto all that merry crew,
And by this meanes all man will saie your wit is very quicke,
And count you for a merrie fellow for this cleanely tricke.
Some fooles (to what intent who knowes?) their knife must needs make cleane,
Whenas to cut a cleanly piece of common bread they meane.
Thou foole, whie dost thou wipe the fat upon the table cloth?
Who ever knew a senslesse foole to learne good maners loth?
Wert not a thing more pleasing, and more welcome to thy tongue,
To wipe it on the common loafe, when thou doost cut along?
Perhaps manie a hungrie man would give thee thankes for that,
Which bread and butter loves at heart, and such things as are fat.
This tricke, although there be some shrew of beastlinesse in it,
Yet sure of manie a daintie dish t'will get thee many a bit.
Whenas your hoste some daintie cates unto the Table sends,
Which unto you your meate and drinke-consuming gut commends,
Take thou those jewells from thy nose whereof before I tolde,

I meane thy snot, and in thy hollow palme do thou it holde,
And craftily into the platter either cast it all,
Or hold it dangling over, so that it may almost fall:
And by this meanes the company will straitway loathe their meate,
And all the delicates remaining, thou thy selfe maist eate.
A man well knowne in everie place did often doe the same,
Who from an Owle joynd to a Glasse did first derive his name.
This Owle glasse all in everie place praisde, honoured, and admirde,
And to relate his prettie pranks each merrie man desirde:
Wherefore his life, and his behaviour doe not thou refuse,
And then no doubt but times to come thy merrie trickes will use.
Dost thou a meane and end of eating now at length require,
And when to know a readie time to leave doost thou desire,
Leave eating when thy swelling bellie will not let thee speake,
And when thou thinkst with one bit more thy very guts would breake.
I should proceede, and yet more precepts for thy dinner tell,
But tis too late, and I at supper time may doo't as well.

Behaviour fit to be observed after dinner, and when you are walking.

Chapter VI.

Now having fild your bellie full with daintie pleasing fare,
Be sure that for your owne affaires you take but little care.
The belly fild with daintie meates can hardely care indure,
For carefull thoughts are deadly foes unto concoction sure.
And care doth with diseases the best bodies oft infect,
Wherefore out of thy mind all care in any case reiect.
If that, in summer, you your dinners in the fields do keepe,
Be sure that forthwith in a baulke you frame your selfe to sleepe.
There you may lie, untill you thinke tis almost time to sup,
And then tis time from drowzie sleepe to rowze your spirits up.
And as you lie, to fart and fiste at pleasure you have leave,

For why, you know theres no man by such trickes for to perceive.
If that you finde by triall that no man a fart can hold,
By good experience so to sweare, I thinke, you may be bold.
If that to lie and sleepe all day doth not your fancie please,
Because your nimble body alwaies scorned slouthfull ease,
Then rise at leisure, and through every streete walke up and downe,
The doing so will sure procure both profit and renowne:
For by this walking thou thy meate the better maist digest,
Among all other rules, Phisitians hold this for the best.
As thou didst come to dinner with unwasht hands, even so
My counsell is that from the same with unwasht hands thou go.
Tis better that of daintie meats thy dirtie hands should smell,
Then of that water which is drawne from everie dirtie well.
What though your shooes be thicke with dirt? to purge them it is vaine,
For why you know in dirt and dung they must be fowlde againe.
If thou hast cause to vomit, as the streete thou walkst about,
All which thou canst not keepe, with wide mouth freely let it out.
Nor care thou, though great store of people stand about thee round,
But all that goes against thy stomacke, cast it on the ground.
Grave 'Anthony' the same did do, when many did him see,
Yet he was chose in famous 'Rome' a Consull for to bee.
And looke, how much worlds mirrour 'Rome' our small townes doth surpas,
So much to be preferd before thee good 'Antonius' was.
That which so great a man as he durst do in such a place,
For thee to do in this small towne can be no great disgrace.
But if this mans example cannot move thy minde one whit,
Yet if I urge thine owne good health, I know thou'lt yeelde to it.
The learned wise Phisitians their patients hurt to cure,
Prescribe them certaine bitter vomits, which they must indure.
Ech month one vomit at the least, or more, they ought to use,
A vomit doth mens lives preserve, you can it not refuse.

If in a mouth, one vomits use can drive all hurts away,
How long shalt thou live, if thou vomit twice or thrice a day?
If thou hast neede to pisse, as thou dost walke thy friends among,
Unlode thy bladder presently, tis ill to keepe it long.
What though some honest Matron, or some chaste maid thee perceave,
Yet do not thou in any case thy former purpose leave.
Respect good manners, but respect thy health a great deale more,
Care while thou maist, for health once lost is hard for to restore.
Men that are carelesse of themselves, do lose that in one night
For which they'de give, what not? poore fooles, if so they get it might.
If any cloake, or such like garment on thy shoulders be,
What needst thou care which way it hangs, such vaine care cast from thee.
Or if you weare a gowne, take heede that not your legs it hides,
Lest that it hinder all your pace, your steps, and eke your strides.
Cast it behinde with both your hands, that all men so may see
Your perfect bodie, and your limbs, and fore-parts what they bee.
And that which else your gowne would cover, tis enough to hide
It with your doublet, and your breeches, lac'd on every side.
Such sights do please old matrons very well, I tell the trew,
And these are very welcome sights unto the virgins crew.
For then thei'le marke your slendernes, and all your nimble ioyntes,
And eke how well your bellie is tide with girdle and with pointes.
And then forthwith with love of thee thei'le quite be set on fire,
Which done, each act will more and more inflame their hot desire.
If, as you go, some friend, or foe do bid you, sir, God speede,
I thinke to give him a good answer there is little neede.
First looke him in the face, and marke with what good minde t'was said,
And as you like his, sir, God speede, so let it be repaid.

Thou oughtst to bid no man God speede, untill that thou hast seene
What his behaviour, and his manners, unto thee have beene.
For why, the wandring multitudes good will thou needes must lacke,
If they perceive thou speakst so friendly unto every jacke.
And by this meanes the name of a light fellow thou wilt have,
Which even now wert thought to be a man both wise and grave.
And thus thine honour and thy maiestie will have a fall,
If thou by such familiar termes doost every fellow call.
But if perchance some prettie wench do stand at any doore,
Then which a fairer in thy life thou never saw'st before,
Cast thou upon her all the cheerefull loockes thou canst devise.
Though she be one whome ne're before thou didst behold with eyes.
Then go strait to her, and in this case lay aside all shame,
And with a pleasant smiling looke demand the virgins name.
All that thou thinkst can laughter moove, lay downe before her face,
Let nothing seeme uncivill or unseemely in this case.
Mongst all the things which Nature made in wisedome for mans use,
Nothing is simply bad, but it from man receives abuse.
If nothing but the crabbed mindes of Stoickes you do tell,
She ne're will laugh, such sadnes will not please her fancie well.
Despise the sharpe decrees of Catonists, that are severe,
And lest you tell her 'Zenoes' statutes, you must have a care.
The flattering sect of shameles men fulfills her fancie fit,
And that which currish Cinickes teach, tis good to tell her it.
When thou hast tolde her all thy minde, and ript up all thy heart,
And that thou thinkst tis time for thee now homeward to depart,
Then round about her necke be sure that thou thine armes do cast,
And till that thou hast kist thy fill, be sure thou hold her fast.
If she reiect thy gentle offers, and away would go,
Then kisse her and embrace her both, whether she will or no.

If that she flie, then follow her, and once caught, hold her fast,
Though she dissemble for a while, yet sure sheele yeelde at last.
And call her mistris sweete hart, love, and speake her very faire,
Lest she should thinke thy protestations are but winde and aire.
Let all the yong men of the towne behold your sport and ieast,
That all may say: He is a comely fellow, I protest.
What other wench so e're you meete, while you do use this sport,
Be sure she taste of the same cup, and use her in this sort.
You can no whit impeach by this your gravitie and fame;
Nor is there any man that ought to blame you for the same.
If any wench speake to thee first, thanke her not for that deede,
But count her light in speaking first, let that be all her meede.
What though you count your selfe a praiser of Simplicitie,
And by your clownish manners looke to get some high degree,
Yet beare so brave a loftie minde as all men to despise,
And with a frowning, scowling looke on all men cast your eyes.
He which doth beare a baser minde, and thoughtes which are so low,
Doth seeme his owne perfections not perfectly to know.
And by this meanes he soone may take unworthily disgrace,
Whereas if he would brave it out, all men would give him place.
What every man thinkes of himselfe, that others thinke its meete,
And he that will not raise himselfe, may long lie under feete.
Then yeelde to none, but scorne thou all, of none respectfull be,
And thinke all places, all degrees are farre too low for thee.
If that you meete a man of worth, whom all the people grace,
Whether he be a Magistrate, or Ruler in that place,
Or teach the ruder multitude to heaven to lift their eyes,
Or for some other honest life he be accounted wise:
In any case scorne to looke on him, when your head is bare,
But let your cap, for feare of cold, cover your head and haire.
We all are dust, we all one forme, we all one matter have,
Both rich and poor shall have alike, whenas they go to grave.
The fatall sister 'Clotho' neither spareth rich nor poore,
Since then we all are like, why should some men be honour'd more?

Wherefore, wheresoe're thou art, give none the way, whosoe're he be,
Nay, if he stand upon such points, then make him yeelde to thee.
When in a common way thou with thy friend doost walke the streete,
Take thou the right hand both of him and all that thou doost meete;
But if the way bee fowle, then marke this order not a whit,
Take thou the cleane, as for the durtie, let him go in it.
Perchance you have a fart to send into the world so wide,
Which rumbling in your bellie, troubled you on every side,
Then let it forth in every place, and wheresoe're you will,
That which our mother Nature made, I thinke, cannot be ill.
If any man, for doing so, you are a sloven say,
In this good sort his vaine obiections you well answer may:
Foure great diseases will arise by keeping in your winde,
A giddie head, the cholicke, dropsie, and the crampe unkinde.
Phisitians do prescribe this rule amongst their counsells deepe,
A rule, which every man that loves his health, should alwaies keepe.
'Claudius' bids that farts and belches we should never hold,
Lest in presuming on our health, we make our selves too bold.
All that which in this point is said, it tendeth to this end,
Thy good behaviour for to praise, thy bad for to defend.
In summer time, whenas the hearbes grow greener every day,
With some good talke the tedious time tis good to drive away.
When some in sober sort of weightie matters do intreate,
And proove the land that lives in peace, hath sure a blessing great,
Or some one, read in history, doth orderly declare
The manners of our ancestors, and customes what they were,
Be sure with trifling matters that thou crosse their purpose quite,
Let others talke of former times, in ours take thou delight.
Old wine, old friends, and eke old faith, may be allowed well,
And yet tis follie to allow all old things that you tell.
Tis fitter for us yonger men to speake of yonger daies,

And see, if for their good deserts they may have any praise.
And then beginne unto them all to tell some prettie iest,
Which may enforce great store of laughter unto all the rest.
Tell them what kindenes you of late did of your love receave:
And thus with stories of her flattring words the time deceave.
Since none in crabbed words delight, use iests in every place,
And bawdie termes, for these oft times procure a speciall grace.
O yong man, while thy time is fit, in pleasure take thine ease,
If thou thy good companions mindes doost purpose for to please:
Reiecting shame, speake any filthie words that may be namde,
No valiant man, but onely fainting cowards are ashamde.
This all your yonkers use to do, whenas abroade they walke,
And, scorning honest sober words, they fall to shamelesse talke.
That which all yong men use to do, the life that all men leade,
(Since it is sure the safest course in best knowne paths to treade)
The same in every point to imitate I counsell thee,
And say, and do that which thou thinkst to most will pleasing bee.
As long as you of nothing else but toies and trifles talke,
So long you may have worke enough, how farre so e're you walke.
But if at length, when you have uttred all that e're you meant,
(Although I thinke your store of words can hardly soone be spent)
Then what so e're another saith be sure you mocke and flowt,
As scorning to be over-talkt by such a clownish lowt.

The adorning the Table before supper, and other such like duties.

Chapter VII.

BUt now sir 'Phœbus' prancing horses to the sea do haste
There to refresh that strength againe which burning 'Sol' did waste.
And now I thinke the time drawes neere thy supper for to take,
Wherefore go home, that thou in readinesse each thing maist make.

Bid talke farewell, which staies the bellie from his wish for food,
The finest speech unto a gut halfe sterv'd can do no good.
Yet will I not in any case that too much haste thou make,
But with a good advise and counsell all things undertake.
Sometimes tis good thou shouldst stay out beyond the pointed time,
For then some other will performe that dutie which was thine.
Some other then will lay the cloth, and on thy master tend,
And e're thou comst, of all thy busines he will make an end.
If that thy father or thine host do for thy comming stay,
Thou sure shalt get great profit and great credite by that way.
Profit, for why thou both their loves shalt try, how great they be,
And ist not credite, when thine host or father staies for thee?
And sure, I thinke, for shame their hunger cannot be so great,
As whenas thou art in the fields, they should devoure the meate
When home you come, if that you see that neither man nor maid
Did lay the cloth, and yet tis more then time that it were laid,
Unlesse thy master thee command, lay thou no cloth at all,
For if thou too officious art, who can thee simple call?
Ne're labour for great store of wisedome and agilitie,
For neither wit nor vertues deedes can one wit profit thee.
Simplicitie great profit brings, this will defend thee still
At every time, in every place, where thou committest ill.
And if in every dutie thou doost shew thy selfe unfit,
Thy master in his great affaires will never trust thy wit.
The man that strives to shun the harmes he sees before his eyes,
And he which knowes whats fittest for himselfe, is surely wise.
The man which boasteth of his wealth is often robd we see,
When those wich hide their goods up close, in pleasure still may bee.
Such as do of their vertues brag, are oft undone thereby,
When those that looke like lazie knaves, in quiet still may lie.
That 'Chirons' darling, bray 'Achilles', might escape unspide,
All his exploites under a distaffe he was glad to hide.
And had not wise 'Ulisses' faind himselfe to have beene mad,
In those hot broiles of Troian warres he surely perish'd had.

In like sort thou, if any act or vertue in thee lie,
Be sure thou keepe it all so close, that no man may it spie.
The master and thy father both will set great taskes to thee,
If they discry those vertuous parts which by thee cloak'd
should bee.
The trenchers and the bread to place, before the guests do sit,
Unlesse thy master thee command, thou needst not count it fit.
You neede not have a care in what good sort the stooles do stand,
Nor neede you care to order every thing with your owne hand.
It is not meete that from the loafe you chip the upper crust,
Which on your masters trencher for his owne mouth place
you must.
Your master oft forbids that any good thing should be lost,
Then if his chippings he should loose, t'would put him to
great cost.
Do onely that which thou art bid, but do thou that with speede,
It is not good at any time to take more paines then neede.
Most wretched is that servants case whose lucke it is to have
A master at whose becke he must do all that hee shall crave.
If he do that which no man bade him, tis a fault most great,
And for it he forthwith is sure most soundly to be beat.
Which to prevent, a wittie youth that well did love his ease,
Did take this order, lest he else his master should displease:
Of all the things he had to do, he forthwith made a bill,
That by this meanes his masters minde he better might fulfill.
And, having made it, by oft reading got it all by heart,
Thinking that he by no meanes then could from his dutie part.
And as for doing other things, he durst not be so bold,
Unlesse he them within his paper written did behold.
By chance his master on a time bade him put out a flame,
Which, kindling in a corner of the house, had burnt the same.
He, fearing, lest he should do more then in his bill he found,
Stood seeking, till the house was almost burnt unto the ground.
Get such a bill as this, and then you evermore shall finde,
If any businesse chance to fall out of your slipperie minde.
I told thee many duties fit for dinner time before,

Which, lest I spend my time in vaine, I will recite no more.
Unto each willing person all my precepts are but plaine,
If by my doctrine they their lives to guide will take the paine.
For many have so quicke a wit, that they my precepts know,
Although my methode and my doctrine no man to them show.
Whenas your master hath to supper neither guest nor friend,
And doth for all his houshold servants very kindely send,
Forthwith to get the upper place have alwaies in your minde,
Lest others getting it before, they thrust you downe behinde.
Its alwaies seene that he most labour still doth undergo
Which, comming after all his fellowes, hath his place below.
Ho, sirra, boy, unlocke the doore for them that knocke so fast,
If they be strangers, aske their arrants, why they make such haste.
Go fetch some bread, and bring the venson pastie in your hands,
And draw some wine out of the tunne which in the corner stands.
Perchance the dog hath let a scape, for which he must be gone,
Then leade him out, and when hees sweeter, bring him in anone.
These things must sometimes all be done by him that sits below,
Wherefore for any other seate the lowest place forgo.
But if perchance your master makes you onely stand and waite,
While all your fellowes take their choise of every pleasing bait,
Then shew some token that this place is yours against your will,
And with such angry words as these, your hungry stomacke fill:
Ist any reason that I onely in such servile sort
Should stand, and waite, while others eate their meate with pleasant sport?
I see no sense, why onely I should stand and waite on thee,
Whenas my fellowes are at supper from such bondage free.
But as the hedge is most gone over, where it lieth low,
Because it in that lownesse most humilitie doth show,
So I, because I lesse resist then others that stand by,
Am quite cast downe, and at my masters feete most basely lie.
And thus the more I do obey, the more I still must toile.
I see tis hard for him to rise that once hath tooke the foile.

It may be, these thy words to moove thy masters heart may seeme,
And hee'le both give thee lesse to do, and better thee esteeme.
And if hee sees in ioyfull manner that thou part away,
Hee'le love thee better, and appointe thee lesser taskes each day.
But if he be obdurate still, refuse not then to waite,
Lest he a crooked sticke upon thy shoulders broad make straight.
Simplicitie that is too folish, flie in any case,
Lest it procure thee store of stripes on shoulders, backe, and face.
As erst I told thee to be sure thou never tie thy points,
So maist thou as thou serv'st at boord be nimbler in thy ioynts.
Whether your master and his houshold onely dine together,
Or else your master store of strangers hath invited thither,
Let all things after one set order still be done of thee,
And still observe one onely kinde of rude Simplicitie.
Why shouldst thou strive at any time more manners for to reach,
Then this my home-bred country muse in simple verse can teach?
Whether you sup at home, or all you curious friends among,
The selfe-same manners in both places unto you belong.
To differ in your actions cannot choose but breede disgrace,
That which is seemely heere, is not amisse in any place.

Waiting at the Table at supper time.

Chapter VIII.

WHen all the guests thou hast invited for thy masters sake,
Whom he with store of 'Bacchus' liquors merry means to make,
As thou wert wont, so have a care a trencher to provide,
And let Simplicitie in all thy actions be thy guide.
Then be thou carefull to observe all that I said before,
And unto that tis requisite I adde a little more.
Carry your dish so stedfastly, that, being fill'd to'th brim,

The bread, the salt, the cloth, and all may in the pottage swim.
What though the pottage spilt do all the strangers clothes staine,
Yet those that know the profit, could indure it so againe.
For why the spice wherewith the Cooke did store the pottage well,
Besides the daintie taste, will also yeelde a fragrant smell.
And by this meanes their garments afterward will smell more sweete,
Then e're they could, before they with this hot perfume did meete.
They cannot well forget this kindenesse, if you have your due,
For alwaies, when they smell that spice, they needes must thinke of you.
If that this deede do seeme to make them ioyfull at the heart,
Then forthwith for to laugh aloude you know it is your part.
And by this meanes the company will surely laugh at thee,
And praise thee for thy good intent and plaine Simplicitie.
But if some testie, crabbed fellow, liking not this use,
With angry lookes do tell thee plaine thou offerst him abuse,
It shall suffice, if with good words thou lessen his disgrace,
Since hottest anger unto gentle words oft giveth place.
Sir, so it is, each mortall man doth often times offend
Against his will, and cannot presently his fault amend.
But seeing that his fault is great, he forthwith doth repent,
And then, lest he should thus dispaire, he hath a pardon sent.
And by this meanes I doubt not but his anger you'le appease,
What though he were so hot of late, yet thus you may him please.
Or if the foole will needes be angry, raile as fast as hee,
I hope the foole was old enough unto his clothes to see.
Then as you stand, with carefull lookes marke all that sit at meate,
And marke the quantitie that every man doth drinke and eate.
Hide not your lookes, but unto every man unfold your minde,
For why your master by this meanes great profit sure shall finde.
For then for shame each man lesse bits into his mouth will put,

And leave halfe that which else he would have thrust into his gut.
Have neither care nor reverence of master, man, nor maid,
But all that fits thy fancie best, let that be done and said.
Though all men blame thee, yet if thou doost like thy deedes alwaies,
Thou knowst a mans owne guiltlesse minde deserves the greatest praise.
If any man thats not thy master, do thy service crave,
Strait bid him doo't himselfe, for why thy helpe he shall not have.
But if thy father or thy master bid thee do the same,
If then thou giv'st them such an answer, thou art much to blame.
Do that which they command at leisure, alwaies be thou slow,
Lest something thou shouldst hur't or loose, if thou too fast shouldst go.
Be sure to frowne, and make such store of faces in that kinde,
That all may know thou goest about it with no willing minde.
Perhaps thou seest the candle lacke a snuffer, that it might
Unto the strangers at the table cast a better light,
Thou foole, why doost thou make such haste to snuffe it with thy hand,
Unlesse thy master twice or trice at least do thee command?
If thou doost put it out, while thou to snuffe it doost intend,
All that are by will presently this cleanely tricke commend.
It is a very civill tricke, whenas the candle's out,
To let the stinking smoake ascend their nosthrills round about.
If that you dare not put it out quite, lest your master chide,
Yet that the stincke may trouble them, you thus may well provide:
The snuffe cut off you on the ground may cast without offence,
A smoakie vapor will disturbe their noses all from thence.
Why should you treade it out, unlesse they ernestly you pray?
Although they you command, yet scorne their pleasures to obey.
Nay, rather you to leave the snuffers open should presume,
From whence will come a smell, which will againe the house perfume.

I thinke this smell to wives with childe but little good will do,
Though sure t'will profit in some sort both men and women too.
If some one man among the rest do firmely that denie,
And say hee'le prove the contrarie by reasons presently,
And that he may the better proove that which he doth defend,
Doth urge the words of men whose writings all times did commend,
(For 'Plinie' saith the babe which in the mothers wombe doth lie,
If that the mother feele this smell, immediately doth die).
Then cry aloude that he against the truth doth plainely speake,
And that thou presently wilt proove his argument but weake.
Nor be asham'd to trouble and disturbe the standers by,
But with these words in loftie sort be sure thou him defie:
I hope, good fellow, thou wilt freely give me leave to speake,
Since thou the lawes of modestie long since thy selfe didst breake.
He surely is a wicked man which seekes by vaunting lies
To get him credite and renowne before us that are wise.
As I remember, I no place of 'Plinies' can recall,
Wherein he any whit makes mention of these words at all.
For how could he know this? or else, put case he did say so,
Tis vaine for to beleeve each word of every man you know.
For many things unto this day are extant in his bookes
Which he may finde to be most false that wisely in them lookes.
If thus you answer his obiection, everie man will sweare
That surely you a skilfull man, and well read scholler are.
The cups being emptie, catch them in your hand with wine to fill,
And then in haste fill them so full, that they may almost spill.
Tis good to fill them ful at first, lest you more paines should take,
What though your trembling hand spill some? you soone amends may make.
What though, the cup beeing too full, you powre some on the ground?
I thinke, if you should use this tricke, great fault could not be found.
Or if you dare not give it full, for feare your master brawle,

Then kindely sup off some, as if you dranke unto them all.
Or (which is much more civill), if too much you chance to fill,
Into the flaggon emptie some, for feare you should it spill.
For if perchance some durtie drugs within the cup do lie,
By mingling it with all the wine, t'will forthwith clarifie.
Perhaps your master on his guests bestowes such store of wine,
That no two cup fulls grew upon the selfe-same kinde of vine.
You neede not take great care to know each sundry sort and kinde,
But alwaies fill of that which next unto your hand you finde.
What though a man should alwaies mixe all kindes of wine together?
The selfe-same earth did beare all wine wich Marchants can bring hether.
The vertues of all sortes of wine in one cup one might hold,
If all men in this sort would use to mingle new with old.
As many vertues, joynde in one, do make that one excell,
So divers wines are of most force, when they be mingled well.
If any man this custome with some up-start name abuse,
Tell him, he knowes no orders which the wise Phisitians use,
Which would not use to give their patients compound potions still,
Unlesse they found such mixture good by Phisickes sacred skill.
The selfe-same order must be kept which I prescrib'd before,
In that good ale which unto us is brought from 'Saxon' shore.
From 'Hamburg' cittie on our shore great store thereof is cast,
Which doth both nourish very well, and hath a pleasant taste.
Next unto that, Bracket, a kinde of nappy pleasant beere,
A kinde of drinke thats made of Hannoveraes water cleere.
And Cydar, which was brought from thence, where 'Brunon' old was king,
And that good kinde of drinke which men from 'Embecke' cittie bring.
Let all these sundrie sortes of drinke be mingled well together,
Since onely for the dry throates use they were convaied hether.
If any man intreateth you to fill his emptie cup,

All that which in the bottome lies, be sure you strait drinke up.
If thou perhaps art drunke to by some antient friend of thine
Which presently will have thee pledge him in a cup of wine,
At first refuse his gentle offer, after take the cup,
And all the wine that is therein, most boldly drinke it up.
As for the cup, in any case let it not emptie stand,
But having filld it fresh, restore it to your masters hand.
I do not bid you stirre your hat, whenas you pledge your friends,
Or if you will, then onely touch it with your fingers ends,
Or if for manners sake at length to take it off you choose,
Then cast it strait behinde your backe, as meaning it to loose.
And as you stand, expecting carefully your masters will,
As fast as they can drinke them off the emptie cups to fill,
If, as you fill, from forth your hands, the bottle you let fall,
You shall be thought to be a hansome fellow of them all:
What though your master heereupon beginne to fume and rage?
Yet with this gentle answer you his answer may asswage:
Forsooth you ought for this to blame my drunkennes, not mee.
And heereupon he cannot choose but pardon give to thee.
If thou perchance espi'st a cup which voide of liquor is,
Which everie man doth constantly denie to have beene his,
Because perhaps some sober man to scape it so did thinke,
And set it by, lest else he should be over-come with drinke,
It is great shame that emptie cups should on the table stand,
And is your fault, if any guest want liquor in his hand.
Then take it strait, and drinke to him which for your friend you faine,
And by this meanes the use of drinking you'le renew againe.
Yet do not this without some cunning tricke of craft or other,
For tis a credite nowadaies to coosin your owne brother.
Wherefore be sure to fill the cup whereon you drinke, with beere,
The common kinde of 'Saxon' drinke which daily we use heere.
But for your friend mingle good wine your strongest beere among,

For why, the mixture of these liquors makes them both more strong.
And by this meanes, if of this drinke you give them but your fill,
The company will all be drunke, when you are sober still.
Or if your masters friends you love not thus for to deceive,
Then of each cup of perfect wine be sure no drop to leave.
And thus to drunkards haven thou thy shipping first shalt take,
And all that halfe-drunke company most merrie thou shalt make.
And thus by thy example thou wilt make them drinke the more,
Because they see such good effects of wine in thee before.
For since that wine stirres up such gallant sporting trickes in thee,
Thei'le all be drunke, that in like sort they all may pleasant bee.

The manner how to serve the guests with drinke after supper, and how to prevent them with craftie trickes.

Chapter IX.

THat you have done your busines well, t'will make your master think,
If by your meanes your masters friends have tooke good store of drinke.
Wherefore let no man of your master offer leave to take,
Before he with his feete do seeme indentures for to make.
And though your master give him leave at length to go his way,
Yet tis your dutie, ne'rethelesse, perforce to make him stay.
Nor would I have you fill the cup at any mans request,
Before he doth each drop which in the bottome lies, digest.
Sir, you must drinke off everie whit, else not a drop Ile fill,
My office bindes me thus to do, and that observe I will.
Plaine dealing's best, such drops of wine to what end should you spare?
Thinke you that I of right and iustice have no better care?
Drunkards have alwaies beene the iuste est iustest men in every place,
Wherefore I scorne that our old custome you should now deface.
My master alwaies gives me charge to give his guests their due.

Which charge I could not choose but breake, if I should favour you.
Thus say, and though a thousand times he bid you fill it up,
Fill not a whit, untill each drop he drinke out of the cup.
This profitt thou shalt get, if thou dost that which I have sed,
Thy guests will sooner all be drunke, and sooner gone to bed.
And thou maist sooner take thy rest, and get againe that sleepe
From which thy early rising doth thine eyes so often keepe.
'Naso', which in such learned sort of flattring love doth speake,
Doth say that want of sleepe doth make mens bodies verie weake.
Then since sleepe doth the contrarie, be sure thou have a care
That all thy masters guests betimes with wine well drunken are.
And by the way, heere is a tricke which I must teach to thee,
Which surely is a perfect point of pure Simplicitie:
Have you two sundry sortes of guests at supper in your house,
As heere a sort of bellie gods that love the grand carouse,
And heere a sort of honest quiet men that use to play
At Ruffe, at Noddie, and at Pinke, to drive the time away,
And hath thy master made thee supravisor over all his wine,
Is both his key, his wine, his seller, and his sugar thine,
The strong wine to the clownes, the worse unto the good men give,
And theres good reason, why good men without good wine should live.
Such men as rule the multitude, and weightie causes heare,
Lest they should erre by drunkennes, should hate strong wine and beere.
For drunkennes o'recomes our sence, and captivates the minde,
And is the greatest fault, when it in greatest men we finde.
Wherefore, lest thou shouldst seeme the cause and author of this ill,
Be sure that thou the worst wine for the best men alwaies fill.
Thou seest they love to sit and talke, and passe away the time,
Which proves that they love honest talke better then strongest wine.

Thus will they sit and talke all night, forgetting to depart,
Unlesse thou carefully prevent them with this cunning art:
Give them such tastelesse wine as thou doost use with drugs to mixe,
And then thei'le surely strait depart, not liking these thy trickes.
For they will neither for such tappings any mony spend,
Nor with such tastelesse drugs as those their stomacks so offend.
But every man to leave that house will forthwith thinke it best,
And to his owne house every man will go to take his rest.
'Xantip', wife of 'Socrates', in fame shall ever live.
Who, when to certaine worthie men a banquet she did give,
They talked long and learnedly of things that lik'd them best,
Including many a weightie matter in a pleasant iest.
When halfe the night they thus had spent, 'Xantip', malecontent,
Devisde some meanes whereby at length their pratling to prevent.
She being well tong'd, both her husband and her guests did chide,
But seeing that they scornde her words, this other meanes she tride.
She threw the table under feete, and forc'd them all to go
Incontinent out of her house, whether they would or no.
This I could wish thee eke to do, if they should sit too long,
But this I doubt thou scarce wouldst do such sober men among.
Wherefore I thinke with naughtie wine they sooner will leave talke,
And every man will care unto his proper house to walke.
Perchance t'will make them leave their chat to tell them suddainely,
Where 'Charles waine' is, and other well knowne candles of the skie.
What though you tell a lie? tush, thats a trifle very light.
Or, that they may be gone to bed, tell them what time of night,
Suppose the Cocke hath scarce crow'd once nights comming to declare,
Yet say the starres unto the waters now descending are.

Or say (what though thou liest) that each man may his owne house see,
Why should their trifling ieasts disturbe thy master thus and thee?
Or if thou wilt not drive away such grave men in this wise,
Then let them talke and do what soe're is seemely in their eyes.
But leave those wise men well alone, unto the clownes go thou,
Who pleasant ieasts, and store of wine unto thee will allow.
Meane while leave those grave Catonists, as men that are forlorne,
And let them sit (but without wine) untill the next day morne.
When they perceive you scorne them thus, and leave them all alone,
Then sure (if ever) every man will to his house be gone.
But for the drunkards, men well minded give them better drinke,
Because on nothing but the throate well drench'd they use to thinke.
As little wisedome as you can, will fit their humours best,
And as for knowledge and good conscience, they do both detest.
Their heads with matters of importance seldome troubled are,
And from their mindes, I thinke, they alwaies banisht carke and care.
They neither care for wife, nor children, nor excesse of wealth,
Their onely care is now and then in mirth to drinke a health.
God 'Bacchus' frolicke feasts and pleasant wine they still commend,
And all their life in sportive plaies and trickes they use to spend.
For those good fellowes at the first bring forth immediately
The strongest wine, though under twentie lockes and keyes it lie.
Such men as these each day and houre make drunkennes a ieast,
And if you bring your strongest wine, the strongest they love best.
Use all thy wit to make these wel-nie drunken fellowes mad,
And though they come too fast before, yet use a spurre to adde,
And force them thus to runne that way which they before did go,

By giving them the stalest wine which strongest thou dost know.
For why, the sooner they be drunke, the sooner thei'le forsake
The house; the sooner thei'le depart, the sooner sleepe thei'le take.

The talke, debating, and wrangling of the guests after supper.

Chapter X.

WHenas with 'Bacchus' pleasant iuyce they have bin liquord well,
Thei'le fall to talke, and every man his sundrie tale must tell:
Then all the newes that flies abroad, you shall be sure to heare,
And all the miracles that have beene done, both farre and neere.
One tells how gallantly he spent his sportive youthfull daies,
How readie and how apt he was to sundry kinde of plaies:
How cunningly his hobbie-horse in those daies he could drive,
And in the Troyan horse how they their battaile did contrive.
Another shewes some lines, received from his whilome love,
And tells how happie and effectuall all his suites did prove.
And often-times a cause of fetching bitter sighes hee'le finde,
When his prosperitie thats past, he calles into his minde.
When he his sweetest daies and pleasures past doth thus recall,
He cannot choose, but into stores of sighes he needes must fall.
A third will on the tother side his ill successe recite,
While he (unhappie he) did under 'Cupids' colours fight,
How he was cold and numbe, even in the midst of all his fire,
And how he went through frost and snow to compasse his desire,
And yet, for all this, he his purpose never could attaine,
But for his praiers and his paines bad words were all his gaine.
Another yonker to the heavens his sweete harts praise will tell,
And sweare her haire strives with the gold, the saffron doth excell.
Her glittring eyes do shine like starres to them that passe them by,
'Venus' I thinke, 'Idaliaes' Queene, had not a purer eye.
Her mouth well framde, her face and cheekes in forme are verie round,

Life-breathing kisses in her rose-excelling lips are found,
Her white with red, and red with white, so well is inter-linde,
As if the blushing Rose were to the pale-fac'de Lillie ioynde.
Her fingers long and slender are, her teates are even so,
Her tighs (sweete tighs) excell in whiteness the 'Sithonian' snow.
Others perchance in other matters place their chiefe delight,
And everie man will speake of that which fits his state most right.
The souldier speakes of cruell battailes, 'Mars', and bloodie wounds,
The hunts-man which delightes in dogs, commends the swiftest hounds.
He that delightes in store of fruites, commends most fertile fields,
The shepheard he commends the flock, which most wooll to him yields.
The marriner sets forth the windes, and quicke-sands where they bee,
And talkes to them of raging seas which never sea did see.
Each man, according to his life, doth speake of every thing.
The hearing of such newes as these great profite may thee bring.
Some will repeate those trickes which they have done in all their daies,
And for these tricks (though they be faults) will looke to have some praise.
Oft have I heard old chancelesse men with one foote in the grave,
Brag of those vices which they in their youth committed have.
Those good examples of old men will teach thee in like sort,
Yong heads unto decrepite syres for counsell should resort.
Be sure thou listen with both eares unto each word they say,
And in thy carefull minde each matter firmely beare away.
If in the meane time any guest desire thy helping hand,
And either bid thee fill some wine, or something else command,
Looke thou another way, as if his voice thou didst not heare,
And with each hand from that ill sound be sure thou stop each eare.

'Ulisses', lest the Syrens songs to death should him intice,
Stopt all his fellowes eares with wax, and scapt by that devise.
So lest thou shouldst be forc'd to go whither thou hast no minde,
Be deafe, and then to heare their talke thou still maist stay behinde.
But if without your credites cracke you can no longer stay,
Because he still with lowdest voice praies you to come away,
And yet to heare their trifling talke you have a great desire,
This favour at his hands by this meanes you may well require:
Pray him to stay but till you heare the end of that one ieast,
And then you'le come; he cannot choose but grant that small request.
When store of 'Bacchus' drunken iuyce into their braine is sent,
And drunkennes in every part hath firmely pitch'd his tent,
Triumphing that poore reason from his native seate is gone,
And when the soule is headlong thrust by force from off her throne,
Great strife, concerning sundry weightie matters, will arise,
And every tongue, made glib with drinke, will talke in divers wise.
One saieth that after death our soules do live eternally,
And that it is not like, that with our bodies they should die,
They change their place indeede, but enter other subiects tho,
As that soule which was once a mans, into a beast doth go
But this absurde opinion will of some reiected be,
Which in like iudgement with 'Pythagoras' do not agree.
Others will thinke the soule and bodie both together die,
Even as the heate together with the fire ends presently.
And that this is impossible another forthwith saith,
Most constantly dispraising those that dare defend this faith.
Another will declare great wonders of another land,
Which in a place thats farre beyond heavens axlettee, doth stand.
There men have mouthes and teeth like dogs, and do on mans flesh feede;
Thats false, another cries, with monsters Nature ner'e agreed.
Each man brings store of arguments, that he may get the field,

And every man will rather die than to another yield.
Others would gainst such kings as they mislike, exceptions take,
And oftentimes great iarres and warres by their great words they make.
Some Captaines thei'le extoll beyond the heavens and stars with praise,
Others thei'le wish at 'Stigian' lakes in hell to end their daies.
Others will speake quite contrarie to these to move debate,
And those which they so hate, thei'le praise, which they so praise, thei'le hate.
Others make diffrence in the daies, one blacke, another white,
Others, by making all alike, dash this distinction quite.
Each man will onely like of that which he himselfe doth know,
Iudgeing that as he thinkes, tis meete that every man thinke so.
Another cannot suffer that, but thus it needes must be
That he knowes what belongs to things as well as any he.
And then thei'le proove and disproove all the causes they can get,
And thus their wrangling, wrestling, strife, and swaggring, will be great.
It may be then from words to bloodie blowes this strife will leade,
And then, insteede of arguments, a naked sword must pleade.
As for old Logicke, that in this case can no whit suffise,
Which never taught to prove your words in this so boistrous wise.
Some 'Aristotle' must be found to print this art anew,
But shewing from what secret place his shining sword he drew.
Be sure that with a lustie courage thou on one side take,
And by thy counsell and advise the battell greater make.
Thrust thou thyselfe into the midst, and all feare cast behinde,
Concerning all the matter, freely utter thou thy minde.
In store of stirre, and whooping lowde, be sure thou passe them all,
And speake so lowde, that thou maist almost shake thy masters hall.
Boldly give thou the lie to him which contradicteth thee,

Then at thy thunder-thumping words, thei'le all amazed bee.
And thus to honour and renowne thou presently shalt rise,
And for this wit the multitude will praise thee to the skies.
But from his hands to whom thou gav'st the lie, be sure thou live,
Lest for that salutation some wound to thee he give.

The manner how to send away the guests after supper, and what is to be done before you go to bed, and the conclusion of this first booke.

Chapter XI.

IF halfe the night be spent in waging warre the guests among,
This iniurie in any case must not be tooke too long.
He which with carefull diligence unto his things will looke,
Must have a care that all his guests with craft be over-tooke.
That banquet, last it ne're so long, can bring to thee no gaine,
Although by keeping thee from sleepe it put thee to great paine.
Wherefore to make them all depart thy wit must finde some feate,
Some trickes I have alreadie taught, which heere I will repeate.
Perchance some one among the rest demands what time of night,
Then be thou sure in any case thou never tell him right.
Perhaps the Cocke doth tell you plaine t'was ten the clocke struck last,
Yet be not thou ashamde to say that it is twelve and past.
Thou no man aske, yet tell them this each houre on thine owne head,
That they may know the better that its time to go to bed.
If neither they respect thy words, nor yet the time thats past,
Then warne them flatlie that each person to his house make haste.
And though your master did not bid you thus his guests to use,
Yet if thou do so, this his credite cannot much abuse.
I doubt not, but your master would himselfe have said the same,
If that it would not have beene preiudicall to his fame.
As soone as they halfe-drunken do beginne to part away,
Set ope the doore, lest thou shouldst give them any cause of stay.

Set ope the doores, I say, and freely lend them store of light,
And tell each man which is the way unto his owne house right.
And when each one hath tooke his leave, as fits his humour best,
Betake thee to thy chamber there at length to take thy rest.
As for the shutting of the doores, it is thy masters right
To shut them all, if that he meanes they shall be shut that night.
Let him put out the candles all, and eke rake up the fire,
Thy master must go last to bed, that 'Cato' doth require.
Or else take thou the candle, for I thinke thats farre more fit,
Whenas thou go'st to bed, and for thine owne use keepe thou it;
Lest in the darke thy legs or feete be hurt by any thing,
The night, before all other times, most hurt doth soonest bring.
As for your master, he may in the darke more safely go,
Because each corner in the house he perfectly doth know.
Let him a Gods name in the darke put off his clothes alone,
Hee's old enough: as for thy helpe, be sure thou give him none.
The night is shorter then the day, then sure I thinke it best
To have a care that nothing hinder thine expected rest.
Wherefore prevent the hasting time by all meanes that thou can,
Care for thy selfe, but have no care for any other man.
As for the pots and cups which still are left upon the table,
To sturre them ere to morrow morne, I thinke thou art not able.
If all the pots should be remoov'd that night, and purg'd by you,
After such paines and losse of sleepe, what profit would ensue?
Then let them stand, that every man may tell his fellow: Heere
Was yester night a royall banquet, stuffde with daintie cheere.
For by this meanes of those great pleasures they may have a taste,
Tis comfortable to remember pleasures that are past.
Nay which is more, this businesse thou ever shouldst neglect,
Because no wise man will such labour and such paines respect.
Next morning tis my counsell that thou sleepe till iust mid-noone,
Lest thou shouldst hurt thy braine and wit, if thou shouldst rise to soone.
Nay then, to leave thy sleepie bed take thou no care at all,

Unlesse thy father or thy master twice or trice thee call.
Meane time the servants all the pots will place in comely wise,
And quite dispatch thy businesse, before that thou canst rise.
When thou hast slept so well, that all thy wine is wash'd away,
Then rise, whenas the sunne hath shined brightly halfe the day.
Such precepts as are fittest for thee, whenas thou doost rise,
And all fit manners, we have tolde before in ample wise.
Be sure that thou in every place doost all of them maintaine,
Lest thy forgetfulnes make me repeate them all againe.
Many there are which next their heart do burnt wine wholesome thinke,
For why (say they), our sences are restorde by that warme drinke.
Do thou the same, if for such kinde of drinke thy purse do care:
For ill with ill, and wine with wine, oft times expelled are.
To teach thee more, concerning this thy simple life, I meant,
But I must haste, for why mine owne affaires do me prevent.
Use thine owne wit as much as may be, for thou so maist well
By thine owne practise all my words and counsell farre excell.
I onely slightly touch those precepts which I give to thee,
Which if I should at large define, too tedious I should bee.
Few words will serve, since from thy use great learning thou hast had,
Unto my precepts by thy practise thou maist daily adde.
For me to put all things in one booke it would be but vaine,
Because the greatest place that is, could not that booke containe.
How I (poore wretch) such labour should sustaine, I do not know,
It is a burthen, greater then my wit can undergo.
For why, no place (though ne're so wide) all fooles can comprehend,
Because their court is infinite, their number without end.
Cast but your eyes in carefull sort through all the worlds wide round,
And marke each sundry sort of men that therein can be found,
You still most shamelesse filthie faults in every place shall finde,

For why, alas, to rudenes now no meane can be assignde.
Old age to live by vertues line have nowadaies no care,
Not shaming by vilde vices to disgrace their silver haire.
And which is worse, they unto youth such bad examples give,
That they, in imitating them, most wickedly do live.
And youth (such is the wickednes of these inclining daies)
Doth thinke that living out of order merits mickle praise.
Who teacheth youth to mend their lives, or bids them to forsake
Their former most disordred life, and better courses take?
Nor man, nor woman, nowadaies their credite do respect,
But loving vice most shamelesly, all vertue they neglect.
In times of olde, when men by vertue did to honour rise,
Young maids were much commended for their chaste and shamefaste eyes.
They seldom spake, and when they spake, their speech was chaste and pure,
Which of a chaste and pure minde was an argument most sure.
Now tis a credite for a wench to have a gadding eye,
And if she cannot keepe her way, shee's praisde immediatly.
Now, tis a credite for a wench to have her tongue to walke,
And she is thought a clownish wench which cannot boldely talke.
Tis vaine to talke of those great men which are in great account,
And which in rule and dignitie all others do surmount.
Forgetfull of all comelines, those things they speake and doe
Which all their mindes regardlesse lust most headlong leades them to,
And those which in a kingdome over others rulers are,
Doe that themselves from which they should keepe others with great care.
Enter the halles of noble men, pufft up with pompe and pride,
The high built houses of great men, their porches large and wide:
And at your very entring in, such obiects you shall see,
I meane such men as you of soules would iudge them voyde to be:
There drunkenesse, and lives beseeming beasts, do rule and raigne:

Heere gluttony the chiefest rule and empire dooth obtaine,
And in another corner pride doth beare the greatest sway,
Which doth mens mindes from good behaviour headlong
leade away.
In these and such like steppes the subiect multitude doth treade,
Which from all vertue to all vice our mindes do captive leade.
I would proceede by these complaints these vices to amend,
But that I am inforc'd at this time here to make an end:
For why, the rusticke rowt with piercing cries do me command
To finish that my taske which lately I have tooke in hand.

The end of the first Booke.

The second Booke of auntient Simplicitie of Behaviour.

How to behave your selfe, being invited by another. with what behavior to come to supper, and how to sit downe at the Table.

Chapter I.

THus farre I have set downe, according to my shallow vaine,
The means wherby your masters guests with mirth to intertain
But as a servant, which as yet can have no full command,
But is perforce inforc'd to live under his maisters hand.
But now the meanes to use your owne invited guests and frends
This second Booke in ample sort and manner comprehends.
If then you of your neighbours as a guest invited are,
Learne heere of what good manners you must have a speciall care.
First, of the boy that comes to bid you, many questions aske,
As whom he bids, and why his maister pointed him that taske,
He rather for that purpose should some serving man have got,
Whereby more grace and credite might have fell unto your lot.
What fish, what flesh his maister for that dinner doth provide,
And how much silver he amongst the Butchers did divide,
What curious cates and sorte of sawce the Cooke provides for thee,
What sortes of bread, wherewith thy whining paunch may glutted be,
What kindes of wine the Butler hath provided for your taste,
What iunkets you shall carry with you, when you part at last,
And whether after meate there must be dauncing in the hall,

Whether his maister to that feast did any virgins call.
And aske him, if the guests, the cookes, and cates which thou shalt find,
May be supposde agreeing to your worships stately minde.
Thus having notice of each thing which that day shal be done,
Intreate the lad with thankes to tell his maister that you'le come.
But if among the number of the guests you chance to finde
Some hatefull fellowes name whose actions fit not to your minde,
Then never give your word that you (God willing) there will be,
Let not all sorts of knaves be mates and fellowes fit for thee.
Amongst a crew of crabbed Catonists scorne thou to dine,
Which unto grave severitie do all their words incline.
Wherefore commaund the boy to charge his maister to prepare
A sort of pleasant sportive youths, which of thy nature are.
And if the cates which he repeates, doe not thy stomacke please,
Bid him provide thee better meate, thou canst not dine with these.
But that thou in particular more perfectly maist know
All which the Cooke provides for dinner, ere thou thither go,
Demaund thou of the boy a bill containing all the meate
Whereof thou at thy neighbours house doost meane thy part to eate.
Thus maist thou know both what to eate and what to set aside,
And for what wines and daintie cates a rowme you should provide.
Take out your bill from out your bagge that hangeth at your backe,
And marke as well each dish receiv'd as each dish which you lacke.
If in your bill you finde some boild dish, fitting to your minde,
Which was not brought unto your table, but was kept behinde,
Because your neighbour bade his Cooke reserve it for a friend,
Whose presence doubtlesse he exspectet ere that dinners end,
Strait stampe, and stare, fret, rage, and fume, as if that you were madde,
To cloake your anger in this case I holde it very bad.

There is no sense your hoste should offer you such mighty wrong,
In scoffing sort to make you sit with empty mouth so long.
When still you thought (well meaning man) they did provide for you
More dainty dishes as you bade them, but it prooves untrue.
Why ceasest thou with piercing voyce to bid them bring away
Those dishes which thou foundst contained in thy bill to day?
Thou hast not this abuse alone, but every stranger there
As well as thou in this indignitie doth beare his share.
Though no man bid you speake a word, yet say you speake for all.
If onely you had beene abusde th'had had no cause to brawle.
Thus having well preparde your selfe, to supper see you hie,
Whenas you see the time so long expected draweth nie.
As for your neighbour which must go to supper that same way,
Since you can finde the way your selfe, tis vaine for him to stay.
Neglect thy businesse all at home, to supper make thou haste.
Tis better to be there too soone then for to be the last.
When you into your neighbours house most boldly entred are,
Lest that you bid God speede too oft, you needes must have a care.
But strait from thence unto the smoaking kitchin go with speede
To see what daintie dishes they provide thy paunch to feede.
Nor stay thou longer, but demand some provender to eate,
Resistlesse hunger can be tamde by nothing but by meate.
And after that, require a cup of foming wine to drinke,
And by this meanes thou shalt deceive the lingring time, I thinke,
That, when the rest to supper come, thou maist be liquord well.
The more thou drinkst, the greater store of pleasant ieasts thou'lt tell,
And all will take thee for a iesting fellow in these daies.
A drunkard and a iester cannot live without his praise.
If thou doost stay alone, because the rest no haste do make,
How thou the time maist passe away, my counsell thou maist take:
With lowdest voice be sure that thou beginne to sing some rime,

And let the subiect of it be the praise of pleasant wine.
The sound whereof will spread itselfe quite over all the streete,
And thou by this meanes with great store of companie maist meete;
For when thy fellowes perfectly do this thy musicke heare,
They surely will perswade themselves that supper time drawes neere,
And every man will haste to heare thy sweete enchanting voice,
And leaving all their things undone, with thee thei'le eke reioyce.
Or if thou take no great delight in making such great haste,
When all the rest are set and serv'd, then come thou in at last.
Stay thou at home so long, untill they send in post some man
To pray you for to make all haste which possibly you can,
Say that you'le follow presently, but stirre not from that place,
Untill they send another man your companie to grace.
Let all the guests for thy sake from their suppers hindred bee,
This is a credite which should never be refusde of thee.
Thei'le surely thinke some great affaires your counsell do require,
And that some man of worship doth your present aide desire.
If, having staid a while, they see you come not yet away,
And therefore thinke you purpose not to dine with them that day,
And at the last the Cooke unto the table sends the meate,
And every guest, as he likes best, beginnes thereof to eate,
Then enter thou, when every man is at his supper quicke,
And all the places are possest, because they sit so thicke,
With frowning face and lowring lookes be sure to checke thine host
For making such a man as you so basely kisse the poste.
Tell him of this his boldenes all his chiefest guests among,
Tis hurtefull to forget to punish this reproach too long.
Are these the cates wherewith, you said, I entertaind should bee?
Is this your love? is this the care you ought to have of mee?
But fare you well, sir, for a meale the matter is not great,
I hope I still shall live, without your friendship, or your meate.

And having boldly spoke these words, with a revolved heart
Go forth, as if you to your house would presently depart.
Then strait, with cap in hand, your host will to you humbly come,
Desiring you to pardon that which rashly hath beene done.
And after he with flattring words hath woo'd you halfe an houre,
Returne to meate with smiling lookes, ceasing to frowne and lowre.
And then perchance each man will freely rise from off his place,
That they thy kinde returne may with the greater credite grace.
Take thou the best place, which for thee thou fittest thinkst to bee,
That is thy due, else why did all those strangers rise to thee?
But if, when thou returnst, no man will offer thee his place,
And yet thou spi'st a roome reserv'd some worthy man to grace,
Lest thou be forc'd to sit behinde, take up this roome for thee,
It is a rule in every place, first come, first serv'd must bee.
It is a proverb which will last untill the day of doome,
He that comes late, must either loose his supper, or his roome.
If by the bench thou canst not come, then thinke it is no hurt
To staine the cloth, the table, or the trenchers all with durt.
Climbe o're the table, breake the pots and glasses, spill the wine,
Throw downe the platters, if they hinder this intent of thine.
Or with thy feet bemire their clothes which on the bench do sit,
I thinke to use them in this sort cannot be much unfit.
What sence had they to keepe that seate from thee, when it was void?
Since for a better man then thee it could not be emploid.
If any man finde fault, because the cloth is spoilde with durt,
Blame onely them, because that they were authors of that hurt.
Though many, ere they take their meate, to wash their hands do love,
Yet that cold fountaine water hurts a man I thus could prove:
Great store of cold unto the heart thats hot, doth breede offence,
(Mans heart is therefore hot, because all heate proceedes from thence),
Into thy hands and fingers, as into each other part.

Come certaine spreading hidden vaines, which rise from forth the heart.
If thou to put thy fingers in the water art so bold,
Thy fingers by the waters chilnesse are made numbe and cold.
Which chilnesse by these spreading vaines into the heart is sent:
Alas, such nipping cold as this doth much thy heart torment.
Great coldes expell that heate which we of Nature do receave.
Which once exhausted, we are strait enforc'd our life to leave.
Wherefore, unlesse you love in danger of your life to stand,
Abstaine to pierce your heart with colde by washing of your hand.
For, if you long to wash your hands, have such exceeding care.
Old age will seize upon your limbs, before you are aware.
And whenas unexspected age hath of you got the field,
Then to his mercie you your breath, your life, and all must yield.
If any wonders, why such nicenesse you in washing use,
Tell him this is the cause why you so oft to wash refuse.
But if you come, before the meate be tooke from off the fire,
And all the guests, before they sup, to wash their hands require,
And every man stands striving, who shall first of all begin,
If thine be fowler then the rest, be sure thou thrust them in.
The best man there can take no hurt by washing after thee,
Thou art a guest as welcome to thy neighbours house as hee.
Thy fingers thou must also wash, thy mouth, and eke thy face,
What though thou make the strangers stay, it can breede no disgrace.
When thou hast washt enough, and fowlde the water with thy fists,
Then let them with thy dirtie leavings wash their hands and wrists.
Meane time have thou a care the chiefest roome for to provide,
From whence, I thinke, no sober man will bid thee stand aside.
Or marke what sorts of bread the boy doth on the table put,
Some sorts are better then some other for thy hungry gut.
One sort is like the sunnes eclips, as blacke as is the ground,
Another sort as white as the 'Sythonian' snow is found.

Then lest thou dine with browne bread, have a care for to provide
Good store of white, which in thy bosome thou maist safely hide.
After, when some few men have snatcht the white bread for their neede,
The rest must be constrainde that meale on houshold bread to feede.
When all are serv'd, then at the length bring forth thy bread to light,
All that behold this craftie tricke, of thee will iudge aright.
Thy wittie fore-sight thei'le admire, and like this prettie part,
And every man will say that sure a wittie man thou art.
And many a man that sees it, will therein thy scholler bee,
When he perceives the practise takes such good effect in thee.

What manners and gestures the guest ought to observe in eating.

Chapter II.

As soone as ere thou spi'st some dishes on the table stand,
Be sure that thou before the rest thrust in thy gredie hand.
Snatch that you like, I told you so before, you know it well,
It is but labour lost that I againe the same should tell.
That which I once have told to you, you never should refuse,
But in each place and companie you boldly must it use.
And whatsoever meate your hoste unto the boorde doth send,
Although you cannot choose but very much the taste commend,
Yet finde therein something or other that mislikes your minde,
And though it can deserve no blame, be sure some fault to finde:
This is too salt, and this too fresh, and this is too much rost,
This is too sowre, and this too sweete, your cooke's too blame, mine host.
And speake so lowde that all may heare thee which are then in place,
For by this meanes thou maist in jeast the carefull cooke disgrace.
And by this tricke thou wilt deserve a civill yonkers name,
And happy is he nowadayes which can attaine such fame.

When ev'ry man is at his meate, and no mans tongue dooth walke,
Be sure that thou with pleasant jeasts doost hold them all in talke.
It is not good for him which would be praisde of all men, long
To sit amongst his friends at meate, not using of his tong.
When thou arte set, devoure as much as thou with health canst eate,
Thou therefore wert to dinner bid to helpe away his meate.
Thrust in as much into thy throate as thou canst snatch or catch,
And with the gobbets which thou eatst, thy jawes and belly stretch.
If with thy meate thou burne thy mouth, then cloake it craftely,
That others may as well as thou partake that miserie.
To throw thy meate from out thy mouth into the dish againe
I dare not bid thee, for it is too clownish and too plaine.
But lest thou shouldst be burnt againe, thou shalt a medcine know,
Thy burning meate with cooling breath thou stowtly oughtst to blow:
In little blasts against this heate no comfort can be found,
Then puffe thy cheekes with winde, as if a trumpet thou wouldst sound,
From whence, as if the boystrous windes were from their prison freed,
Set foorth great blasts against thy meate to helpe thee at thy neede.
With rumbling noyse let store of cooling blasts breake forth their fill,
In like sort as do flames of fire from 'AEtnaes' burning hill.
If to thy neighbours face thou turne, I will thee much commend,
And store of breath and pottage to his cheekes be sure to send.
If thus thou doost, all will applaude thee and thy trickes allow,
And often will desire to learne this pretty jeast of you.
It is a praise to have a loving dogge on you to waite,

Wherefore, if you are bid to supper, get a puppie strait:
Let him in any case hard by thee on a cushion sit,
And give him out of every dish such meate as thou thinkst fit.
To thrust him downe from off his seate what guest dares be so bolde?
This dog (sir) hath a maister heere that will his deedes upholde.
When you are almost wearie, and desire your teeth to rest,
Then, that your puppie make you merrie, it is surely best.
And let your dog licke o're your lippes, with fawning tongue put out,
And eke your hands, with which more meate to reach you are about.
Or catch the fleas which hurt your dogge, by all the trickes you can,
And killing them upon your trencher, proove your selfe a man.
Whenas you eate, stretch wide your iaws, and thrust great gobets down,
Even as the cheekes are stretcht with wind of some song-tuning clowne.
It is not meete that in the dish you should leave anie meate:
That which your hoste dooth set upon the boord, he would have eat.
Tis better farre to stand in feare of breaking of a gut,
Than leave one bit of that which is upon the Table put.
If thou some little bit thats somewhat tougher than the rest,
Because thy throate wants liquor, canst not very well digest,
Then take some drinke, and keepe it in your mouths most hollow part,
T'will make your meate from out your mouth into your gut depart.
Out of your mouth into the cup some little crummes to send,
Though some will say tis clownish, yet it cannot much offend.
I pray, whie is it hurtfull thus to mingle meate with drinke?
If they be mingled thorowly, they nourish more, I thinke.
That meate and drinke should thus be ioynd Nature her selfe hath saide.

For in this world one thing doth still desire anothers aide.
The bones and scraps, and such things as thou scornst thy selfe to eate,
Throw down amongst the dogs, how can they live without some meate?
Each dog regarding his owne dinner, none will quiet be.
For want of victualls you a pleasant battell there shall see.
Perchance, insteede of dogs, thei'le snap the strangers as they sit,
In such an hurlie burlie this cannot be much unfit.
Then laugh alowd, whenas thou doost under the Table see
Such warres and iarres which had their first originall from thee.

What behaviour is to be observed at the Table after the first course.

Chapter III.

WHen with the first course you have filld your hungry bellie well,
Your gerdle must be loosde, as I before to you did tell;
For thus your meate will of your mouth his leave the sooner take,
And your concoction yet to come, you may the better make.
Your bellie will the sooner rowme for other cates provide,
Which with your unkind gerdle was before too hardelie tide.
And now the boy to take away the trenchers hath a care,
To make them cleane against the second course he doth prepare.
When all the rest deferre the time, be sure that in great haste
Thy trencher thou before the rest into the Voider cast.
But now, lest this might senslesse seeme, Ile give my reason whie,
It is not seemely that your trencher uppermost should lie.
If when some great man casts his trencher in the lowest place,
Thou cast thine over it, and hurt his trencher, O disgrace!
Know'st thou not that he vulgars should lie troden under feete?
Then, lest thou should seeme prow'd, to lay thy trencher low tis meete.
Anothers trencher, though he be a man of high degree,

Stirre not, but let him cast it in, else let it lie for thee.
But when cleane trenchers come, in snatching be not thou the last,
If at the first the boy unto thee doe no trencher cast.
To maides and wives some will for credite the first trencher give,
But doe not thou so, if in perfect health thou meane to live.
Thou know'st mens manners nowadaies sell at the markets rate,
For that which thou didst do in kindenesse, men will give thee hate.
If thou in friendly sort doost maides or matrons kindely grace,
T'will be mislikt of some, then trust not ev'rie smiling face,
Their husbands will not like of this, but note thee with their eies,
And thinke that all this duetie from some kindled love dooth rise.
The choler of a jealous husband which dooth thee suspect,
Eschew, suspition, hurt, deceit, and death doth oft effect:
Then save thy live, and keepe thy selfe from each ensuing wrong,
Lest, being once suspected, thou do so remaine too long.
If thus the trenchers being layd, the meate comes not away,
Let not your teeth and bellie rest, if more meate get you may,
But nimbly fall afresh unto the meate you eate before,
Fowle thou new trenchers, though thy fellowes cannot eate no more.
When you are at your dinner, cast all shame behinde your backe,
He that denies this principle doth sure his senses lacke.
At length, when all the second course is on the table placde,
Into the best thrust thou thy hand before the rest in haste.
But wipe thy trencher on the cloth first, be it ne're so deere,
Unlesse it were for this intent, why did they place it there?
Namely, to wipe from off each trencher all the fat away,
And that with it your hands, your mouth, and fingers cleanse you may.
This which I once have saide unto you, use for to repeate,
Whens'ere that hunger is not banisht from your paunch with meate.

Or if thou be the chiefe man that doth at the Table sit,
And therefore, till thou hast begunne, no man will cut a bit;
Sit still a great while, ere thou cut, t'will argue maiestie,
Whenas thou maist be counted light to fall to presently.
Indeede, if thou no great man wert, thy hand might first be in,
But since thou arte, untill thou arte intreated, ne're beginne.
Deferre the time in talking, laughing, or some such like arte,
Play with thy trencher or thy knife to make thy time departe.
Which while thou doost, the company must on thee gazing sit,
Because, untill thou hast begunne, they dare not eate one bit.
Nor let it shame thee, when thy fainting chinne doth drop,
Like two strong postes, with both thy hands the same to underprop.
Leane lazily with one or both thine elbows on the boord,
This tricke of manners can no cause of shamefastnes affoord.
But if this deede unto thy nature doth not much arride,
Then have a care that both thy hands thou in thy codpeece hide.
Thou then maist pull them out, whenas the time is neere at hand
Against thy meates invasion of thee on thy ward to stand.
At length, whenas thou seest the time to fall unto thy meate,
Be sure to snatch the daintie bits, tis meete thou shouldst them eate.
Of veale tis best to snatch the reines, that is the sweetest bit,
Wherefore, I thinke, unto thy stomacke that agrees most fit.
As for the Wolfe-fish, gluttons hold the taile to be the best,
But of the buble-fish the head is sweeter then the rest.
Thou art the cheefe man, then with these be sure thy selfe to grace,
To snatch them have a care, and on thy trencher them to place.
Take them alone, keepe them alone, devoure them all alone,
As for thy neighbour, though he longs for some, yet give him none.
If that thy knife be blunt, thou doost expect some losse to beare,
Because it will not serve thy turne, as if it sharper were.
But some there are which use their knives sharpe edge with stones to waste,

Lest, if it be too sharpe, it chance to cut the meate too fast.
What though your knife in teeth and edge like to a saw should bee?
Yet sure I doubt not but this tricke with reason would agree.
For if, when you at dinner are, your neighbour sendeth in
A rosted goose, which hath a very fat and tender skinne,
Good store thereof thy mangling knife will to thy trencher bring,
Which of the vulgar sort is thought a very daintie thing.
This dutie can your knife performe, having a mangling edge,
And eke excuse all faults which they against you can alleadge.
That you the better may the store of meat receiv'd digest,
To keepe good store of liquor still I count it alwaies best.
And when another in his hand doth hold the pot to drinke,
Demand it from him, and he cannot say thee nay, I thinke.
If he deny to give it, till his thirst be quencht at full,
Then from thy neighbours mouth in haste presume the pot to pull.
And having catcht it once againe, be sure to hold it fast,
If it depart, it will not unto thee returne in haste.
Then though the rest desire to drinke, and humbly thee request
To drinke thy selfe, and then restore the pot unto the rest,
Regarde them not, but though they should be raving mad for drinke,
Yet keepe the pot, and use it when thy selfe most fit doost thinke.
With sounding cries be sure thy selfe alone to fill the house,
Men are most eloquent, when they have drunke a full carouse.
Let none but thee disturbe the guests which at the table sit,
To suffer others voices to be heard I count unfit.
That others should or drinke or crie thou wouldst be verie loth,
But as for thee, be sure that thou be cunning found in both.
And when you drinke, to wipe your lips, and cleanse your snottie nose
Are trifling things, it is not meete that you take care for those.
Why shouldst thou of such light affaires as these take any care?
They must be greater matters which of thee regarded are.

All which you know unto the selfe-same bellie to pertaine,
Why should you wipe away, as if their league you did disdaine?
Whether it be flesh, drinke, bread, fat, or what soe're beside,
Let it into thy stomacke passe through thy throat so wide.
Or if you love sometimes to wipe your dirtie mouth a whit,
The cleanest table cloth is for that purpose sure most fit.
Let that thy braines ill excrements in friendly sort receave,
And all the fat thats on thy lips, be sure on it to leave.
Others delight to take the sleeve of their new shifted shirt,
And on that blow their nose, and from their mouthes wipe
off the dirt.
If that you thinke it is a cleanely tricke the same to use,
For my part, I for cleanelinesse the same will not refuse.
When thou hast drunke thy fill, although he do it not demand,
Yet let the pot before thy neighbours trencher alwaies stand,
Lest that it hinder thee, when thou some daintie bit shouldst
eate,
And make thy right hand lacke the roome, wherein to cut
thy meate.
Reach it againe for thine owne use, when thou seest fittest time,
And water all thy jawes and throat with pleasant tasting wine.
But if thy neighbour knowes as well as thou that tricke to use,
And setting it before thy trencher, doth it oft refuse,
Then either with a cheerefull voice tell him you are not drie,
And so returne it kindely to his owne hands presentlie,
Or rather into fretting rage and anger forth-with breake,
And all the thundring words thou canst devise, be sure to speake.
Why should you offer me your drinke, whenas I do not thirst?
You rather should have let it stoode, whereas I plac'd it first.
Or thinke you for this any favour at my hand to get,
Whenas your pot from cutting of my meate my hand doth let?
And if to adde some railing speeches unto this you use,
Tis ten to one, he in this sort will not you oft abuse.
Yet, notwithstanding, tis a comely thing forthwith to drinke,
For store of liquor tempers well the meate receiv'd, I thinke.
When all the rest leave drinking, urge them in such valiant wise,

That none presume (for shame) in sober sort from thence to rise.
Go thou before, and let them follow thee that drinkest best.
It is a credite for thee to be drunke before the rest.
Then if thou by thy drunkennes doost any fault commit,
They may the sooner and the fitter freely pardon it.

Modestie in eating and drinking.

Chapter IV.

I oft have seene (the reason of that use I do not know)
Divers which to their neighbours house will never scot-free go.
Wherefore each man will carrie wine at dinner for to drinke,
That sort of wine which in his iudgement he the best doth thinke.
One carries wine, brought from the shore of 'Rhene', that runs so swift,
Another thinketh French wine fitter for a friendly gift.
A third will carrie wine that grew on the 'Pannonian' hills,
And all will carrie sundry sorts, agreeing to their wills.
If, touching this, thou doost demand my counsell as a friend,
I will not be the man that shall this custome much commend.
Faith, carrie none, but spare cost, if my counsell thou wilt heare,
Thine host provideth wine, I hope, if not, thou maist drinke beere.
But if without some thou canst not with credite thither go,
Take heede, lest on thy wine thou too much mony doost bestow.
That wine which thou doost know the worst in all the towne to bee,
Be sure to carrie that to drinke among thy friends and thee.
But when the wine which each man brought, is set upon the boord,
Search out forth-with the best wine which the table can affoord,
And get a pot thereof, and set it full behinde your backe,
And drinke thereof alone, whenas you any wine do lacke.
It may be fear'd the daintie wine will hardly come to thee,
By this meanes this ensuing hurt may well prevented bee.

Then, that thou maist be thought a man more pleasant than the rest,
To make them laugh be sure to tell them many a prettie ieast.
With loudest voice beginne to sing some pleasant tuned song,
And of thy love repeate a dittie thats an houre long.
Foure sundry humours unto humane bodies do resort,
Which moove the heart in sundry sort, as learned men report.
For earthly choler doth men sad, austere, and slouthfull make.
But anger, rage, and furie men from fierie choler take.
Of flame to thee (light foole) I neede not speake as of the rest.
The sanguine which doth cause mirth, is of all complexions best.
Wherefore, that thou unto a sanguine maist be thought most nie,
With cheerefull singing lift thy chanting voice beyond the skie.
Tell tales of dances, of yong wenches, and of pleasant wine,
And with such flattring pleasant trifles drive away the time.
If any friend doth drinke to thee out of a full filld cup,
Ere he hath ended scarce his draught, be sure to snatch it up.
Care not, though he perhaps at last to reach it you did thinke,
But snatch it, though perhaps a better draught he meant to drinke.
Tell him, that man gives twice which gives his gift without delay,
Lest he unto another man should give the cup away.
When thou at length with much ado hast got both pot and drinke,
These three good rules will teach thee when to leave thou oughtst to thinke:
When want of breath doth of thy vitall forces thee bereave,
Then in my iudgement is it time thy formost draught to leave.
Unlesse perhaps (which I commend) thou doost it better love
To take thy winde, and yet not from thy mouth the pot to move.
Then when a certaine watry humour filleth up thine eyes,
And out of them as from a spring great store of drops do rise,
This is a signe or token when to leave the second time,
He is too blame that leaves to drinke before he see this signe.
The third and last most certaine token when thou oughtst to leave,
Which is a signe infallible, it cannot thee deceave.

Is, when the wine is all drunke out, and now the pot is drie:
Then is it time to pull it from thy mouth immediately.
It is meere folly at thy mouth the empty cup to hold,
Although the cup it selfe were made of pure 'Pannonian' gold.
When thou from out the cup hast suckt each drop of wine at last,
Upon the middle of the boord its good the cup to cast,
That both thy neighbour may perceive it voyde of wine to be,
And also know that he therein should foorthwith follow thee.
Unlesse thou doost thus, there will strait arise some wrangling brawle,
But with thy most couragious hand thou oughtst to quiet all.
They will not thinke that thou alone couldst empty such a cup,
Unlesse before their face they foorthwith see thee drinke it up.
Then to the vittailes yet remaining fall with might and maine,
And out of every dish beginne to snatch the best againe:
For why, sweete meate dooth nourish us, and store of 'Bacchus' wine,
If that we use to take them oft alittle at a time.
And as thou cutst, tis very good great bits of bread to cut,
Which thou maist plainely feele as they into thy mouth are put.
For little birdes indeede the meate must needes be minced small,
Lest eating great bits, they offend their tender throate withall.
But valiant men in this case from all feare should stand aloofe,
Which have a throate thats thicke and hard, and a well tempered roofe.
When with thy knife a peece of houshold bread thou meanst to cut,
Be sure thou cut not there, where other men their knives have put,
But cut thou on the other side, perchance thou there maist meete
With such a crust as to thy daintie taste will proove more sweete.
From whence to have a care to cut some sops thou maist be bolde,
Which having cut, within thy hand be sure them fast to holde,
To dip them in the fat of well spiede pottage ev'ry whit,
Or at the least one end of them, I count it very fit.

Which being done, tis meete thou shouldst devoure them all in haste,
Unto thy throate this cannot choose but be a pleasant taste.
And having gnawd them, now and then to sop them there againe
Will surely bring great store of praise, of profite, and of gaine.
To speake full mouth'd, if for thine use it necessary bee,
Rather than Ile forbid it, Ile perswade and counsell thee.
For why, if often thou it use, it bringeth mickle gaine,
Which unto thee by this example I will proove most plaine:
'Demosthenes' his eloquence o're all the world is knowne,
Who of that famous cittie 'Athens' was the floure alone;
A great impediment from perfect speech his tongue did holde,
So that in pleas he could not as he would his minde unfolde,
Wherefore he diverse sundrie meanes devised in his minde,
Whereby for his imperfect speech a remedie to finde.
Within his lisping mouth he store of little stones did set,
Which, as he walked by the sea side, he did dailie get.
He had a double fight; the first to tame his lisping tong,
Which warre unto those little stones he suffered to belong,
For letting alwaies store of stones within his mouth to bee,
He thought at length, when they were gone, his speech would be more free:
The second was, he strivde to make his voice be heard the more,
By speaking then whenas the sea most boistrously did rore,
That so he might indure the peoples tumults and their cries,
If any such amongst them while he pleaded should arise.
Without such foolish trickes as these thou soone shalt doe as well,
If thou wilt carefully give eare to that which I shall tell:
In steede of hard stones thou thy mouth with bread and meate shalt fill,
And rowling that within thy mouth, shalt full mouth'd speake thy will.
And with thy shreeking cries excell the drunkards loftie voyce,
As did 'Demosthenes' excell the Oceans roaring noise.

When thou art almost full, the strangers deedes beginne to marke,
Thou hast no leisure to such trifling toyes before to hearke.
And all those deedes which from thy manners seeme to goe aside,
My counsell is that thou in scornefull sort do them deride.
Be sure to carpe at all thou canst, and scoffe at all thou may,
And store of faults (though sometimes false) on others neckes to lay.
If thou espie anothers knife, which on the backe dooth lie,
As if the edge lookt to the heav'ns, or to the starry skie,
Against it presently be sure the backe of thine to stricke,
All that beholde it will this prettie ieast applaude and like.
Some men will tell you presently from hence how many mile
It is to 'Rome', by counting on your knifes edge all the while.
I doe not much mislike this custome, follow it alwayes,
And sure, I thinke, you cannot chuse but merite store of praise.
And yet although I give you leave to others it to use,
I would not wish that in this sort my knife you should abuse.
For if you do, at sometime I your kindnesse shall repay,
And punish you, as you deserve for this your craftie play.

Of devouring, laughing, vomiting, and other civilities at the Table.

Chapter V.

THere are moe precepts that might prove thee clownish trickes to have
At supper, and that thou ne're knewst such manners as are grave;
But by that meanes my labour and my care would be too great,
If in this place I all the sundry dueties should repeate.
Although I had the skill which 'Ovid' had in making verse,
Yet could I not, as it deserves, each sundrie thing reherse.
But yet, although thou of thy selfe arte better learned than I,
To teach thee some few needefull things I will presume to try.

That small time which thou spendst with me, thinke it not spent in vaine,
For in that little time perhaps, thou maist great profite gaine.
Both yong and old, both men and boyes, behaviour learne of me,
Since that the sliding time for no mans cause prolongd will be.
To throwe downe pots upon the table filld unto the brimme,
So that each thing upon the same in 'Bacchus' iuice may swimme,
Long custome and continuance, at length, to passe hath brought,
That in these daies of ours it must no fault at all be thought.
Oft times, when yong men would be counted pleasant, I have seene
At that same instant, when their harts full light with wine have beene,
That they with good bread would their unprovided fellowes hit,
And eke with meate, which they into their hands could closely get.
They doe reioyce their youthfull hearts with such bad kindes of play,
Whereby they may the lingring times the sooner drive away.
I oft have seene such men as were in yeeres and counsel old,
Which thought no shame to patronize such faults to be so bold:
What shall the yonger men commit, whenas they daily see
Such filthy faults by old men in their feasts maintaind to bee.
I dare not be so bold as unto olde men rules to give,
Because their age doth priviledge them as they list to live.
But yoong men, if they will attend, may quickely learne of mee,
What manners seemely at their feasts and what unseemely bee.
The bread (as each man knowes) dooth use to have a double crust,
The one whereof in purenesse needes excell the tother must.
The bottome crust is burnt, and full of ashes and of durt,
There can no good be found in such unsav'rie crust, but hurt.
Wherefore observe the counsell which thou shalt receive of me,
With good advise, and men will thinke thee wondrous wise to bee.
From off the whole loafe for thy use that crust be sure to cut.

On which there are no burnt spots by the scortching oven put.
For by this crust your body from much loosenesse keepe you may,
And if the laske doe trouble you, this will it quickely stay.
But if the crust without the crumme you dare not cut for shame,
Although I thinke your shamefastnesse will never get you fame.
And you had rather in that place more mannerly to be,
Then have a care that crust and crumme be tooke alike of thee.
Although if in my perfect paths thou take delight to treade,
And hearken to my verse, which thee to honesty shall leade:
Not cutting any off, without respect thou all shalt eate,
Both good and bad, both foule and cleane, both crum and crust, is meate.
The greedy panch is also filld with ashes, coles, or durt,
Wherefore to cut these from thy bread it is both losse and hurt.
It is a wondrous gift of God to men that mortall are,
If that which they with paines have got, with paines they eke can spare.
Or if thou likst not this, because thou knowst that at this time
Thou at anothers table and anothers cost doost dine:
Then care not, for tis easie at anothers boord to live,
In this case thou most freely without any losse maist give.
If any durt sticke on the bread, which may offend thy teeth,
Or any tastelesse bit, which not unto thy tongue agreeth:
Cut off a thicke peece, crust and crumme, which thou away maist throw,
Or on the barking hungry dogs in friendly sort bestow,
Or chop away that dirty crust which on the loafe did lie.
Its pretty sport to see the chippings what a way thei'le flie.
Perchance theile fall into their eies which at the table sit;
This cunning tricke agrees unto their humours very fit.
In divers places divers meates with Almond syrrope swimme.
Others are filld with taste-delighting sugar to the brimme.
Next, melted butter is a sawce fitting a daintie messe,
And also grapes which have great weight indured in the presse.
Or, some such sawce to grace the cates as fine as heart can wish

Do commonly, wherese're you dine, swimme round about the dish.
I spying these, upon my trencher foorthwith did them sweepe,
This was an order which my mother alwayes bade me keepe.
And having got them, strait into my belly did them send:
Yet (as I can remember) they did never me offend.
If that you thinke these manners will not to you hurtfull be,
My counsell is that you in this example take by me.
It sometimes fals out unawares, as you your vittailes eate,
Into your throate there slips a bone together with your meate:
Which either makes your loosened teeth to smite against your gumme,
Or stops the way by which your meate into your throate should come.
What meanst thou man? Why dost not thou prevent this hurt no more?
Why seekest thou no meanes thy halfe lost life for to restore?
Take counsell of thy hands, and holding ope thy mouth with one,
With tother pull from out thy jawes that hurtfull sticking bone.
Or having pulld thy teeth out, lay them on a trencher by,
And then the bone will fall from forth thy jawes immediately.
Though others like it not, in no case thou must it refuse,
Such modesty as hurtfull is, no wise man ought to use.
And when with store of meate your stomacke is refresht at last,
Strait catch the full filld pots within thy greedy hands with haste.
Then having set the pot before you, ope it presently,
And lest my counsell should be vaine, Ile give my reason why:
Those vapors which are in the cup may thus exhaled be,
Which else perhaps might have beene hurtfull to thy braine and thee.
Then, with the cup in this sort open, thou a while maist sit,
And talke an houre or two, this practise cannot be unfit
Thus, listning to thy talke, of liquour none perhaps will thinke,
And then as much as thou thinkst good, thou all alone maist drinke.

At length beginne with pleasant lookes thy pleasant jookes to tell,
And bragge that thou in hearts-ease doost all men alive excell.
The merry minde by store of laughter will it selfe bewray;
The world affoords no better thing then merry life this day.
Wherefore besure that thou of laughter doost at all times thinke,
Whatse're you do, whether you worke, play, sit, stand, eate, or drinke.
You so should sometimes laugh, that meate which in your mouth doth lie,
Might sodainely from out the same into the platter flie.
And let it flie, I count better that it should doe so,
Then that it stop that aire which should into the winde-pipe goe
There can be found no perfecter and straigter way to death
Then for to stop your throat with meat which strait wil stop your breath.
But now the time drawes nie, wherein the servant haste must make,
That he the cloth and all things else may from the table take.
If then all hunger is not from thy stomacke put away,
Make speedy haste, it is not good to make the least delay.
Into thy stomacke, while thou maist, thrust store of meate and drinke,
Time staies for no man, then of time tis good in time to thinke.
Both eate and drinke so much, that thou both drunke and filld maist bee,
Till when, nor rest nor quiet must be looked for of thee.
And if of hickets or of sobs thou use to utter store,
They both are signes which future vomites use to goe before.
Let not the newnesse of the thing seeme beastly in thine eies,
But boldly make all those which hinder thy proceedings rise,
And casting that which with thy queasy stomacke not agreeth,
Returne unto the table, having slightly washt thy teeth.
And being set, take care againe to fill thy belly straite,
And in the rowme of all thats gone, thrust in another baite.
Nature her selfe which made all things, cannot indure that wrong,

That any thing thats under heaven, should thus be empty long.
But if thou hast not time to rise, thou hast such wondrous haste,
Under the table thrust thy head, and there beginne to cast.
Heere let thy stomacke cast up all which in the same doth sticke,
Which will be welcome to the dogs, they will it kindely licke.
In briefe, upon the table thou maist boldely cast thy fill,
If any thing is in thy stomacke that dooth make thee ill.
Nay, if into the very dish thou shouldst thy vomit cast,
There's none so hard, but yet I thinke hee'd pardon thee at last.
Nor is it like that vomites should unto them filthy seeme
Which doe all drunken gluttony as vertuous deedes esteeme.
Yea, some there are (I know them well) which will no stranger love,
Unlesse that he be drunke indeede by certaine signes he prove.
Wherefore all drunkards will commend thee, if, as thou doost suppe,
To proove thee drunken all thy supper thou wilt vomite up;
Thou shalt both please the guests, and him which hath invited thee,
And thou the onely credite of that pleasant feast wilt bee.
For by thy vomiting thou shalt perceive it was good wine
Which by thine hoste was giv'n to thee, and to those friends of thine.
The guests next morning shall have something to their friends to tell,
And thou from all that drunken crew shalt beare away the bell.

Of the washing of the hands after supper, the second tables, and what is fittest to be done among the maides.

Chapter VI.

WHenas the cloth is tooke away, and every pleasing baite,
Cleane water for to wash is set upon the table strait.
Slouth is a vice; then lest thou shouldst be slouthfull, it is best
To thrust thy hands into the bosome first before the rest:
Then wash thy face and mouth, whenas thou thinkst the time most fit,

And water all thy nostrils with the pleasing deaw of it.
When thou hast washt, then let the water for thy fellowes stand,
Which is made fowle enough already by thy dirtie hand.
Let married wives wash after thee, though beautifull they bee,
And though the virgine be so fine, yet let her waite on thee.
Cleane water from thy filthie hands will wash the dirt the more
Than that which hath with dirtie hands been dirtie made before.
Yet oftentimes you many men shall finde to be so neate,
That thei'le not touch the water first, unlesse you them intreate.
They looke that others should beginne, and when the rest have done,
Then thei'le beginne to wash their hands, and to the basen come.
As thus they stand (well meaning men), desiring to be last,
Be sure that thou good stoore of water doost upon them cast.
Take water in thy hand, and cast it boldly in their face,
Sprinkle it in their eyes, their head, or any other place.
Thats all the good which by their manners they shall get of thee,
T'will make them that another time they wiser men will bee.
Amongst a sort of honest folkes, one tride this tricke of late,
But sped not well, for all the harme returned on his pate.
For thinking certaine wives with water thus to circumvent,
They by their craftie fore-sight did his policie prevent.
He scarce could ope his eyes to see, the water stopt them so,
And all his brisly beard with store of water streames did flow.
He being thus disgrac'd, and loth thus basely there to yield,
Presumed rather to proceede, then thus to loose the field.
He tooke the bason in his hands, and from him stowtly threw
As well the bason as the water mongst the female crew.
The strangers all laught merrily at this so suddaine hap,
And every man and woman there beganne his hands to clap.
Or whenas none to put his hands in first dares be so rash,
But every man lookes, when his neighbour doth beginne to wash,
Because such gravitie doth to the guests great credite get,
And each man thinks such pompe as this is for his credite fit.
If these their manners do from washing them too long detaine,
Thou maist before the rest great store of praise and credite gaine,

If, seeing no man all this while beginnes to wash his hand,
Thou suffer not the water longer in that place to stand.
Why should the river-water basely thus usurpe the place
Which was preparde a better liquor faire, the wine, to grace?
At length, perchance a banquet to the second boord is brought,
The best place heere, lest some prevent thee, must of thee be caught.
Those iunckets which are best of all, thou oughtst to snatch up first,
He that comes last into the dish, may chance to finde the worst.
Turne round the dish on every side, till thou hast found the best,
And having found them, snatch them without shame before the rest.
If that you thinke that Nature serves all creatures from one well,
You are deceivde, for things in goodnes other things excell.
The divers differences made among mens mindes that live,
Is not in vaine, since carefull nature divers gifts doth give.
But God himselfe of masters use having a speciall care,
Provideth greater gifts to give to them that masters are,
That thus each man in his degree might thus distinguish these,
And every man might choose those things which best their humours please.
Use iudgement then, and let no rashnes in the deedes be spide,
And for thy selfe from out each dish the sweetest bits provide.
It is not needefull that from apples thou shouldst pare the skinne,
To do that which may needelesse seeme, thou never shouldst beginne.
That so thy meate receivde the better may concocted bee,
The paring of the greenest apple must be eate of thee.
For if too long in paring of thine apple thou shouldst stay,
The rest which in the platter lies, will soone be snatcht away.
And when from forth the dish to take another tis thy minde,
Thou art prevented of thy purpose, thou not one canst finde.
Therefore as long as any bit is left, cease not to eate,
Thou shalt not every day perchance meete with such daintie meate.

Have still a care to leave no bit behinde you, when you rise.
For if you do, your host will thinke that you his fruit despise.
He did not therefore set them on, that you should them refuse.
Then if you leave them thus, your carefull host you shall abuse.
If when thy selfe art filld, there still some iunkets do remaine,
To beare them in thy sleeve unto thy house thou shalt be faine.
If thou hast any children there, thei'le be a welcome thing,
Thei'le call thee loving father, if such knackes to them thou bring.
Though thou no children have, no dammage can sustained bee,
That which they should have had, till thou art hungry, keepe for thee.
To cracke thy nuts thy teeth may serve, unlesse thou rather love
To breake thy knife, then such a luckelesse hard attempt to prove.
I oft have seene strong sturdie clownes which with their bended fist
With one good blow would cleave a nut as quickly as they list.
The shells would flie against the pots, and into strangers eyne,
And often times would make the pot halfe crackt to leake the wine.
Meane time, while this their strength was very much admirede of mee,
Because I thought them surely full of fortitude to bee,
I in a nother place a sort of lustie fellowes found,
Stamping upon their nuts, and picking them from off the ground.
Thou maist of both these follow either, onely spare thy knife,
Lest being conquered by a nut, it chance to loose its life.
The shell upon thy neighbours trencher thou maist kindely set,
And by that deede of charitie great credite thou maist get.
Thy credite thou maist save, and prove thou hast a loving heart,
And giving so much to thy friend, that thou no glutton art.
The companie thereby may know thou art no greedie guest,
But thou canst barre thy throat from meate, whense're thou thinkest best.
Perchance, while thou art eating, thou amongst thy meate maist finde
Some bit, or other that agrees not to thy daintie minde.

Whether thine apple rottennes within it doth containe,
Or little creeping wormes within thy peares or nuts remaine:
Of such like peares and nuts as these give to thy neighbour store,
Am I deceivde? or did I teach this prettie tricke before?
When being full, at last thy stomacke doth these cates forsake,
Then finde out something else, wherein thou more delight maist take.
If that a maide, a prettie cheerefull maide, do sit thee by,
A maide which hath a bashfull looke, but yet a rowling eye,
Use many sawcie gestures to her, many sawcie words,
Such pleasant youthfull age as thine such youthfull sport affoords.
Nor can there any thing make women like thy talke so well,
As if thou unto them doost store of ieasts and trifles tell,
And touch those partes wherein their greastest ioy doth use to stand,
Into the virgins bosome eke be sure to thrust your hand,
And with thy fingers touch the paps of the delightfull maid,
And let thy tributarie kisses to her lips be paid.
Or if some ring or jewell thou upon thy finger beare,
Or else some golden copper chaine about thy necke doost weare,
Or hast a silke sowde garment on, in shew and colour light,
Or any other thing wherein thou seemst to take delight,
By all the drifts and meanes thou canst, be sure to shew her these,
Commend thy selfe, and thou thy selfe beginne thy selfe to please.
She cannot choose but strait be ravished with the love of thee,
And casting all things else away, for ever thine shee'le bee.
Yong maides before all other things do shining clothes approve,
And glistring gold will presently procure a virgins love.
Oft times with sighes tell her that thou till death her servant art,
And privately before her view lay ope thy fainting heart,
And that she may perceave that you for her do daily pine,
As privately as may be, touch her tender foote with thine.
What though she frowne? yet drinke unto her oft at supper tho.

For by this meanes you shall perceave, whether shee'le yeelde or no.
If at the last she pledge thee kindely, then the truth is knowne,
Follow thy suit, ne're give her over, for she is thine owne.
In briefe, of modestie thou needest not have too great a care,
But do those things which to thy nature best beseeming are.
All faults committed, cloak'd, and hid by drunkennes may bee,
If thou be drunke, the greatest faults are not unfit for thee.

Cries and tumults after supper, going out, and bargaining for next nightes supper.

Chapter VII.

BUt when at last (which cannot choose but grieve thee at the heart)
The tender damsell with her mother homeward doth depart,
What busines wilt thou then devise the lingring time to spend,
Lest this so long prolonged banquet should thee much offend?
Why this: to those that talke, be sure thy listning eare to lay,
That thou the better maist observe each private word they say.
What though they whisper secretly their private selves among?
Yet maist thou listen, to thy profite it doth much belong.
For why, perchance thy neighbour had some hurt of thee to speake,
Then by this suddaine comming this his purpose thou maist breake.
Concerning whatsoe're they talke, be sure thou them molest,
Thus privately to talke at dinner fits not any guest.
In briefe, whats'ere is said or done, while they at dinner are,
To make thy selfe a partie in it thou must have a care.
In every place such store of worthie talke be sure to finde,
As may be most agreeing to thy praise-deserving minde.
Or if which loves to talke alowde among the rowt there's none,
Then tis thy dutie ne'rethelesse to talke alowde alone.
In lowdest sort with shrieking cries a noise thou oughst to make.

That all which do behold thee, may by thee example take.
Of sundry kindes of words thou needes must have exceeding choise,
If (as thou doost professe) thou hast a Rethoritians voice.
The time will passe, while thou art ripping up anothers fault,
This is no vice mongst them whose wits are over-come with mault.
But if thou shouldst approve of such a filthy fault as it,
That thou shouldst be my scholler, I could hardly thee permit.
For why amongst the wicked sort thou wouldst accounted bee,
All which for ever must be banisht from my booke and mee.
Mary, to count your own ill deedes I like it very well,
And give you leave with cheerefull voice your former faults to tell.
By this you divers men shall finde which get immortall praise
By setting to the publike view their owne disorderd waies.
Or if thou art ashamde of this, (though I no shame commend),
Then learne at last this meanes whereby the lingring time to spend:
Raise store of strife and wrangling words, concerning trifles small,
If any thou canst finde which will vouchsafe with thee to brawle.
With lowdest voice hold some opinion which thou thinkest best,
What though thy cause be bad, yet let thy voice exceede the rest.
Use thou the lowdest voice thou canst, lest, if thou shouldst be still,
Thy neighbour should have audience to do and speake his fill.
If any man intreate thee in more quiet sort to talke,
And not to let thy tamelesse tongue so freely there to walke,
Then boldly with a wide mouth into lowder speeches breake,
Thy tong is free, no reason then but freely thou shouldst speake.
And alwaies (though whatse're thou say be very false and vaine),
Yet have a care that thou thy purpose constantly maintaine.
Yeelde thou thy captive hands to none, to none be counted weake,

Affirme that no man but thy selfe one word of truth doth speake.
But if some stowter adversarie scornes to leave the field,
Or for thy thundring great bravadoes scornes an inch to yield:
This great reproach in any case thou maist no longer beare,
But if thou art a man, thy vaunting threatnings let him heare.
In rage and choler leave the table, furiously depart,
Bid none farewell, tell no man to what place thou going art.
For by this meanes the companie will stand in feare of thee,
And every man will say that thou the Conqueror shalt bee.
Or if thou canst not thus defend thy selfe by force of word,
Then looke, that at this pintch thine hand some helpe to thee affoord.
With naked sword confirme both true and false, both more and lesse,
Without all faile, this cannot choose but aide thee in distresse.
Those arguments wherein thy craftie foe would thee involve,
Thy naked sword and broken pots may serve for to dissolve.
If this thou scorne, and idlenes doth not thy fancie please,
Because a banquet ought not to be posted off with ease,
Upon the table cut a marke, that it may tell thy fame,
And let ingraved letters plainely shew the makers name.
So future ages by oblivion cannot thee disgrace,
For every man may know that thou didst banquet in that place.
Or on the chimney with a coale draw forth thy picture well,
Which picture unto future ages will thy wisedome tell.
But all this while, I would not have thee to forget thy drinke,
But making greater haste, thereof with carefull minde to thinke.
When having drunke each drop of drinke, thou leav'st the tankard drie,
And thou perceavest that thy friend must have it presently:
Before thou give it him, thou oughtst to have a speciall care
To see, that with thy hand thou wipe the brimmes which moistest are.
For why, your hand is alwaies cleaner then your dirtie lip,
Because in purer water oft you use the same to dip.

Sometimes great store of foaming froth upon the cup doth stand,
Which tis thy part to wipe away most boldly with thy hand.
Then presently thou oughtst as much as ere thou canst to drinke,
Or else to give it to some friend whom thou most fit doost thinke.
And if upon thy neighbours head and face the froth thou spill,
For my part I will not be hee that shall account it ill.
Some laughter thou shalt move thereby, some profite thou shalt take,
Or (which thou canst not misse) thou shalt some neighbour angry make.
Some men with swelling cheekes within the pot do use to blow,
It is not hurtfull, though thou learne this prettie tricke to know.
For when the windes have leave to wander from their strongest cage,
The aire is oft infected by their boistrous rumbling rage.
If any such infectious things within the pot do lie,
Thy searching breath will bring it into light immediatelie.
As thou art breathing (if thou chance to spit into the same),
I know no neerer way whereby to get renowne and fame.
When every man is hard at drinke, I count it very naught
To leave one drop of that which may be drunke at one good draught.
Philosophers in all their actions count it verie vaine
For that which may be done at once, to take a double paine.
Wherefore drinke off the glasse, and fill it fresh unto thy hand,
And for thy private use upon thy trencher let it stand.
And pledge thy friend once, twice, and thrice, and when he dares againe,
Yet never doubt that any losse thou shalt thereby sustaine.
The sooner thou art drunke by taking of the grand carouse,
The sooner thou in reeling sort maist walke unto thy house.
To leave that crew and go to bed nere make thou any haste,
Untill the clocke doth proove that mid-night long ago was past.
And though you see that this your stay from rest your host doth keepe,
Yet stay the longer, that you may detaine him still from sleepe.

Yea, though for Gods sake he intreate you from his very heart,
Yet, tell him flatly that you scorne so quickly to depart.
And if you heare that any man is gone into his bed,
Because that wine had long before (poore man) possest his head,
Then have a care that from his bed you straitway call him backe,
And make him come perforce, although his garments he do lacke.
And then beginne afresh great store of strongest wine to take,
And drinke it off therewith thy selfe more pleasant for to make.
Then breake the pots and windowes all, this cannot much offend,
For this next day the glazier shall have something for to mend.
And make him in that glasses roome thy picture for to place,
Most noble men esteeme of this as of a speciall grace.
Each man will looke upon thine armes, which to thy house doth flocke,
And thinke that thou art of-spring of some very worthie stocke.
Upon the benches and the tables boldly thou maist go:
Nay, which is more, I give thee leave all these to over-throw.
In briefe, with formes throwne up and downe, thou oughtst the harth to breake,
Before one word of thy departure thou beginst to speake.
But yet be sure in any case to keepe this in thine head,
And have a care to thinke thereof, before thou go'st to bed:
To make a league with all thy friends, it is a gainefull thing,
And such a league as may unto thy bellie profite bring.
Chiefly be friends with those which did against to morrow night
Unto a daintie supper thee in friendly sort invite.
This prettie tricke with some hath often tooke so good effect,
That I have dinde with those whose kindenens I did nere expect.
Faith, when in friendly sort at your house shall we merrie bee?
Or when will you invite to supper these my friends and mee?
Thus I assaile him; he replies: Come all whense're you dare,
Yet shall be welcome to such cates as at my cottage are.
To morrow night, if you will come to supper to my house,
You shall be sure of meate enough, and eke a good carouse.
Forthwith I take him at his word, and give him faith and troth
That I will come, but yet to trouble him I would be loth.

Observe these manners, and heerein example take by mee,
And doubtless thou to many banquets shalt invited bee.
But if another in this sort do likewise thee assaile,
Be sure to promise nothing, and he cannot thus prevaile.
Tell him, when thou wouldst have him come, he shall be calld of thee,
But now because of other things it cannot fitly bee.
At this time, sir, of certaine businesse I have mightie haste,
And yet I know not certainely, how long the same will last.
Or say your wife at this time cannot all things fit provide,
Because a kinde of sicknes makes her in her bed to bide.
Say that she now as patient in Phisitians hands doth live,
That they to her a strong purgation tother day did give.
Tell him that now a certaine laske her bellie doth offend,
But that you hope ere long her phisicke will her bodie mend,
And then both hee and other friends shall all be welcome thether,
Youle finde a day (no doubt) ere long to laugh and quaffe together.

How to go home after supper, being drunke, what tumults to raise in the way and at home, before you go to bed, and how to behave your selfe the next day.

Chapter VIII.

WHen every thing hath hapned thus according to thine heart,
Beginne with doubled showts and shriekings homeward to depart.
You neede not stay so long as of your friends your leave to take,
Nor need you thanke your host for that good chere which he did make.
For why, your host, whenas he verie drunke doth you behold,
To keepe you thus against your will dares hardly be so bold.
You neede not stay to know your shot, or what your vittailes cost,
To morrow morning you may know such trifles of your host.
It is his dutie for to tell you what you have to pay,
If you perceave that he deferres it, quickly slinke away.

And walking home, be sure to make great clamors in the streete,
That every man know, where you have beene, that doth you meete.
Be sure that not a neighbour neere thee thou permit to sleepe,
But with thy stirre thy neighbours from their rest have care to keepe.
Miscall one neighbour, and provoke another unto fight,
If that thou hast within thee either courage, heart, or might.
Those quarrells which amongst you have a long time beene forgot,
Recall afresh againe, when you have tooke the tother pot.
And when hee comes to tame thy tongue, or else to trie thy might,
It is thy fairest presently to take thy selfe to flight,
Lest in his mad-braind furie he should split some tender veine,
And thou thereby great losse of blood and danger shouldst susteine.
It oft falles out, when by a veine the blood thus fast dooth runne,
The man is forcde to droope and faint, and life is almost done.
The man that would with clubs and stones his neibors window strike
At midnight, when the doores are fast, I would not much mislike.
This also would I have thee doe, for those that drunken are,
Concerning sober life and manners, neede not have a care.
But if, whenas thou sober wert, this fault thou should commit,
To be mine Auditor I should not thinke thee verie fit.
Committing this, if thou the cittie watch encounter can,
And they commit thee to the Counter, th'art an happie man.
Thou shalt be safe from all thy foes, thus lying in the gaile,
Their greatest malice cannot in that place gainst thee prevaile.
What though the Sunne be ne're so hote? it cannot burne thee tho;
Thou shalt be safe enough from raine, from haile, and eke from snow.
But if thou be so luckie that thou chance to scape the watch,
And no man for these knavish prankes dares venture thee to catch,

At length, when thou with knavish trickes hast filld thy longing hart,
By waking of thy neighbours all, then to thy house depart.
And learne what store of bouncing clamours at thy gate to make,
And in what gentle sort thy carefull wife thou oughtst to wake.
First have a care that with so great a noise thou use to rappe,
That all which heare thee, may suppose it is a thunder-clap.
Nor take thou rest, untill the gate be broke in peeces small,
Because it was not opend to thee, when thou first didst call.
Then if at length thy wife be forcde to come downe in her smocke,
Thinking (well-meaning soule) with speede the doores for to unlocke,
And with a 'Welcome home good husband' doth thee entertaine,
Because she plainely sees that thou art in thy drunken vaine,
To quite her kindenes with thy fingers give her boxes store,
And as her carefull haste deserves, be sure to beate her sore.
And store of thundring word to word, and weightie blow to blow,
Is this the care shee hath of thee, to entertaine thee so?
Three things, a nut, an asse, a woman without store of blowes,
Will nere be fit for any use, for so the proverb goes.
Wherefore, that she the better may thy future charge respect,
Severely for this negligence thou oughtst her to correct.
And yet this use is fitter farre for men of 'Ciclops' race,
Which in 'Sicilia' uncoth harbours have their biding place.
He which in beating of his wife without desert doth boast,
Because he would be thought a valiant man, and rule the rost,
Those marks and limits which I did appoint him, doth surmount,
And sure I thinke a wicked man I may him well account.
Before thou go'st to bed, be sure so great a stirre to keepe,
That all thy servants be constrainde to rise from out their sleepe.
One servant thou with thundring threates and wrangling words must chide,
Another must both brawling words and weightie blows abide.
All that which every man hath done, while he hath dwelt with you,

Now being over-come with drinke, you must againe renew,
That thee they as a master may both honour, love, and feare,
And tremble at each word which from thee to proceede they heare.
Then at the last give leave unto thy drowsie pate to sleepe,
When all is still, and thou canst finde no greater stirre to keepe;
And being laid, there take thine ease as long as ere thou will,
But in such sort as thou be sure the bed with (   ) to fill.
Thus may thy maids have sheetes to wash to hold them worke next day,
Lest thou foi nothing to such idle maids shouldst wages pay.
And when next day you from your bed beginne to rise at last,
Which must be not untill that noone and dinner time be past,
When by your sleepe your store of meate is all digested quite,
And all that store of liquor which you drunke but yesternight:
Then being readie, to some neighbours house you ought to walke
With him, untill your wife provide your dinner, there to talke.
There drive away the lingring time in eare delighting chat,
Long talke procures an appetite, then have a care of that.
And that his favoure thou maist get, and be a welcome guest,
With readie wit thou oughtst to utter many a pleasant iest.
Recall to minde all that which by you yesterday was done,
Whenas your sences all with beere and wine were over-runne.
If any man last night was too much over-come with drinke,
And in the morning of the same he not one whit dooth thinke,
It is thy dutie, which didst note his manners yesternight,
To publish it before his friends, and bring it all to light.
Which thou repeating, some will laugh, others be mov'd to wrath,
Each man will take it sundry waies, as he his nature hath.
Nor when thou art amongst thy friends, thou shouldst it faultie thinke
To brag that after supper thou took'st greatest store of drinke.
It is a credite thus to brag: My head was then so light,
That it could hardly guide my feete to finde mine owne house right.
Although they all were prettie well, yet no man found could bee

Which did not in that drunken art yeelde cup and kanne to mee.
It can be no discredite, but a praise and fame, to say
That thou in drinking from the rest didst beare the bell away.
Or waking iust at noone, in haste unto thy wife depart,
Demanding of her meate and drinke to comfort up thine heart.
But first of all, a draught of burnt wine would do very well,
All giddines and aches this will from thine head expell.
Which having drunke and eate a bit. unto thy bed repaire,
And take thy rest, untill thy wife thy dinner do prepare.
When all is readie, then I thinke to rise it will be time,
To recreate thy fainting corpes with meate and pleasant wine.
And when each dish and pot is sorted to his pointed place,
Then (as it is a womans dutie) let thy wife say grace.
To tell those trickes which were by thee committed yesternight,
How farre thy tongue and minde did stray from reason and from right,
What railing words and weightie blowes of thee she did sustaine,
I thinke a reasonable volume hardly would containe.
Shee'le tell you what by you was broke, to whom you offerd wrong,
And of your trickes will make a storie of an houre long.
If this her talke delightes thee not, but doth thy wrath increase,
Charge her on paine of thy displeasure strait to holde her peace.
If then she leave, be thou content; if she proceede to say
Her pleasure, scorning this thy friendly warning to obay:
Then catch whatse're thou findest neere thy hand in rage and haste,
And at the varlets head be sure with might the same to cast.
Twill teach her in thy presence that her prating tongue to hold,
And as to speake before her husband not to be so bold.
More counsell, but for tediousnesse, I unto thee might give,
Although I know that of thy selfe in order thou canst live.
If I most common things can tell, I therewith am content,
All sortes and kindes of manners to declare I never meant.
Thou for thy selfe maist divers good examples soone devise,
Which cannot be misliked much in country farmers eies.

How to entertaine, use, and send away those guests which you have invited.

Chapter IX.

IT is thy parte sometimes some guests unto thy house to call,
Lest men should thinke thy house is naught, or thou hast none at all.
Or lest some pike-thanke which dooth greatly at thy good repine,
Say thou thy neighbours drinke doost love, but no man tastes of thine.
And when to come to dinner you your neighbour doe intreate,
Take heede, lest this: You shall be welcome, you too oft repeate.
And so departing from them, for their vittailles take no care,
Because you hope that none will come, you nothing need prepare.
If any come whose paines and company you do not lacke,
This pollicie may serve to bid him from your house to packe:
It may be as a friend to supper I did you invite,
I scarce can thinke my selfe so fond, but I was drunke that night.
If any words which then I spoke in drinke, were over-heard,
Since they were onely words and winde, you must not them regard.
The pot-mate dooth offend which much regard of wordes doth make,
That which I spoke in iest, you should not thus in earnest take.
Or, that thou maist excuse thy selfe, into this humour breake,
That then thou being drunke, in bragging for those words didst speake;
For credite sake a man may oft in publike say that thing
Which after no man can enforce him to effect to bring.
Or say: If now you heere should dine, you could not merry be,
For I am sicke, you cannot have the company of mee,
The beere I dranke hath raisde such store of vapours in my braine,
That I perswade my selfe that I shall never drinke againe.
Or you may lay the fault upon your curst and crabbed wife,

Which over-rules you so, that you are weary of your life.
Wherefore entreate them heartily at this time to depart,
When you are well, they shall be welcome all with all your heart.
But sometimes to your kinder friends more love you must affoorde,
And for their welcome set a few small dishes on the boord.
But alwayes you must have a care, as long as ere you live,
To spend but little coyne on those things which you meane to give.
Why shouldst thou for an other man such costly dinners make?
There are but few which will to their house thee to dinner take,
If iust at supper time they there upon thee will attend,
Then bid them welcome; if they came not, for them never send.
I see no reason that to any thou shouldst send a man
To pray him for to make all haste which possibly he can.
There is no reason on thy guests such service to bestow,
A cause why I this counsell give, I presently will show:
If thus for him you send a man his comming for to grace,
Hee'le thinke he credites you to come to such a clownish place.
Nay which is more, hee'le thinke that you to him beholding are,
And for your cost to give you thankes will have but little care.
Deferre the time for no mans sake, but if a while he stay,
Regarde him not, fall to your meate, and let him keepe away.
As soone as ere the meate is ready, downe to supper sit,
And fall to such things as thy wife thinks for thy supper fit.
Let those which linger, either loose their supper or their place;
And yet they are not offerd either wrong or much disgrace.
What reason had the foole (I pray) no greater haste to make?
It was his owne fault; for thee, as he brewd so let him bake.
Or when the pointed time is come, give charge to locke the doore,
Let no man enter that comes late, he should have come before.
Be sure that thou to no man doost the doore once shut, unlocke,
But either let them go their waies, or still stand there and knocke.
If thou perchance doost let them in, then give them neither meate

Nor water for to wash their hands, nor scarce a cleanely seate.
Tis likely they at home had water, ere they came to thee,
And tooke their ease before, lest, comming, they should wearie bee.
Command thy maid to sweepe the house, when every man is come,
Lest they should thinke it was not swept, they ought to see it done.
When every man is come, and doth his supper long expect,
Beginne to make it readie then, and till then it neglect.
Take thou no care at all to place or order any guest,
But give free leave to every man to sit where he thinks best.
And then thou shalt be sure that none can well of thee complaine,
Though by the lowest roome some wrong he chance for to sustaine.
For feare the cates which thou hast bought, should any man offend,
It is thy dutie every dish most highly to commend.
Tell them from whence they came, and what a mightie price they cost,
What paines you tooke to get them first, and after, them to rost.
And tell them how they boiled were, how many sundrie waies
You usde therein; in briefe, neglect not any kinde of praise.
And that they may the deerer seeme, bid them themselves to prove,
And they shall hardly get such meate for mony or for love.
Then will they like the dishes highly, and commend the taste,
Perceaving that so cunningly thou them commended hast.
And yet I would not have thee counsell any man to feede,
Those which are hungry, of a prompter have but little neede.
But being full, they cannot fall afresh to meate againe:
For, being full, to counsell him to feede afresh is vaine.
To eate thy meate against his will thou no man oughtst to make,
It is sufficient, if he but by thee example take.
As for thy selfe, be sure thy teeth be wagging still apace,
This is the onely cure whereby thine hunger to deface.

They which to meate by thine example are not mov'd at last,
Let them depart with emptie guts, a Gods name let them fast.
If thou upon thy neighbours trencher needes some bit wilt place,
Thou oughtst to do it warily, lest thou thy selfe disgrace;
That which thou meanst to give, thou oughtst thereof to taste a bit,
Thereby to know the better, if it for thy friend be fit.
By this meanes thou the perfect taste thereof thy selfe maist know,
And iudge thereby, if thou on such a friend maist it bestow.
To give cleane trenchers to the strangers is a needelesse thing,
Whenas thy servant to the boord the second course doth bring.
They ought to turne their dirtie trenchers on the tother side,
And wipe them on the cloth, which for that use thou didst provide.
Why should you let your servant such great paines in vaine to take?
He may do other things, while he the trenchers cleane should make.
When all is done, and they have eate as much as ere they will,
Be sure as fast as they can drinke it, store of wine to fill.
If any man in drinking seemes to take to long an ease,
Then for his lingring punish him, according as you please.
Make him perforce to take whatse're thou requisite doost thinke,
In quaffing make him follow thee, and after thee to drinke.
And being drunke, refuse not to fall out with any man,
Use railing words, and speake as lowde as possibly thou can.
If any one thats drunke, of naughtie words doth give thee store,
First beate him well and thriftily, then thrust him out of doore.
There is no sence that in thine owne house he should thee abuse,
Especially since all therein thou as thou list maist use.
I thinke to come againe in haste he will have little list,
If once or twice in this sort he hath felt thy weightie fist.
But if thou dare not strike him, having of thy selfe a care,
Because the strangers then thy folkes a greater number are,

Yet breake such store of ieasts against him as thou best doost like,
Whenas thou maist not with thy fist, be sure with tongue to strike.
If any man offended be that thou so pleasant art,
Command him strait in angry sort thine house for to depart.
Why should such frowning angry fellowes thus disturbe the rest?
Because forsooth that onely he mislikes such pleasant jest.
Thou maist be merry with the rest, when he hath left thy house,
Onely regard that every person take the grand carowse.
With yron bolts and barres make fast the doores with thine owne hand,
And have a man which at each doore undauntedly shall stand.
Let no man passe, unlesse their fingers force he love to taste,
Although he give to thee a reason, why he hath such haste.
This is a pollicie, by making them endure this paine,
There will be few that will be brought to sup with thee againe.
And let an empty chamber pot under the boord be put,
That every man may there unloade his bladder, or his gut:
What though they chance to doe the last, it is not much amisse,
This vapour a most pleasing smell unto your nostrels is.
According as your neede requireth, cast out presently
From forth a casement all which in the chamber pot did lie.
If thy companions out of it some wine should foorthwith drinke,
A man might say and sweare that they were merry men, I thinke.
As long as thus their greedy paunch with meate and drinke is fed,
Were it all night, I thinke not one would thinke upon his bed.
Whenas the day starre ginnes to leave the Ocean, not before,
Commaund thy Porters at the last to open every doore;
When thus the day is victor of the darkesome parting night,
Then every man may finde his house, not needing any light.
Sleepe all the day, though all the rest from rest by worke are kept,
Thy wine will all be gone by night, if thou all day hast slept.
Use this a while, and when in riches other men doe flowe,
Thou (tis the sweetest life that is) a begging still shalt goe:
Though many men a carefull and a painefull life doth please,

Yet, if my counsell thou wilt follow, live thou still at ease.
This store of pinching labour often makes our ioynts the lesse,
And too much care with great affliction dooth our hearts oppresse.
Yet oftentimes, when many men have tooke this paines and toyle,
Before they can obtaine their wish, they oft receive the foyle.
God graunt me onely that which for my neede I shall desire,
And I will take no care at all, nor further wealth require.
Honours and goods, two things whereat the multitude hath cought,
Have oftentimes the keepers of them to destruction brought:
Wherefore, if you be wise, imploy your good whenas you may,
Lest having store, you cannot use it, if you make delay.

The end of the second Booke.

The third Booke of auntient Simplicitie of Behaviour.

The order of this Booke, and behaviour at an honest feast, in eating brewesse and crab-fish.

Chapter I.

Those precepts which within my former books I did include,
Which cannot hurt thee much, although they make thee somewhat rude,
Have certaine bonds, in every place thou maist them not commit
But with some caveats, for certaine times are onely fit.
But now into the surging seas my sailing ship is borne,
It now will take a longer course, if it may scape untorne.
Helpe, helpe, (friend 'Bing') which in 'Apolloes' eyes doost gratious live,
That by thine aide I to the vulgars these my lines may give.
Draw neere, I say, and helpe my ship these surging sulkes to passe,
And make my course as swift as if a 'Pegasus' I was.
You can conduct me with a calme and very quiet winde;
To aide at least my fainting wit let me that favour finde.
A few more precepts to the former in this place Ile adde,
Which unto those that love Simplicitie, cannot be bad.
My selfe in reasons paths I cannot very well containe,
For Modestie and Reason, they no whit to me pertaine.
Those things to which blinde Appetite doth leade us, I must tell,
Which, without tediousnes, before I would not have done well.
Once more unto my Cuckoe notes lend thine attentive eare,
Whose're thou art, which simple manners doost desire to heare.

Expect to heare that kinde of life which fittest is for thee,
You cannot in that art which you professe, too cunning bee.
I doubt not but that store of manners fitting to thy minde,
If carefully thou reade this booke, thou in the same shalt finde.
I know, the practise of my precepts will thee homely make,
If in the daily use thereof thou any paines wilt take.
All kinde of manners for all ages will not fitting bee,
Then have a care that divers sorts be mingled well by thee.
From hence, and thence, and every place good manners thou must get,
And mix them with thine owne, and make them for thy purpose fit.
I do not thinke it is your dutie for to have a care
In what place, or amongst what men, your manners used are.
Whatse're it is which can thy life and manners much commend,
To get the same, it is thy dutie all thy force to bend.
Thou needst not have another master, learne of me a while,
Ile teach thee trickes a thousand craftie marchants to beguile.
Stand you to no mans iudgement but your owne; when you offend,
Simplicitie will in thy greatest danger thee defend.
He which is made at others beckes, in others steps to treade,
Regarding not his future haps, a wretched life doth leade.
It may be thou unto some place as guest invited art,
Where thou amongst a sort of worthie men must take thy part.
When every daintie dish to which an appetite you finde,
Is plac'd, and all things set in order to your daintie minde,
Cast shame aside, and into most unseemely speeches breake.
Thy tongue is free, why maist thou not at all times freely speake?
All sence and pining care thou oughtst to banish from thy breast,
And boldly snatch such meate and drinke as fits thy fancie best.
With shrieking cries and sundry clamors pierce the loftie skies,
Refuse not any thing that seemeth pleasant in thine eyes.
For when you in your neighbours house at sportive banquets sit,
To have a care of modest manners is not very fit.
If any man in dinner time permits his tongue to walke,

Presuming with a pleasant speech of loftie things to talke,
Beginne as gravely as the rest of weightie things to tell,
And have a care that all the rest in wrangling thou excell.
This custome unto great preferment will thee quickly raise,
For this thy quicke and readie wit the strangers will thee praise.
To be more wise then thousands more thy neighbours will thee deeme,
No better meanes there is to prove a man of great esteeme.
There is no fitter time to speake for when the wine is in,
It addes great eloquence whereby much credite you may win.
Perchance the Cooke doth to the boord a messe of brewesse bring,
Which doubtelesse to the stomake is a very pleasing thing.
Then take the broadest, smoothest spoone, best fitting to thy minde,
And to that dish before the rest beginne a path to finde.
The neerest way that I can tell thy bellie for to fill,
Is, heape thy spoone so full with sops, that it perforce must spill.
As much as will suffice thy turne, at one time thou maist take,
Concerning toyles, it is not good such restlesse toyles to make.
All that which in thy spoone at once thou from the dish didst fetch,
At one time thrust into thy mouth, although thy jawes thou stretch.
If any sop amongst the rest doth seeme to lacke some sault,
Most carefull by this meanes thou maist quickly mend that fault:
First fill thy spoone with store of fat and grease-besmiered crust,
Which done, into the salt-seller be sure the same to thrust.
Or (which if thou wilt boldly do, will for thy credite make),
With all thy fingers for thy use thou salt enough maist take.
For sure it is impossible that meate be tasted well,
If salt be wanting, which alone all rancour doth excell.
A crab-fish is a dish agreeing to your stately minde,
Which if at any time upon the table you shall finde,
The smaller and the leaner unto strangers you must leave,

Your hungry stomacke from the great more comfort shall receave.
Yet thinke not that the great are alwaies best of all to eate,
This may deceive, for why the small sometimes excell the great.
Then, that the good ones from the bad you may the better know,
Observe this rule, which alwaies will the finest fishes show:
Under their tailes have care to looke; if any egges you finde,
You neede not doubt, they are not hurtfull to the nicest minde.
Eate these thy selfe, but if no egges can there be found to bee,
Suspect their goodnes presently, they scarce are fit for thee.
Thus scorning them thy selfe, unto thy friend thou maist them give,
By those things which thou scornst to eate, thy poorer friends may live.
Or having searcht them thorowly, take better up at last,
And in their roomes be sure those bad ones in the dish to cast.
Keepe not the finest fish, if of the fore-tolde marke it faile,
It is not wholesome, if it hath ňot egges within the taile.
My counsell is not undivided fishes to devoure,
Because I thinke the very foote would hold you backe an houre.
To sucke up all thats in their bellie, would do prettie well,
Those parts, I thinke, will serve thy turne which are within the shell.
As for the taile and fore-parts, you some corner must provide,
It is a most convenient place to keepe them by your side,
That so, when every bit of fish is from the platter gone,
Yet thou maist have those fore-parts still, when all the rest have none.
And by this meanes thou all the rest in eating shalt excell,
To take this counsell of a friend will oft do very well.
Fore-fathers therefore calld this fish a kinde of waiting meate,
Because, when every man hath dinde, you ought the same to eate.
A certaine fellow tride of late to put this tricke in ure,
But sped not, for a stranger present would not it indure.
This merrie stranger (as he was much giv'n to merriment)
Devisde this plot, whereby the tothers craft he did prevent.

Seeing the fishes fore-parts by this craftie knave to stand,
Before the tother was aware, he caught them in his hand.
I pray, sir, whats the cause (quoth he) that you these parts refuse?
To make the most account of these we country fellowes use.
The fore-parts of this fish were wont in great esteeme to bee,
What though they be refusde of you, they shall be likde of mee.
Thus having said, he broke the meate and made an end of it,
And unto him from whom he snatcht it, would not give a bit.
Therefore it is more wisedome in some secret bag to hide
Both taile and fore-parts, which thou for thy stomacke didst provide.
For then thou shalt be sure that none can from thee snatch the meate,
But at thy house, or where thou please, thy selfe the same maist eate.
Not onely this, but any thing thats pleasing to thy gut,
In secret sort thou for thy private use therein maist put.
If this mislike thine host, which to his house did thee invite,
Tell him he was to blame to place these dishes in thy sight.
He is not wise that will despise the gifts of any friend,
If thus he do denie thee meate, why did he for thee send?
I do not love at any feast to shew my selfe so prowde
As to refuse that meate which by my neighbour is alowde.
Nay, sure it is my custome rather, like a thankefull man,
To rid mine host of all the meate that possible I can.

Notable waies of drinking, and such behaviour as must be observed at your departure.

Chapter II.

Sometimes your host upon his guests such liquor will bestow
As in a private vineyard of his owne did lately grow.
If by the smacke you finde the fruite was of naughtie vine,
And therefore not agreeing to so nice a taste as thine,
Be sure this naughtie wine forthwith from off the boord to fling,

And bid the tapster for your drinking better wine to bring.
If he replies it is of gift, it nothing shall you cost,
Tell him for this small thanks are due to such a pinching host.
If for the wine alreadie drawne he seeme his coine to crave,
Aske him the reason, why such customers such tappings have?
Aske him, if coine be nowadaiers so lightly got, he thinke?
Or is it meete that silver should be paid for naughtie drinke?
But if perchance to dine with thee thou hast invited some,
Or else, like men that lacke their suppers, they unbidden come,
It is thy parte to give to them the basest wine thou hast,
Such wine is for this purpose best as lackes both strength and taste.
Perchance some one among the rest will better wine demand,
But it may breede both hurt and losse to doe as they command.
Who knowes their purpose? if they meane the shot receiv'd to pay,
Or, thinking not to pay for this, would scot-free parte away?
If all the things which they have yet received, naughty were,
Thy losse will be the lesse, and thou the better maist it beare.
If better wine thou give, theile heape carowse upon carowse;
But give them weaker wine, and then theile soone departe your house.
If unto any friend of yours among the rest you drinke,
Take off as much at once as well will quench your thirst, you thinke.
Untill the man to whome you drunke, have pledg'd you to the full,
Permit him not in any case the pot from mouth to pull:
Though he protest before them all that he is scarce so strong,
As while he drinkes a beaker dry to hold his breath so long,
Yet, will he, nill he, both by words and blowes thou shalt be faine
To make him drinke it off, that thou thy purpose maist attaine.
But if he chance to shrike and crie, as loath to be controld,
And force perforce, do what you can, his first intent will hold,
In raging fume put foming wine into some empty cruse,

And powre it downe his necke, because he did your love refuse.
Use this but now and then, and sure he will not be so nice,
But that heere after he will pledge his friend, once, twice, and thrice.
In selfe same sort a certaine fellow once did me abuse,
He would not pledge me, wherefore I this selfe same tricke did use:
I got a famous lawrell bough for my deserved praise,
Whense're I use such simple trickes, my lucke is such alwaies.
Whenas the store of vapours which the foming wine did make,
Are got into thy sacred wit, and there possession take,
Whenas thy sense-bereaved tongue doth stamring speeches yeeld,
And when the minde, dispoild of wit, to vice hath lost the field,
Then is it time from foorth your heart to banish carke and care,
And eke to prove by lofty laughters that you pleasant are.
Deferre no time, it is not good on trifles long to stand,
Take pot or glasse, filld full with wine, which holding in your hand,
Beginne a full carowsing draught unto some friend to drinke,
Who for his skill in drunkards art dares pledge you as you thinke.
The drinke and eke the brickle glasse, although it cost a groate,
Together you for fellowship may send into your throate.
Though sencelesse brutish creatures, void of reason and of wit,
(For aught I ever heard) did never such a fault commit,
Yet some there are (O times, O manners!), men of wealth and might,
Which in such filthie crimes as these do take their chiefe delight.
Thinke nothing vilde, thinke nothing base, or un-beseeming thee,
Which may by men of welthie callings patronized bee.
All that which other men have done, presume to do the same,
If thou desire by deedes of worth to get immortall fame.
Though other men, perceaving these thy sencelesse crimes, refuse
By treading in thy wicked paths the selfe same faults to use,
Yet must you not in any case scorne any wicked deede,

But constantly you must in vices further still proceede.
Command a boy to bring a pot which hath a bottome wide,
Which filld, another neighbour to assaile you must provide.
When you are drunke, it is a credite stoutly to refuse
Those narrow slender-bellide pots which sober you did use.
Command such unaccustomed vessels to be brought to thee,
That at the first draught with the same thy thirst may quenched bee.
Ere you proceede, you ought to fill the bason full with wine,
Which done, you strait must send it downe that rav'nous throat of thine.
And after that, with carefull eye looke over all the house,
What other vessels you can finde wherein you may carowse.
Pots, buckets, caldrons, frying-pans, according to your minde,
As also kettles, barrells, pitchers, doubtlesse you shall finde.
Then shall you finde cups, kans, and tankards, jackes, and bottles blacke,
Such necessarie tooles as these your neighbour cannot lacke.
All these (if for your purpose them you requisite do thinke)
Bring forth of hidden holes, in them your pleasant wine to drinke
If none of these you there can finde, and yet you lacke a cup,
Out of a dirtie pis-pot you may drinke your liquor up.
And yet I would be very loth that you should drinke to mee,
That beastly vessell is not fit for any man but thee.
Amongst that rout, can none be found that will you kindely pledge,
Because they all have drunke too much, do they a seuse alledge.
Then may you freely brag and boast that you the victor are,
And from the rest that leave you off, the laurell you shall beare.
Yet would I not that you as yet proclaime your victorie,
But counsell you, before you do it, onely thus to trie:
Provide a funnell (fie, tis shame such trifles for to show,
Me thinks so wise a man as you this tricke before should know)
Which you to set within their gaping mouthes must be so bold,
If you perceave they are so drunke, that they no pots can hold,
And by the funnells helpe have care to liquor every friende.

Which having finisht, of your challenge you may make an end.
At length, when you with meate have stopt your hungry panches cries,
And eke with store of wine have almost drunke away your eyes,
You neede not stay to give your neighbour thanks with all your heart,
But when you please, not taking leave, you homeward may depart.
When you depart, beginne to raile and quarrell with your host,
Let that be all the thankes that you repay for all his cost.
First blame himselfe, and afterward beginne to blame his meate,
It was not fine enough for such brave men as you to eate.
Raile at the Butler for his not providing better drinke,
Finde fault with any thing whereof you presently can thinke.
Each thing was farre too base for those which dined in that place,
Then let them all perceave the markes of anger in thy face.
You hop'd that with a greater banquet he would you receave,
But all your hopes were vaine, your purpose he did quite deceave.
I would have scornd for such a banquet to have left my doore,
But that I thought of daintie meate we should have lackt no store.
What though indeede you had no cause so many faults to finde,
Yet speake as constantly as if you spake it from your minde.
Thus having griev'd with angry words your carefull host at heart,
If you have nothing else to do, you homeward may depart.
And if, the morrow after, this your vexed host you meete,
That you may both be friends, you ought most kindely him to greete.
Or if you please, with ieasts beginne the simple man to mocke,
To make a mends for yesternight make him your laughing stocke.
Tell him you never gave him cause of anger, you protest,
If he perchance mislike your words, you spake them all in ieast.
What can he do? For shame, he cannot blame the iesting vaine,
Unlesse he be too currish naturde, hee'le be friends againe.
That very houre of all his quarrell he will make an end,
And thinke you, as he did before, to be his very friend.
Perchance unto a daintie supper he will you invite,
With this your wittie iesting humour being conquerd quite.

How to spread and suffer scoffes and ieasts, farting, spitting, answering to questions, and looking into other mens letters.

Chapter III.

Some men there are which in their actions count it alwaies best
To spread abroad among their neighbours many a biting iest,
And therefore use to carpe at faults which other men commit,
By this meanes thinking to declare their merrie iesting wit.
But as for you, although your neighbours nose be nere so great,
Yet ought you not his name with naughtie speeches to intreate.
If any man makes iests of you to keepe his wit in ure,
I give you leave to speake your worst, you must not this indure.
Let him by certaine signes perceave that thou canst angry bee,
I thinke, if he perceave thee mov'd, heele hardly scoffe at thee.
If he proceede, and into greater flowting speeches breake,
Rather then you will still be wrongd, thus boldly to him speake:
Whenas my father lackt a foole wherewith to sport and play,
That so the better he might drive the lingring time away,
After he many meanes had tride, at last he found out mee,
That I to banish all his carefull thoughts a foole might bee.
So, sir, if you would have a foole which would your iests abide,
My counsell is that you some foole on purpose do provide.
If thus you take up every flowter in his iesting vaine,
Its very likely few or none will iest at you againe.
If any man with gifts of mony thinks thee to abuse,
Accept such iesting, so that he this custome do not use,
Refuse no kinde of iests which may commoditie procure.
Such flowtes as bring, or gaine, or profite, you may well indure.
And yet, although some profite by their iests you beare away,
It is your dutie word for word unto them to repay.
Those men which you in loving league have tide unto your heart,
From love of you, till you have vext them, let them not depart.
With store of sugred promises their humours you must feede,
And tell them you will succour them, if ere they stand in neede.
But yet I would not have thee such a simple foole to bee,
As to performe all that which hath beene promised by thee.

To every man you ought most kingly promises to give,
But never to performe the same, if you in peace would live.
And yet, if you in weightie causes do your friend deceave,
It is a precept which of me you never did receave.
When you at dinner mongst a sort of honest men do sit,
Or wives and maids, the last whereof is for your purpose fit,
If you have neede, from forth your griping bellie let you winde,
The scent whereof the guests will quickly in their nosthrills finde.
And lest the strangers should perceave that you have done amisse,
Be sure to cry before the rest: Fie, what a stinke is this?
Affirme that in the tender virgins all the fault doth lie,
And strait a red and blushing colour will their faces die.
Those which offend, have commonly this colour in their face.
When guiltie men beginne to blush, it is a signe of grace.
Or if a little dog be nie, be sure the same to kicke,
As if that his perfumed taile had causde this beastly tricke.
By this meanes your decreasing credite you may finely save,
And others shall have that reward which you deserve to have.
That noisome smell without offence the guest must undergo,
Because that none but you do certainly the father know.
Sometimes there from the liver comes an humour like to snot,
Which either riseth from some cold or surfet lately got.
This divers men with hauks and hems will from their stomacke bring,
And keepe it on their tongue, as if it were a pretious thing.
And in their mouth this fleamie stuffe they love to rowle about
A prettie while, before they will beginne to spit it out.
What profite by this beastly tricke they get, I do not know,
But in my iudgement it doth make a very seemely show.
Although if some should see this tricke, their meate they would refuse,
Yet this I thinke a reason is, for which they should it use.
Though ne're so often in my sight this tricke should used bee,
Yet sure it should be counted for a welcome sight to mee.
And as for my part, I could wish, if I might have my minde,

That I at dinner store of snot within your mouth might finde.
Suppose your father or your master doth some question aske,
Or else some stranger calls you, which would set you any taske:
Be sure that you unto their questions answer not at all,
Unlesse your father or your master twice or thrice do call.
Make answer then, as if from sleepe they then had wakned thee,
But such a one as to their question may no whit agree.
If they demand your answer when you scarcely are awake,
You needes must answer foolishly, because you did mistake.
When you of certaine weightie matters purpose for to tell,
Observe this methode, which will serve your purpose very well:
You must not talke in foolish wise, nor must your speech be short,
The longest, tedious, tatling tales will make the finest sport.
That you may seeme in Rhetorike all others to excell,
Of sundry trifling toyes you ought a tedious tale to tell.
In any case your proeme must an houre or two indure,
In which your auditors good wills you onely must procure.
If you no subiect have whereof your future speech to make,
It is no matter, you of mee may store of subiects take.
The Romane battells, and the credite which they got in fight,
And all the worthie souldiers names and noble deedes recite.
The great exploites of 'Hanniball' and Carthaginian warres
You may repeate, and eke the cause of 'Troyes' unhappie iarres.
Or of the starres and heavenly bodies you a speech may make,
And shew from whence the world its first originall did take.
Thus having opend all their eares, of trifles make an end,
Beginning at the last unto the purpose to descend.
If any man among the rest doth interrupt thy talke,
Against him in this railing sort permit your tongue to walke:
And art thou not ashamde, thou foole of manners most corrupt,
So great a man as I so boldly thus to interrupt?
Where were you taught into such shamelesse boldnes for to breake,
As not to keepe your tongue in awe, when wiser persons speake?
If thus your bold presuming friend you use to intertaine,
You cannot choose but store of praise and credite you shall gaine.

If any man be reading letters which were to him sent,
Although to tell the secrets unto you he never meant,
To stand behinde the readers backe you ought to have a care,
And reade them o're as well as he, before he be aware.
Unto the king of 'Macedon', 'Ephestius' calld by name,
A certaine friend of his presumde of late to do the same.
It was his custome alwaies boldly to commit this thing,
Yet he continued in the love and favour of the king.
And sure I thinke that no man can thy sawcie boldnes blame,
Although in immitating him you should performe the ſame.
Though some men thinke this use a most unseemely vice to bee,
Yet sure it rather for a vertue shall be thought of mee.
Those learned mens examples which have liv'd in former time,
Will plainely prove that this can hardly be so great a crime.
Did not old 'Tully' all his country most entirely love?
As when he was in 'Rome' a Consull he did plainely prove.
To greete his friends with carefull letters he did daily use,
And yet to print them every one he never did refuse.
Then why should these our letters which are baser farre then they,
From all mens sight and publicke view be closly kept away?

Behaviour when you enter into other mens houses, going into hot-houses, or baths, divers coloured parted coates, the adorning of the beard, the use of papers and bookes, entertaining your friends, and other such like civilities

Chapter IV.

Divers there are which of their credite such account do make,
That they without advise and care will nothing undertake.
If they unto an honest neighbours house invited are,
Softly to knocke, before they enter, they will have a care.
And though the doores stand open, granting entrance unto all,
Yet is it not their use to enter in, before they call,
That so their neighbour of their comming may fore-warned bee,
Lest he should have some secret which he would have no man see.

Thinking to seeme well nurturde men by often using it,
And I confesse, for honest men it is a custome fit.
But if unto a neighbours house you purpose for to go,
You neede not take or care or paines to frame your manners so.
If any gate stand ope, rush boldly in upon your friend,
The very name of friendship may from boldnes you defend.
If thus you should not make a noise, but enter suddainely,
Something perchance which he would have unseene, you should espy.
You may procure great store of mirth by entring boldly in,
By giving warning of your comming you his love shall win,
If you into a sweating bath or hot-house chance to come,
Whether you onely are a stranger there, or knowne to some.
If you be chill, to runne unto a furnace be so bold,
That so you may both from your hands and feete expell the cold.
Then presently be sure to put your shooes from off your feete,
In spite of which (unhappie man) the cold did with them meete.
Which having done, against the fire prepare your feete to warme,
That by this meanes you may eschew the colds outragious harme.
To put your hose and breeches off is sure a pleasant thing,
I do it not mislike, because it will great profite bring.
Suppose the aire (as oft it hath) hath some infectious smell,
Which will disturbe your tempered braine, though it before, was well,
That pleasant smell which from your hose and breeches doth proceede,
Will quite expell that other smell to helpe you at your neede.
Which having done, that others place this will possesse and use,
Because the tother did your sence and smelling much abuse.
By this meanes you the aires unwholesome smells may soone prevent,
This new-found smell will stop the strongnes of the tothers scent.
Thinke it a trifling thing to labour all men for to please,

He which regardeth all to please, can never live at ease.
Since none is found so good that he can every man content,
It is thy best to displease all this labour to prevent.
Why shouldst thou strive to make thy selfe to all mens humors fit?
It is a toile which cannot choose but farre exceede thy wit.
It is in vaine against your nature foolishly to strive,
He which attempts impossibilities will never thrive.
At length, when you are forc'd the furnace and the bath to leave,
Then you of me your trustie friend this counsell shall receave:
That you from all ensuing harme may keepe your tender feete,
(If you hereafter should with frost and pinching coldnes meete)
Thrust store of straw into your shooes to keepe your feete from harme,
The straw which lies within your shooes will make them very warme.
And yet unlesse you put it so that it may all be seene,
T'had beene as good, that in your shooes it had not placed beene.
This good example whosoever feareth future cold
Will immitate, and for a fruitfull precept will it hold.
If any tell thee that to leave thy clownish life tis best,
And for thy plaine rusticitie beginne at thee to iest,
Such iniuries as these if patiently thou suffer can,
For my part, I shall hardly thinke thou art a valiant man.
If thou canst hardly mend thy selfe, for thou no weapons hast,
(Although t'were good, if thou at him a dagger strait wouldst cast)
Forthwith it is thy dutie into raging words to breake,
Although no weapons you may use, yet freely you may speake.
Those whom you sharply reprehend in such a raging fume,
Heereafter to abuse you thus they hardly will presume.
I once before forebade thee any scoffings to indure,
And will inculcate it to keepe thee in the better ure.
Thy garments having divers colours, better please the sight,
All men in these our daies do in varietie delight.
Nature her selfe in divers things doth sundry colours use,
To follow such a guide as Nature do not thou refuse,

The man which followes Natures rules, lives happily they say,
If such a perfect guide you follow, you can never stray.
Of such a perfect guide be thou an immitator too,
For she will teach thee what is fit in every place to doo.
If you with carefull minde the heavenlie Raine-bow do behold,
You shall perceave how many sundry colours it doth hold.
Consider well the formes of plants, the wings of birds which flie.
And all those pretious jems which in the 'Indian' lands do lie,
And you shall finde that all of these in colours do abound,
And all things else which Nature for the use of man hath found.
Also, your garments into divers peeces for to cut
Is nowadaies in great account and estimation put.
This must before all other things be used oft of thee,
If thou wilt harken to my verses, or my scholler bee.
Like some unwise and sencelesse blocke all men will thee deride,
Unlesse thou use thy hose and doublet finely to divide.
But if in curious manner you your garments use to teare,
So that upon your bodie you no perfect peece do weare,
A man of noble birth and linage you may quickly seeme,
And all your friends to be a man of credite will you deeme.
Or else you will be thought to be a man of 'Mars' his rowt,
Such men in such apparell use to march the streetes about.
Unto what place soe're you come, it is a mightie grace
To have a frowning countenance and eke a crabbed face.
Ne're laugh at all, but then when you some dolefull sight have found,
As some unluckie mastlesse ship in danger to be drownd.
Those men which do your mourning lookes and countenance behold,
Will thinke that weighty matters do from smiling you with-hold.
So every man that sees you, will unto you honour give,
Supposing that in honest paths and gravitie you live.
Perchance in publicke sort some publicke matters acted are,
When every man both yong and old doth meete together there,
And then beginnes some clarke to reade the statutes all alowde,
That every precept may be markt of all the present crowde.

At all such publicke meetings thou must also present bee
To heare the newes, although perhaps it not concerneth thee.
If to regarde those great affaires you neede not have a care,
It is your duty to disturbe all others that are there.
Devise some boystrous sports and playes which thou approovest best,
And with thy shriking cries be sure to countervaile the rest.
Let thy delight be placde in making others to be staid,
Lest they attentively should hearken unto what was said.
This also cannot choose but purchase most deserved grace,
To have a beard beset with brissels, hiding halfe your face.
Or let upon thine upper lip a great muschatoe bide,
Which oft will hinder you from opning of your chaps too wide.
By which you oftentimes great help and profite may receive.
You know my carefull counsell never yet did you deceive.
Perchance within the dirty pot some filthy thing doth lie,
Which by the narrow mouth thereof you hardly can espie,
Your brislie beard and long muschatoes will its passage stay,
When otherwise the filth would by your chin have scapt away.
The wines bad hue those haires will change which on your lips do grow,
So that the pure wine onely will into your bellie flowe.
Besides, those dirtie rotten teeth which in your mouth have place,
As oft as you with laughter gap'd, would breed you great disgrace,
But that your beard to hinder this a meanes will soone provide,
Which hanging over both your lippes, your teeth will quickly hide.
If ever you have cause to speake of any weightie thing,
Your beard unto you presently will praise and credite bring.
Which hanging downe upon your breast, you gravely ought to stroke,
And make a stop at ev'rie sundrie word which you have spoke.
This in such sort will for thine honour and thy credite make,
That all which see thee, for a grave and wise man will thee take.

If thou at anie time doost write a letter to thy friend,
Because thy purpose and intent thou unto him must send,
To keepe the same from blots and blurres I holde it verie vaine,
It is no hurt, although the same with store of incke you staine.
The man which in such trifling things such labour will abide,
Forgets the meanes whereby his owne perfections for to hide,
Unlesse your arte and cunning alwayes hidde and cloaked bee.
What things soe're you write, shall hardly be beleev'd of mee.
And that your friend more carefully may keepe within his minde
Those things which in your loving letter he dooth written finde,
So carefully your penne and inke to use you shall be faine,
That all your paper you be sure with store of blots to staine.
In selfe same sort you alwaies ought to use the finest booke,
Although another kindely lent it you thereon to looke.
If anie friend that dwells farre off, or kinsman of your owne,
Come to your house, which unto him most perfectly is knowne,
In any case you ought to have a speciall care of this:
To tell him not too often that he very welcome is.
For if he chance to finde that he so welcome is to thee,
It may be feard his often comming troublesome will be.
Yet ev'ry time he comes, be sure to give him so much wine,
That, being drunke, he neither know what is his name, nor thine.
In better sort an antient friend you cannot entertaine,
Then for to give him wine, untill he spew it up againe.
When he begins at last to be desirous to be gone,
And therefore both his bootes, his cloake, his sword and all is on,
Permit him not in any case so soone to part away,
But though he earnestly request you, make him longer stay:
Whether he will or no, constraine him more and more to drinke,
This is a sure and certaine pledge of kindest love, I thinke.
Concerning such things as are fittest, when you goe to bed,
In this my Booke in ample sort I should to you have read,
But if I all occasions offred should presume to take,
I should such store of matter find that I no end should make.
Remember like thy selfe in all thy actions for to bee,

And thou shalt finde that onely they are rules enough for thee.
From taking either sleepe or rest be sure the rest to keepe,
When thou perceav'st that thou canst hardly set thy selfe to sleepe.
If any sport thou canst invent thy fellowes to abuse,
Because it will procure thee praise, thou oughtst the same to use.
As soone as ere thy shooe is tooke from off thy stinking feete,
Thy nosthrills with a most unwholesome savour it will greete,
Which savour, if into the braine it chanceth to ascend,
It is incredible, how much it will the same offend.
Wherefore, if thou wouldst be supposde a wittie man to bee,
Have care to set thy shooes a great way from thy bed and thee.
Be sure to have this cunning tricke within thy craftie head
To let thy shooes be alwaies set before anothers bed.
And let the smell which comes from thence, anothers nosthrills fill,
Lest such a stinking savour should procure thee any ill.
More store of rusticke practises I unto thee would give,
Whose're thou art which doost according to my precepts live,
But that I see that sleepe at this time rather is requir'd,
Because thy members all for want of rest are almost tir'd.
Wherefore I grant unto thee leave to part unto thy bed
On it without or care or feare to rest thy sleepie head.
Meane time such good examples to set downe I will proceede,
As thou maist alwaies immitate, whens'ever thou hast neede,
From which, when you have slept enough, such precepts you may take
As in your future words and actions for your purpose make.
In all my course which is to come, I nothing else will tell
But those things which may ev'ry day of you be used well.

Sundrie sorts of civilities at the Table.

Chapter V.

NOt long ago there at a wedding was a costly feast,
To which a certaine stripling was invited as a guest,
Wherefore his start-ups on were put, besmiered all with durt.

What then? you know a little mire can do but little hurt.
To put a spurre upon his heele he also had a care,
To make his horse go faster, that he might be sooner there;
And yet, do what he could, of all the rest he latest came,
Because his palfray in the hinder leg was somewhat lame.
As soone as he was lite, upon the boord he found the meate,
And every stranger by the Bride plac'd in his proper seate:
For haste he durst not stay from off his heele his spurre to take,
Nor yet to put his start-ups off, he then such haste did make.
But running to the boord with both, his comming for to grace,
A certaine honest maid vouchsafde to grant to him her place.
It was his fortune next unto another maid to sit,
Although of such unlookt for kindenes he was farre unfit.
Forthwith a fat and tender hen before his face was set,
That he, although he came too late, his part there of might get.
He being scarce a skilfull man in carving of his meate,
Scarce knowing what was best to leave untoucht, and what to eate,
Presumde to take both legs and wings which in the platter lay,
Lest leaving them behinde him, they might chance to flie away.
The carkas he upon the virgin thinking to bestow,
By great misfortune chanced on the ground the same to throw.
For which he forthwith blusht for shame; but thinking mends to make,
Beganne to stoope from off the ground the carkas for to take.
But out alas he let a fart which made a grievous scent,
As he by slooping downe too low, too much his bodie bent.
For which his fault he being sorely vexed at the heart,
Leaving his dinner, presently he purposde to depart.
As he was climing o're the boord, his spurre the cloth did teare,
And hung so fast, that with him he was forc'd the cloth to beare.
Those pots and platters which as then upon the table stood,
And all the candles downe he cast in this his hastie mood.
Besides (more haste, lesse speede), as he departing was away,
The tablefull of pots and glasses forc'd him for to stay.
The which with all the other things which on the same he found,

Thus being ore-rulde by rage, he cast upon the ground.
As he was going out of doores, he with a servant met,
Which had another dish of meate upon the boord to set.
Thus running headlong on his way, by chance, against his will,
He made the servant all the meate upon the ground to spill.
In this sort at his neighbours wedding having plaid his part,
He got upon his halting jade, and homeward did depart.
Although by practising these pranks great profite you may make,
And for your present purpose out of them example take:
Yet must he not be numberd mongst the vulgar multitude,
Because that he (good man) was more unfortunate then rude.
And at a certaine other time it chanced to betide,
A neighbour for his speciall friends a banquet did provide.
When every one had tooke his place, there was among the rest
A gentlewoman, and a man of worship at the feast.
The stranger as he was a man of manners very grave,
In friendly sort a Carps head to the gentlewoman gave.
She thinking well of this his offer, tooke that daintie meate,
Beginning of the same according to her minde to eate.
She scornde to search the head or ev'ry corner to peruse,
Because she never knew the meate, she did the same refuse.
Each part for to anatomize she thought it mickle paine,
Especially for that from which she did exspect no gaine.
Wherefore she underneath the table cast the daintie head,
Supposing it was meate wherewith the dogs might all be fed.
When this the womans foolish deede the stranger did behold,
Not able longer to forbeare, to chide her he was bold.
From off the ground the head, which she refusde he first did take,
And then in angry sort unto her in this manner spake:
And are you not ashamde (you foole) such follie to commit?
It greeves me much to see that you should have so little wit.
This head I as a speciall favour did on you bestow,
And not to that intent that on the ground you should it throw.
Though thus to open it your selfe you would not take the paine,
Yet had it beene your part to have restorde it me againe.

She being overcome with shame, no words at all replide,
But lest she should be mockt the more, was forc'd her face to hide.
Iudge whether of the two seeme better mannerd unto thee,
Or whether of the two mislikte or praised most shall bee.
A Citizen did on a time with feasting entertaine
A mightie Prince and Potentate with all his pompe and traine.
Who, comming, was receiv'de with such store of stately cheere,
As if his pallace it had beene, nothing was thought to deere.
Great store of daintie flesh and sundry sortes of costly fish
Were sent unto the boord; there lackt not any princely dish.
The man, suspecting lest his Princes favour he should loose,
From forth the dish among the rest the finest fish did choose,
Which thinking on the Princes trencher hansomely to lay,
The fish by great ill lucke from forth his fingers slipt away.
But ere it came to ground, his slipper with the same did meete,
A slipper blacke as jeate was on the entertainers feete.
Whence having tooke it, it upon the Princes trencher laid,
And that his fault might seeme the lesse, these words to him he said:
Yet take it (gentle Prince, I pray), the fall did it not hurt,
You know my pantolfe was cleane and not besmirde with durt.
Beleeve me, sir, my servant lately clensde it with a cloth,
I put it on e're now, to hurt you I'de be very loth.
These words he said, and earnestly the Prince he did intreate
To pardon this his small offence, and fall unto his meate.
Another time a gentleman of worship and of fame
To dinner to a Princes table by inviting came.
The Prince, because he thought of him a speciall care to have,
In friendly sort a peece of daintie meate unto him gave.
The stranger, being finely nurturde, wondrous haste did make
The Princes kinde and loving proffer speedily to take.
But by a great misfortune he could hardly hold it well,
So that into a cup of wine unluckily it fell.
And as with all the haste he could, he striv'd to take it thence,
His trembling hand did adde unto the first a great offence.

For he with shaking all the cup of wine did over-throw,
So that both bread and meate upon the boord in wine did flow.
With store of blushing purple colour both his cheekes were dide,
He was so vexed for his fault, that he his face did hide.
But sure, I thinke, some angry gods did crosse his good intent,
For being farre from clownish fashions, mannerly he meant.
But you by his example store of manners ought to take,
The use wheroof will you a rude and simple fellow make.
That which by great ill lucke against his will he did commit,
Thou oughtst to studie to performe it with a willing wit.
Those things which you on purpose do, will more your name advance,
Then that which you against your will committed have by chance.
I saw another who, because his knife was somewhat ill,
And would not cut his meate apace according to his will,
Not willing for to loose his part, this tricke he did invent,
Whereby he thought his great ensuing danger to prevent:
He tooke from forth the dish the biggest bit that he could finde,
And all such daintie peeces as were fitting to his minde.
Which having got, to put them underneath his arme was so bold,
Because he thought in such a place more firmely them to hold.
From whence, according to his stomacke, he could teare his meate,
Both rost and sod, with tooth and naile, as he desir'd to eate.
For finding that his knife in those affaires did often faile,
He doubted not but with his hand he quickly should prevaile.
But having filld his stomacke, he was carefull to lay downe
Into the dish all which he left, lest he should seeme a clowne.
And of his leavings to his neighbours he would offer part,
Requesting that they would accept them e'ne with all his heart.
I would not have you thinke that of my selfe I this do faine,
To lie when no man doth compell me, were but little gaine.
The rudest things which in my booke I can repeate or tell,
At sundry times in sundry places, often have befell.
Nay, greedie gutlings have committed many a cleanly feate,

Which neither I, nor any other Poet can repeate.
Another time the man and master sate a boord together,
Because there was a feast, and they were both invited thether.
And divers other men of credite were invited there,
Which of the Cittie worthie Magistrates and Rulers were.
While at the table every stranger curtesie did use,
And every man to carve the rest did earnestly refuse,
Each man with carefull eye his neighboures gesture did behold,
But for to give the formost onset none durt be so bold.
The servant, having sate so long, his hunger did him teach,
To stint the quarrell of his guts some daintie dish to reach.
By your leave now at length to stay my stomacke Ile be bold,
For why to tell the troth (quoth he) I can no longer hold.
He tooke a peece of daintie meate, thus having to them said,
And having tooke it, boldly on his trencher he it laid.
Which when his master had espide, to blush he strait began
To thinke that he before the rest should have so bold a man.
Unto his sawcie man he many beeks and signes did make,
And in a soft and whispring manner many words he spake,
That he the meate which he had tooke, into the dish should put,
And let the strangers which were better men, beforen him cut.
The servant, when his masters nods and becks he did espy,
Not knowing well the cause thereof or what he meant thereby,
Having a gobbet in his mouth which round about he rold,
It was so big that in his mouth he scarcely could it hold,
He spewd the meate digested all againe into the dish,
Thinking thereby to satisfie his masters silent wish.
His master frowning more and more for that he did commit,
He halfe beside himselfe as in an extasie did fit.
Thus having sate a prettie while, he tooke the meate at last
From forth the dish, and on the ground he boldly did it cast.
For seeing that his master thus some future harme did threat,
And every stranger else abstained from touching of the meate,
He thought the meate digested did with poison him infect,
And therefore did some suddaine chance of present death expect.
A country farmer came to dinner to a kinsman deere,

He was unto him both by kindred and acquaintance neere.
He very glad of his approach great welcome to him gave.
Assuring him that all the cheere that might be, he should have.
He calls his neighbours presently, that they might with him dine,
And promiseth that no man there shall lacke for daintie wine.
They come, and every man doth take the place which he thinks fit,
Except his kinsman, which will after all the strangers sit.
In briefe, from forth his countrie sheathe his clownish knife he tooke,
Which being stainde with houshold bread, did somewhat bluntly looke.
Which he espying, strait with spittle did his whittle wet,
Supposing that by this meanes he the dirt from thence might get.
Then having wipte it on the cloth, it shone as bright as day,
So that upon his trencher then, he boldly might it lay.
When unto some the host such bits as he thought best had gave,
He bade the rest to carve themselves, if they good meate would have.
And strait the country fellow in the platter did espy
A daintie morsell clad in fat, which by it selfe did lie.
He being hungry, snatcht it as a daintie peece of meate,
And setting it before him, strait began thereof to eate.
His host, enforc'd to blush for shame, did into laughter breake,
And in that merrie vaine unto him in this sort did speake:
Good unckle, cast into the platter that unwholesome bit,
I pray restore it, for it is not for your diet fit.
And which agrees unto your stomacke, take this peece of mee,
Which for your daintie diet I suppose more fit to bee.
The countriman replide: Good coosen set aside your care,
Those cates which I have chose, according to my stomacke are.
That meate which next unto me in the platter I do finde,
Although you thinke it ne're so bad, it pleaseth well my minde.
I scarce shall finde a sweeter bit in any daintie dish,
And were it worse, I were content, such choise I do not wish.
Which having said, before them all the meate he did devoure,

Yet had no hurt at all, the man is living at this houre.
Another host by chance at boord mongst gentlemen did sit,
A clownish foole which was for such companions farre unfit,
And yet forsooth for all the rest he would a carver bee,
Although such neatenes with such clownish life did not agree.
He tore the raines from off the meate, a cleanly tricke, I trow,
And on a man of worship (as t'was meete) did them bestow.
He thinking them too good a bit, refusde the same to have,
And therefore to a man which was his friend, that morcell gave.
He likewise offerd to another friend that daintie meate,
But none among them all was found that would that morcell eate.
At lenght unto the carvers trencher they were turned strait,
But he suspecting that within them there was some deceit,
Halfe angry with them answered thus: What reason do you finde,
That, since all others do despise them, they should fit my minde?
Which having said, in rage and fume he cast away the meate,
That since the men refusde it so, the dogs the same might eate.
But now a beastly tale I tell, your patience I must crave,
Such things as beastly are, in beastly words you needes must have.
There was a gentleman of late was knowne to me full well,
But for a certaine cause, his name I list not heere to tell.
Him many noble men into their company would take,
Because he was a man which many prettie jests could make.
With store of bitter biting iests he any man would stricke,
And therefore merrie minded men his company did like.
And when he was amongst a crew whose favour he did love,
He many jests would offer store of laughter for to move,
A sort of youths constrainde him on a table for to clime
To make their worships merrie with some care-delighting rime.
About him many flockes of pleasant yonkers did resort,
To heare his iests, and try if he could make them any sport.
While they were gazing on him thus, he silent still did stand,
Premeditating of the matter which he had in hand.
At length reiecting shamefastnes, his breeches downe he put,
And in the presence of them all he emptied there his gut.

Which when it was perceivde of those which on the ground did stand,
Each man began to laugh alowde, and eke to clap his hand.
The gentlemen great store of money unto him did give,
This was the losse that he sustainde, because he thus did live.
Let those men now which have refusde to be accounted plaine,
Tell me, if clownish manners do not store of riches gaine.

Other civilities in emptying the bladder, vomiting, and other eleganties of behaviour.

Chapter VI.

THe store of urine oftentimes doth offer strangers wrong,
Whenas they are constrainde to sit at supper over long.
And therefore some well nurturde fooles presume to be so bold,
As longer then is requisite their water for to hold.
But they are sencelesse fooles their healths and lives to venture so,
And for a little manners sake such losse to undergo.
Thou which a wise man art, shouldst cast such foolish care aside,
That foı thy future profite by thy care thou maist provide.
Rise thou in dinner time, if thou perchance hast neede to leake,
A Gods name let that passage have which would thy bellie breake.
If any one among the rest do stop thine enterprise,
Although he be thy very friend, yet force him for to rise.
Or sitting at the table, if you finde you are ill,
Not fearing any, on the ground your urine you may spill.
All sharpe, severe, and crabbed manners you must now refuse,
Which of so many faults do plaine rusticitie accuse.
Those things which thou by other mens examples used hast,
Are iust, thou hast not beene the first, nor shalt thou be the last.
A gallant youth which of a worthie linage did discend,
Unto a banquet was of late invited by a frend.
Upon the boord was set such store of taste delighting meate,

As when the Gods above do 'Nectar' and 'Ambrosia' eate.
According to his calling, every stranger downe did sit,
Each choosing such things as he counted for his stomacke fit.
This yonker scarce was suffered his horses backe to leave,
But he was called presently his place for to receave.
He had no time allowd his bootes from off his legs to take:
Nor (which was woorst of all) his pinching water for to make.
As good lucke was, he by a dainty wenches side did sit,
And now beganne his future paine and trouble to forget.
But haplesse he (as nothing which is good can ever last),
His future paine assailed him, his pleasure soone was past;
For being very dry, he store of drinke beganne to gull,
So that before he was aware, his bladder soone was full.
And yet (unhappy he) he durst not from the table rise,
Lest he should seeme unmannerly in all the strangers eyes.
Wherefore a great while sundry meanes and helps he did invent,
Whereby the better his ensuing harme he might prevent.
But still his paines increasing more, he was in such a case,
That he was forcde to take his counsell of the time and place,
Into his boote (which was a wide one) such a thing he put,
That he, in little space, of all his water freed his gut.
Under the boord to hold his hand a while he was compelld,
As if some other weighty thing he in the same had held,
Untill his boote was filld up with the urine to the top,
And yet the water powred from the fountaine drop by drop.
Meane time the maide which at the table sate unto him neere,
Perceiving all, perswaded him to have a valiant cheere.
And strait she tooke him by the hand which he so busied had,
Desiring him to tell the reason, why he was so sad:
And strait from foorth his codpeece he was forcde his hand to bring,
And in the same against his will his maid-delighting thing.
Looke off, looke off some other way, you maides, by nature kinde,
For feare that such an object make you ever after blinde.
This lucklesse yonker being thus surprised in such haste,
Was forcde upon the table store of water for to cast.

In selfe same sort as when the neighbours water use to fling
Upon an house halfe burnt with fire, or any other thing.
He came unto that banquet in a most unhappie morne,
And sure, I thinke, under a lucklesse plannet he was borne.
Thus being scofft of all, he sate, not daring once to rise,
But in a sad and mournefull sort he hid his bashfull eyes.
At length, by store of pleasant wine these cares his heart forsooke,
And setting shame and feare aside, a courage stowt he tooke.
In briefe, when every man had tipled well, it so did chance,
That every man must after supper leade a wench a dance.
This yonker then (although this dancing he did hardly love),
Was forc'd according to the fiddles sound his legs to move.
Each time that he remov'd his feete, he shooke the massie ground,
And all the house with store of showts and echoes did resound.
As oft as ere this yonker from the ground his legs did pull,
Having his bootes (too big before) with store of water full:
So oft they forc'd him to remember that unseemely thing,
And oft the fault forgot they did afresh remembrance bring.
And then afresh each man began at him to laugh and mocke,
He was the cause that made himselfe so base a laughing stocke.
As soone as dancing time was past, that he might private bee,
He found a means whereby from laughter he himselfe might free.
In midst of all the maides and men which compast him apace,
He put his watry buskins off, the cause of his disgrace,
And gave them to his man, that to the fire he might them beare,
Which quickly would exhaust the vapors that within them were.
His trustie servant by the way espide a bed by chance,
Provided for to rest their bones which in the hall did dance.
Hither the carefull servant did his masters buskins beare,
And having made the bed poste fit, he forthwith hung them there.
And then began the youth to banish care from forth his breast,
Beginning once againe to be as iocond as the rest.
But now the time of drowsie mid-night had approached nie,
And every stranger made him readie to his bed to hie.
When every man in quiet sort was gone unto his bed,
Therein untill the morrow morne to rest his sleepie head,

Amongst the rest there was a fellow of a foolish minde,
Which having eate such meate as hurtfull to him he did finde,
When all the other strangers did their sleepe in quiet take,
He eating over-much, was troubled with the bellie-ake.
And therefore was he forc'd to rise, thinking to walke abroad,
That in the yard he of his burden might himselfe unload.
The doores by chance were lockt, and therefore he would
finde no way,
And which was worse then all the rest, he could no longer stay.
In briefe, he found the bootes upon the bed which there did stand,
The which as soone as ere he felt, he caught them in his hand.
Both hard and soft which hurt his bellie, into them he sent,
Which having done, immediately unto his bed he went.
As soone as ere the shining day-starre gan for to appeare,
To manifest unto the world that 'Sols' approach was neere,
The yonker mindefull of the sturre which he last night did make,
Began betimes unto his horse himselfe for to betake.
Providing on his legs in haste his cleanly bootes to pull,
But out alas unhappie man, with dirt the one was full.
What shall he do? if cry, the company will him deride,
Wherefore its best to keepe it close, and every thing abide.
He must indure it, if heere after he have any wit,
Unto so bad a crew in haste himselfe hee'le not commit.
Suppose thou art a man of credite and of great esteeme,
And one which in a cittie Ruler once or twice hast beene,
When in a strange and unknowne country you arrived are,
It is your best your offices and titles to declare.
Such worship as is requisite they will not to you give,
Unlesse you brag in what account you in your country live.
But if a meanes to blaze abroad your name you cannot tell,
And neither any man demands nor knowes your worship well,
Then with a most attentive eare this precept learne of mee,
Which if you practise, you in great account with all shall bee:
Upon a time, a Doctor to a famous inne did come,
About the time whenas the world is robbed of the Sunne,
And after him there thither came more strangers presently,

It being late, each man forthwith unto his bed did hie.
This Doctor not unto one stranger that was there, was knowne,
And therefore he not once saluted, sadly sate alone.
When all were set to dinner, he was faine to be the last,
And therefore heavily upon the ground his eyes he cast.
He tooke nor pleasure nor delight with eating of his food,
The store of dainty wine he drunke did him but little good.
To be in honour and account so greatly he did thurst,
That he with care to compasse it his heart did almost burst.
Thus having sate awhile, when he with wine was whitled well,
By this meanes he occasion tooke his calling for to tell:
From off his shaven crowne his Doctors cap he tooke with speede,
Hoping by meanes thereof to get some credite at his neede.
And hanging it upon a naile which there he did espie,
Such pleasant words as these began to speake immediatly:
Enough, enough at length of sorrow and of pining care,
Tis time at length to laugh and quaffe with those whiche merry are.
There hang the Doctor which the crabbed lessons usde to reade,
Mirth more befits this pleasant crew, this is no time to pleade.
Then lest my Doctors name should hinder all my future sport,
And tell me, that it fits not me mongst roysters to resort,
The title of a Doctor for a while Ile lay aside,
And take it up, when I into my native country ride.
When all the strangers in the house the Doctor did behold,
Each man began to thinke that with him they had beene to bold.
And rising, asked pardon of him for that great disgrace,
Intreating him, as was his due, to choose the highest place.
And every one began a cup of wine to him to drinke,
And thus the Doctor got his grace and honour due, I thinke.
When you with any place of publicke credite graced are,
Or when the Citty on your necke hath layde the publicke care,
Within thy lofty minde be sure to lodge disdaine and scorne,
Because thou knowst that unto fame and honour thou art borne.
If to abuse thy calling thou doost any man permit,
I cannot choose but thinke that thou hast almost lost thy wit.

I will repeate, although I almost am ashamde to tell,
What great disgrace unto a learned scholler once befell.
When many tedious toyles in diverse places he had passt,
By learning he was made a maister of his Arte at last,
And therefore he with speede into his native country rid,
To see his antient kinsmen and acquaintance, how they did.
And after in that pleasant iorney he a day had spent,
Being both wearie and be-nighted, to an inne he went.
Within the selfe-same inne a maid that night her lodging tooke,
A maid which had a shining beautie, yet a bashfull looke.
Their supper being readie made, when every thing was fit,
The scholler by the selfe-same virgins side did chance to sit.
Forthwith a loftie kinde of pride the schollers minde possest,
And he desired to be bolder farre then all the rest.
He thought it reason that the greatest stranger he should seeme,
And so he did, for most of them did highly him esteeme.
One man there was among the rest which greatly disallowd
In secret sort that any scholler should be thought so prowd.
For having in another place his fellow lately beene,
He knew the scholler, and his pride he oft before had seene.
Having a wit which he before in divers iests had tride,
He practisde divers meanes whereby the scholler to deride.
Still nothing, all the foolish trickes which in him he could finde,
His onely purpose was to make him leave his haughtie minde.
The scholler not regarding well this craftie fellowes drift,
Because his head did itch, his hand unto the same did lift,
And with his hand his itching head in tender sort did scratch,
From which a cause of great abuse the tother strait did catch.
And then intending certainely his loftie thoughts to breake,
Unto him presently these unexspected words did speake:
I pray, sir, tell me, if as yet those lice about you bee
Which, as you know, upon your body I did lately see?
And is it possible that you not remedie should have,
By that some medicine which to you the Poticarie gave?
Why sure the man I speake of, makes an ointment very well,
And hath as many powrefull salves as many man can sell.

These words, as if they had beene truth, he soberly did speake,
And though they were but faind, he into laughter did not breake.
The scholler being thus disgrac'd, was forc'd to part away,
And, putting up this great abuse, had not a word to say.
Anger and shame did so his loftie swelling heart confound,
His minde which lately pierc'd the skies, was then upon the ground.
His learned Logicke could not then his fading fame defend,
Nor could he be reveng'd for this discredite of his friend.
By this discredite and ill lucke you may example take,
Lest some man in the selfesame sort a foole of you should make.
And if you see a man which unto credite loves to mount,
Which of his neighbours and his friends is held in great account,
T'will be a meanes whereby thou maist thine owne preferment get,
If thou in lower estimation canst this peacocke set.
At meate mongst many gallants once a carter chanced to sit,
And tooke from forth ech dish such meate as did his stomacke fit.
One onely cup there was, and every man drunke of the same,
According as in order due unto his course it came.
At length it came unto the carters course to take a sip,
Which doing, in his course he quite forgot to wipe his lip.
And therefore all the greasie fat which on his lips did cleave,
Within the pot in comely sort he was constrainde to leave.
Which thing when some espide, they did not like it very well,
And yet were loth the country fellow of his fault to tell.
But strait among themselves a statute they did soone invent,
Whereby the like committing of this fault they might prevent.
He which here after should infect the wine within the pot,
Should all alone for punishment discharge the future shot.
The Carter, when he saw they did a law gainst him devise,
Summond his wits, and crost their purpose in this craftie wise.
The next time that to drinke a sip unto his course it came,
Turning the botome to the skies, he tipled off the same.
Which having done, unto the yonkers in this wise he spoke:

You cannot say that I (well meaning man) your law have broke.
What filth can any of you all finde swimming in the pot,
When theres no wine? if youle accuse me, Ile discharge the shot.
Thus did the Carter cosen them without their statutes breach,
And by his over-seeing wit their craft did over-reach.
A common officer was once on a Ambassage sent,
And from a needie countrie to a wealthie king he went.
His bisnes was some naughtie wine unto the King to give.
But he which alwayes did before in simple manners live,
As soone as ere the person of the King he did espie,
In trembling sort for feare of him beganne alowd to cry.
Thus standing, of his embassage had not a word to say,
But (as the lambe dooth from the woolfe) would faine have run away.
The King perceiving him to tremble, thus unto him saide:
Take courage, man, I give thee leave to speake, be not afraide.
At length th'embassador from off his head his hatte did take,
And simply rowling it upon his thumbe, a leg did make;
And taking courage, soone could speake as fast as ere he list,
Wherefore he thus beganne his speech, when all the hall was whist:
Good morrow, woorthy Prince, which in this place arte held so deare,
Attentively such wordes as I shall speake, vouchsafe to heare.
The Marchants of our country for a truth to us report
That you (thrice noble king) have store of wine of ev'ry sort,
And that among good fellowes night and day you love to bee,
And eke that you will quaffe and drinke as long as you can see:
They therefore, hoping thus to make you their unfained friend,
Presumed to your maiesty this pleasant wine to send.
Such naughty wine as this is, since no better we can get,
We are constrainde to quench our thirsts in great esteeme to set.
But seldome thou hast tasted this, thou glutted arte with thine,
Accept it then, not ev'ry man hath such a cup of wine.

Which having saide, from foorth a bagge the wine he quickely tooke,
Intreating him most heartily upon the same to looke.
By chance, as thus he reacht it forth, he in the same did spie
Some dust, or little straw which on the top thereof did lie,
And thinking upon many shifts whereby to take it out,
His carefull eies in evry corner he did cast about.
By chaunce, as thus he lookt about him with a carefull minde,
A paire of cleanely snuffers on a table he did finde.
Which having thus espide, on poynts he durst no longer stand,
But thinking they were therefore made, he caught them in his hand.
And boldly with a nimble hand he put them in the cup,
Wherewith from the same the dust and strawes he fished up.
Then to the smiling king he drunke a draught with all his heart,
And without taking leave, into his country did depart.
More drunken trickes concerning wine I would not heere repeate,
But that a crew of drunkards earnestly do me intreate.
I long to make an end, and yet so instantly they crave,
That force perforce two other trickes of drunkards you must have.
Such store of sundry wines upon a time a drunkard dranke,
That no two kindes amongst them all grew on the selfe-same banke.
Each sundry kinde within his bellie gan to pitch its field,
No wine there was among them all which would allegeance yield.
These civill warres the drunkards sleepie minde did hardly please,
And therefore thus he gan to speake being not well at ease:
I wonder what should be the cause my guts are at such strife,
I never felt such civill warre before in all my life.
Tell me, you raging wines, which in mee such a tumult keepe,
What is the cause that you disturbe your master in his sleepe?
I charge you, either presently your selves to reconcile,
And lay aside those armes which you have usde so long a while,
Or else from forth my bellies bounds I will you banish quite,

Ile spew and belch you up againe, unlesse you leave your fight.
Which having said, they venturde still to trouble him againe,
Then he, a man which scornde to seeme to threaten them in vaine,
Those wines, in drinking of the which his silver he had spent,
From forth into the emptie aire from out his bellie sent,
Whereby his banisht rest unto his guts he did restore,
The battell ceasde, and he was troubled with their strife no more.
If such like fits at any time presume to trouble thee,
Follow but this example, and thou quickly shalt be free.
If so it chance to thee as unto one it once befell,
Thou well maist brag in vomiting thou all men shalt excell.
Which while as briefly as I can I doe to thee repeate,
If thou wilt but attentive be, thy profite shall be great.
A sort of good companions once for store of wine did call,
And drunke thereof so largely, that they tooke no rest at all.
Amongst the rest a beastly knave of belches utterd store,
A signe which future vomiting doth alwayes goe before.
Another which was by, from off his head did take his hat,
Promising, if he wanted, he should have the use of that.
If thou perchance hast neede to vomite, this I will thee lend,
And fill it if thou canst (quoth he) because thou art my frend.
Which having said, the fellowes stomacke gan to rise in haste,
So that into the same great store of wine and meate he cast,
And strait his hat began with meate and wine to over-flow,
This was a pleasant smell for him that held the hat, I trow.
As soone as ere he saw his hat was spoild therewith indeede,
He thought he would not so give o're, but further did proceede,
And on his honest neighbours head presumde the hat to place,
And strait the vomite ranne about his shoulders and his face,
Each man began to clap his hands which did the fellow see,
This pleasant tricke to all their humours fitly did agree.
The man which vomited, therewith was pleased at the heart,
And after they were all made friends, they homeward did depart.

Farting and belching of Orators, holding your water, and other such like clownishnes.

Chapter VII.

THus farre concerning duties when at banquets you do sit,
And now Ile tell those things which are for other places fit.
An Oratour unto a forraine country late did go,
Which both in eloquence and counsell did abound and flow.
Before a mightie Princesse and a sort of virgins kinde
This eare-inchanting Oratour must utter all his minde.
Wherefore, obtaining leave to speake, such grace with them he found,
Before he would beginne, he gravely lookt upon the ground.
Which having done, as soone as to beginne his speech he meant,
In comely sort for manners sake his knees he gravely bent,
And being full of courtesie, he chancde to bend too lowe,
And unawares into the ayre he let a fart to go:
But notwithstanding not a whit ashamed at the deede,
Unto his purpose which he had in hand, he did proceede.
Each one, dissembling, made as if the fart they had not heard,
Except one maide, which all their manners with her laughter marr'd.
Who while she strivde out of her laughing vaine her selfe to put,
Unhappy she her tender buttockes close she did not shut,
And therefore let a fart, whose pleasant sound was somewhat sharpe,
If you had heard it, youlde ha thought t'had beene a tuned harpe.
He being mindefull of his owne fault, from his speech did breake,
And tooke occasion in this wise unto the maids to speake:
Proceede in order ev'ry one of you (faire Nymphs), proceede
To give your winde free passage, it will helpe you at your neede.
And when it comes unto my turne to doe the same againe,
Ile doe my best to let another, though my selfe I straine.
Then strait the maide beganne to blush, seeing her fault was spide,

Her cheekes were dide as red as bloud, and she her face did hide.
The other maides with store of laughter did their bodies shake,
And thus the Rethoritan of his speech an end did make.
But, for we have begunne to speake of learned men indeede,
We will not leave our first intent, but in the same proceede.
Another time there to a princes stately palace came
An Orator, which by his wit purchasde immortall fame.
With store of costly silkes and stately robes he was attirde,
He was a man whome all his country honord and admirde.
As soone as might be, he was sent for to the princes hall,
And there had licence to pronounce his speech before them all.
Strait into many lofty wordes he boldely gan to breake,
And with a stately swelling voyce he thundring wordes did speake.
But he was forcde by belching ev'ry sentence to repeate,
Which was a signe what kindes of cates he yesterday did eate.
It was a fault which from his childhoode he did alwayes use,
And though he labord nere so much, he could it not refuse.
The prince which did attentively behold him, markt the same.
And angry, marveld that he durst presume so much for shame.
And yet he cloakt his wrath, and would into rayling breake,
But with a pleasant looke unto him thus beganne to speake:
Most learned man, it grieves me not thine eloquence to heare,
For unto it with all my heart I lent my listning eare;
But for because more weighty matters doe my presence crave,
The residue thereof to morrow willingly weele have.
Meane time the king devised many pollicies to use,
Whereby the Rethoritians utterance he might abuse.
As soone as ere the morrow came, the Scholler he did call,
To make an end of his begunne Oration in the hall.
By chance a base and simple man was thither sent for too,
Which for alittle silver any beastly tricke would doe.
He was so well a practised man in farting, that he coulde
Let farts at any mans commaundement, whensoere he woulde.
As soone as ere he came, the king in friendly manner saide:
There is a certaine feate to doe, wherein we lacke thine aide.

A Doctors coate and cap upon him he did quickely place,
And tolde him all things which were fitte in such a crafty case.
The Rethoritian spoke as he the day before had done,
And at the end of ev'ry sentence he to belch begunne.
The Doctor also, not forgetting his enjoyned arte,
Beganne at end of ev'ry belch most decently to fart.
What shall the Rethoritian doe? He first beganne to chide
The Doctor for his beastlinesse which quickely was espide.
Thus thinking to proceede in railing at him for the same,
He thought upon his owne offence, and then he blusht for shame.
Which when the king espide, he into laughter strait did breake,
And to the blushing Rethoritian thus beganne to speake:
This Doctor also unto us from forraine countries came
To make a speech, he is a man of great renowne and fame.
And as it is your use to belch at ev'ry sentence end,
Which in your country as a credite all perhaps commend,
To fart in like sort this our Doctor counts a royall thing,
And as a custome from his country hither doth it bring.
Which having saide, the Rethoritian strait his leave did take,
Enforced in the middle of his speech an end to make.
A man began to tell a tale of newes and manners past,
The Preface of the which was like an houre or two to last.
To which one man among the rest gave his attentive eare,
As being willing that which he recited, for to heare.
Meane time his bladder was so full, no more it could sustaine,
(The keeping of the urine often breedeth mickle paine)
But (foolish man) the present tale so much he did effect,
That he durst hardly stirre, lest he the storie should neglect.
By chance he had a little purse, made of a Squirrels skin,
Which lately he provided had to keepe his mony in.
He thought it better this his purse with urine for to fill,
Then loosing of that pleasant storie, so to want his will.
He knew that urine held too long did often danger bring,
And therefore carefully prevented such a future thing.
Not long ago, a Doctor which in learning well was taught,
By this meanes most unluckily unto his end was brought.

Amongst a sort of gallant maides he in a coach did ride,
Incompassed with store of bashfull maides on every side.
Not many houres amongst the youthfull virgins he had sate,
Talking of chaste virginitie, and such like harmelesse chat,
But that his bladder being filld with urine to the brim,
Some speedie passage privately it did demand of him.
And yet to stirre from forth the coach he would not take the paine,
Thinking it better any paine or perill to sustaine.
He was so chaste, that rather then hee'd trouble maid or wife,
He thought it better farre to stand in danger of his life.
At length, his bladder with such store of urine was ore-lade,
That all his bowells burst, and so the water passage had.
And he within a day or two was forc'd his life to leave.
This was the profite which by shamefastnes he did receave.
Wherefore, lest thou the like incurre, refuse not any thing,
Rather then thus thy selfe in danger of thy life to bring.
I thinke it good the tale which followes to recite to thee,
Because it is a tale which argues great Simplicitie.
Of late, a clowne which all the trickes of former times did know,
And livde therein, for these our dayes can none so simple show,
Came to an antient friend of his whome long he had not seene,
And when that store of friendly talke had passed them betweene,
At length they came (as strangers use) to couple hand in hand,
It is a right on which olde friends do often use to stand.
But first to make his nostrels cleane the clowne would be so bolde,
And all the snot which thence he tooke, he in his hand did holde,
And then his antient friend he boldely by the hand did take,
Saying, lo, heeres a signe, how much of thee (my friend) I make.
The cause, why thus he did, was this: he in great feare did stand,
Lest that perhaps the tothers fist should hurt his tender hand.
Wherefore to ease his palme with soft and tender fleame he meant,
That he thereby the future blow the better might prevent.
A thousand such like trickes as these I could to thee repeate,

The practise of the which would make thy fame and credite great.
But that I know this little booke of mine too long would bee,
If all things which my selfe have seene, I should recite to thee.
If by thy wit the things which I have tolde, thou practise can,
I doubt not but thou soone wilt proove a rude and simple man.
'Flaccus' himselfe desires in precepts brevitie to finde,
That so they may be kept the better in the Schollers minde;
And yet those precepts which are writ i'th end of this my booke,
Since they be few, you ought upon them carefully too looke:
The simple life of country farmers which the field doe plow,
And all their rusticke trickes must be esteemed deere of you.
Those things which other curious Critickes doe exhort thee to,
Neglect them all, with gravitie you nothing have to doe:
If some men you can crosse, and stirre up laughter unto some,
You neede not care for any more, your duety you have done.
And now (well nurturde youth) I bid thee kindely to fare well,
And thinke on all those wholesome rules which I too thee did tell.

Grobiana, or concerning fitting virgins, both at home and abroad, in banquet, and divers other places.

Chapter VIII.

Methinks already I have said enough of manners rude,
And therefore willingly this present booke I would conclude,
But that the tender virgins do so earnestly intreate
That some few precepts for their use I also would repeate.
What shall I do? Consent, or no? Whether will prove the best?
To do as they require, or contradict their iust requset?
The last I will not do; attend, attend, you virgins all,
Behold a man which is preparde and readie at your call.
Some precepts I will give whereby your manners for to frame,
They shall be few, but you shall reape great profite by the same.
It is not neede for your instruction many trickes to tell.

You are so prone, that all men you in clownish trickes excell.
Nature her selfe, which scornes the helpe of any others trade,
Unto all kindes of vice your sect most tractable hath made.
Yet notwithstanding that which unto me 'Appollo' told,
Since all I speake is true, to tell it you I dare be bold.
You maides which neither modest, honest, nice, nor bashfull are,
Approach, and for your profits of my precepts have a care.
When through a publicke cittie streetes to wander you desire,
(For my part, I am not enforc'd to looke to your attire)
Permit your wandring gadding eyes in every place to bee,
So that before, behinde, on everie side, you all may see.
The minde which nere committed any trespasse, may be bold
Each man, each thing in every corner, freely to behold.
And with a brazen fore-head looke the prowdest in the face,
Let those looke downe which for offence have suffred some disgrace.
With both your hands in comely sort hold up your coates you may,
If, as you walke, you chance to enter any dirtie way.
Let both your knees and eke your milke-excelling tighes be spide,
But go no further, parts which higher are you ought to hide.
By this meanes many yonkers hearts and favours you shall have,
And some will of your parents for their wedded wife you crave.
What though perchance your stockings are bespotted all with durt,
Yet if I should espy them, I should thinke it little hurt.
It argues that about your busines diligent you are,
And of the thing which you have tooke in hand, you have a care.
This maid about her buisnes with such care and fore-sight goes,
That she can scarce finde idle time to rub her durtie hose.
To shew your bosome unto all, and eke your naked breast,
Because it is a very comely sight, I hold it best.
Your tender dugges and snow-white necke must be beheld of all,
Which when some wenching youth espies, in love with you hee'le fall.

I neither will so seneelesse nor so bashfull ever bee,
But that I will desire a maid in such a case to see.
Those lovely partes which may be seene of all men, all will love,
But no man chooseth hidden things, before he do them prove.
As thus you walke to take your pleasure in the dirtie streete,
If with a wench which your acquaintance was, you chance to meete,
You neede not with good morrow, nor good den begin to speake,
But bluntly into talke of divers weightie matters breake.
Maides and great mishaps there are, which many men oppresse,
Which they (poore soules) are forc'd to beare with patience ne'rethelesse.
Their parents hard and crabbed censure oft they must abide,
With cruell words, and bitter taunts their daughters oft they chide.
Their curst and crabbed mistris makes them oftentimes to weepe,
When she their tender neckes in choler churlishly doth keepe.
And yong men also do their trustie lovers oft deceave,
When promising to marrie them, alone they do them leave.
Of these, and such like things, to her be sure thy plaint to make,
That use of tongue which Nature gave thee, freely thou maist take.
Your sect hath store of eloquence its weakenes to defend,
That gift to woman-kinde, I thinke, great Jove himselfe did send.
Then since it is your gift to talke, have something still to say,
With trifling matters it is good to drive the time away.
For ten houres space at least your talke begun had neede to last,
By no meanes you must cease till then, although you have great haste.
Meane time (although when maides lacke words it is a strange event),
If you perchance lacke words wherewith the time for to prevent:
The trickes and acts of other men beginne for to repeate,
Of such things you shall matter have all day for to intreate.

What rules and precepts to their folkes your neighbours use to give,
As also in what order they themselves do use to live,
What meate your neighbours boord affoords, what drinke he most doth drinke,
What store of cattell he doth keepe, how rich he is you thinke,
These things, and such as these, and many an hundred thousand more,
If you lacke things whereof to talke, will yield you matter store.
Speake boldly any thing of any man that him may vex,
You have a priviledge there to, by reason of your sex.
And yet if with your words you any honest man defame,
I would not have you say that I was author of the same.
By this time you have ceasde from prating with your loving frend,
Begin at length, reiecting trifles, homeward for to bend.
As home you go, with peares, with nuts, with apples you shall meete,
Which men and women use to sell to those that walke the streete.
You for a pennie or three halfe-pence may as many buy
As will your daintie costard monging stomacke satisfie.
As you go homeward, in the streete you may them boldly eate,
No man, I thinke, will blame a maid for eating of her meate.
If any chance to mocke thee, tell them they are all thine owne,
Thou paidst for them, not one by him upon thee was bestowne.
Meane time perchance unto the cittie Players there are come,
Which round about the towne proclaime their Play by sownd of drum.
Unto the vulgars store of feates and active trickes theile show,
That they upon them to maintaine them something may bestow.
Many profane and base, both words and actions they will have,
Which are mislikte of such as are of life and manners grave.
And yet it is thy dutie unto every word to harke,
And all their gestures and their actions carefully to marke.
To all their wanton words you your attentive eare must give,
According unto that you heare, heere after you must live.

Whether you naughty words do heare, or beastly sights do see,
To blush at either of them both is not beseeming thee.
For one which for some great offence hath suffred some disgrace,
You will be thought, if blushing colours are within your face.
Let nothing in your cheekes a red unseemely colour raise,
Keepe still this rule, there can be found no neerer way to praise.
All men will thinke that you the way to vice did never know,
If in your gestures you no signe of blushing use to show.
But if you use to laugh alowd, as if that you were madde,
All men will thinke that of my Book the practise you have had.
Thinke it not any great disgrace to make thy selfe a mate
At such like feasts as olde and yong do use to celebrate.
But if thou wilt give eare unto my precepts and to me,
At such like banquetings as these thou present oft shalt be.
For mongst a sort of youths whose wits are sharp with store of beere,
Great store of things convenient for thy purpose thou maist heare,
Which to thy simple life thou maist apply, I tell thee plaine,
Amongst such men in such like places clownishnes doth raigne.
I tell you, maide, it is no trifle closely for to spie
Those vices which in yong mens manner closely use to lie.
When wine doth rule them, all their secret counsels you may finde,
Wine is a great betrayer and bewrayer of the minde.
Perchance there at the present feast will also drunken bee
Thy love, thou then maist know th'affection which he beares to thee.
And that this meaning and intent thou maist the better prove,
Thou oughtst to have a care to sit the next unto thy love.
When he is drunke, to all his deedes and wordes thou oughtst to harke,
And with a carefull eie how many pots he drinkes to marke.
Perchance the wine and you may urge him promise for to make
That very shortly for his loving wife he will you take.
If he consent, love domineering o're the captive boy,

You must not hide your love too long, nor must you be too coy.
Beginne to drinke a cup of wine unto him for his sake.
Thy good example will enforce the youth more wine to take.
And having tooke the cup, be sure to drinke off ev'ry drop,
Although the wine be strong and olde, and filld unto the top.
Intreate thy love to pledge thee, then beginne thy cup to fill,
And tell him that you dranke it off to purchase his good will:
If then for manners sake thy love beginne to thee againe,
You cannot shunne it, kindely it to take you shall be faine,
And at one draught, because your lover doth the same desire,
You ought to drinke it off, for so your youthfull yeere require.
Inchaunted with thy kindenes then, his love he will impart,
Which he so long in secret sort had nourisht in his hart.
And then by many publike signes his love he will betray,
Which from you he so long before in jeast had kept away.
Then heele beginne to holde your tender dugs within his hand,
And range in all those snowie vales which round about them stand.
Which while he doth, in loving sort you ought to sit at ease,
I know this likes you wel, and therefore cannot me displease.
It is no hurt to me; and yet thus much you ought to know,
If this you suffer, you your credites cracke must undergoe.
Your credite and your honest name may quickely both be lost,
But to repaire them both againe, a greater price twill cost.
When thus your love is surely drunke, you ought of him to know
With fawning wordes what giftes he meanes upon you to bestow.
He needes must yeeld, for with a double wound he gins to pine,
The one with love of thee, the other store of strongest wine.
Though many gifts he give, and also promise greater store,
Yet be not thou ashamed, still aske him more and more.
Though many great rewards he give thee, never be content,
Tell him he spares, and all his goodes on other maides are spent.
And yet sometimes, that greater gifts of him you may procure,
To send some little gift or token unto him be sure.
I purpose not in this my booke to teach you 'Ovids' art,
My scope is nothing like, my precepts doe from him depart.

If you to scoffe or mocke your faithful lover have a minde,
I tel you plaine in my booke no such counsel you shal finde.
But if you with a carefull minde 'Pelignus' verses reade,
Heele teach you perfectly in these my rusticke lines to treade.
In former times it was accounted as a speciall grace
A garland, made of sweetest flowers, in your head to place.
But since that this no other maides but country vulgars did,
To set such garlands on your head I flatly you forbid.
Indeede the former simple ages did the same approve
But these our latter times doe other finer garments love.
Such things as are too vulgar, are of us dispraised quite,
The world dooth nowadayes in newer fashions more delight.
Wherefore hang you a garland on your nose in pleasant wise,
That it may cover almost halfe your forehead and your eies.
But lest you should suppose my counsell foolish for to bee,
Attend, and you a reason of my counsell strait shall see:
Thus much you know, the garland that you weare must needs be made
Of finest hearbs and flowers sweete, which will not quickely fade.
You may delight your tender nosthrils with the pleasant smell,
And of your braine twill also be accepted very well.
That smell into the empty ayre with currant passage goes,
Unlesse your garland, made of flowers, hang upon your nose.
Be not ashamed alwayes in your armes a whelp to beare,
Wherewith you may both sport and play, whense're you idle are.
When in your belly you have any painefull rumbling fart,
Which dooth beginne (unhappy wench) to grieve thee at the heart,
The same you boldely ought into the empty aire to send,
Which with its gripes and pinchings did your bowells much offend.
Perchance the smell thereof offends some person in that place,
Beginning shamelessly the maker of it to disgrace.
Your little dogge to save your credite then is very fit,
Blame onely him, as if that he your trespasse did commit
Say that twas he, and none but he that did the aire perfume

To contradict you in this case theres no man dares presume.
Twixt fleas and women there was strife, ere since the world begunne,
And will (I thinke) continue also, till the same be done.
The crafty flea in little holes and corners still doth lie,
And in the night (which is her day) she prickes your tender tigh.
And into womens tender skinnes her biting beak sheele thrust,
Where she will feede upon them, till she ready be to burst.
This paine doth in the night from sleepe the maidens so awake,
That they are forcde for ayde themselves unto their armes to take.
Wherefore, if any such like foe thy tender skinne offend,
Betake thee to thy weapons strait thy body to defend.
Whether it be at home that she presumes thee to assaile,
Or gainst you, when you are abroad, hopes better to prevaile,
You neede not care, though ne're so many men be standing by,
Which will your cruelty against the nimble flea espy.
But having cast off all your clothes, seeke you your secret foe,
That he the punishment which he deservde, may undergo.
In valiant sort from foorth his lurking denne the captive bring,
Let no man there beg pardon for his life for any thing.
The rest, perceiving this your cruelty, will have a care,
Lest, feeding on your tender skinne, they also taken are.
It is impossible that you in rest should ever live,
Unles his deaths wound unto some one enemy you give.
But now, lest you should thinke some precepts wanting for to bee,
A tricke which thou must immitate, I must propound to thee.
A publike meeting once there was with an antient towne,
And many weighty matters heard fore men of great renowne.
Hither a certaine woman came their orders for to know,
Desiring to have notice how ech matter there did goe.
When she with great attention had many howers past,
Her belly, filld too full with meate, began to ake at last.
The meate which she digested had, began of her to crave,

That, if she lovde her health, with speede some passage it might have.
She taking in the matters handling pleasure at the hart,
Having so good a place, was loath from foorth it to depart.
By chance she had a bag, wherein great store of bookes there was,
Because she was an holy maide, and given much to masse,
Into the which her bellies griefe she presently did put,
And staid to heare all matters ended, having easde her gut.
If you wil take my counsel, you this tricke shall oft peruse,
Perchance there will occasion come, when you the same shall use.
But (foolish as I am) the lingring time what neede I spend?
Since all which is to come behinde, in three wordes I might end.
Those wholesome precepts which I lately unto yongmen gave,
To serve your turne, whenas you lacke you may them also have:
But yet I dare not say that all their precepts will be fit,
But take the best, as for the worst, to others them commit.
Exspect nor love nor praise of those which wise and honest are,
And as for pleasing crabbed Sophisters, take you no care.
But as your Tutor I command, be alwaies sure to live,
And have a care unto my yoake your captive necke to give.
My selfe the straightest way that is, to modestie will leade,
You cannot erre, nor go amisse, if in my steps you treade.
A greater store of precepts yet to you repeate I might,
In practise of the which you could not choose but take delight,
But that my muse me to my bed to rest my selfe doth send,
Commanding me of this my morall booke to make an end.
Wherefore farewell. If by my booke you any profite take,
I aske no more but this: Defend it for its Authors sake.

The Authors conclusion to Master Simon Bing, wherein he sheweth all the intent and practise of this present worke.

THis raging sea (most deere friend 'Bing') with good successe at last,
Helpt by thy friendly Pilots hand, my tattred ship hath past.
If to the waters mercy I had trusted all alone,

I know my ship had long ago with waves beene over-throwne.
But your exspected kindenes without faintnes did me leade,
Inticing me with fearelesse heart in paths unknowne to treade.
I thinke that you unto my ship a gentle hand did send,
By whose conducture this my boat obtainde its hop'd for end.
My ship at length hath found the haven which she did desire,
And now in quiet from such boistrous waters will retire.
Although perhaps I nothing got but labour for my paine,
And cannot as I would, the marke at which I aimde attaine,
Yet is your favour ne'rethelesse, the fault my selfe commit,
All the defect which can be found, is in my slender wit.
But since it can no better be, with this I am content
That I have hit the marke as well as I to hit it meant.
Wherefore the ship with all the sailes I dedicate to thee,
That by thy care from after-claps it may defended bee,
Lest any swelling stormes should hurt it, being torne and weake,
Or future tempests by their raging blasts the same should breake.
For what availes it to have caught the long desired shore?
Or to have scap'd those gulfes which safely we have passed o're?
Unlesse your wonted love and kindenes do me still pursue,
And I heereafter also may inioy the love of you.
Although my ship at haven stands, yet when the windes do blow,
The raging waves which rise, my ship may quickly over-throw.
But your good will may as an anchors unremoved stay
My wavering ship from all mischances, when it lies at bay.
To take tuition of my verse of thee I humbly crave,
And (gentle Bing) be sure of it unfained care to have,
If that the matter and the methode be but lik'd of thee,
I hope of no man else my paines can much misliked bee.
It may be, few or none at all will much esteeme my verse,
Because in civill sort my iests I use not to reherse.
Some men perchance will therefore no my painefull labours love,
Because forsooth my verses do not store of laughter move.
What though some other thinke my verses lothsome, base, and vile?
Because forsooth they are not written in a loftie stile,

Will therefore every man condemne my labour and my paine?
Is both my care, my time, and toile consumed all in vaine?
I cannot tell, I looke for better fortune: for I know,
Though this my worke will unto some both base and lothsome show:
Yet some there are, I know, which will my painefull worke applaude,
And tis as much as I desire of some to merite laude.
Within my booke no praise-deserving precepts written are,
Nor any salves which from the minde have force to banish care.
And yet unlesse that my coniecture doth me much deceive,
He which peruseth well this booke, some profite may receive.
Manners which clownish are, I have set downe in clownish wise,
Which I have set in carefull sort before the vulgars eyes.
Most of the trickes which I have writ, my selfe before did see,
The rest, a trustie friend of min repeated unto mee.
And some thereof (it is no shame to tell the naked truth)
My selfe (as I was apt thereto) committed in my youth.
Mongst all the precepts which my booke containes, there is not one,
Whose author (be they ne're so clownish) is to me unknowne.
They much peruse my booke, (if any man such paines will take)
Doubtlesse this gaine (if nothing else) they shall be sure to make.
I know some prettie cleanly tricke or other he shall reade,
Wherein he knowes that he himselfe before did often treade.
When he espies some tricke agreeing to his manners fit,
Which in a youthfull merrie vaine he whilome did commit,
The blushing red which in his visage to and fro will passe,
Will make him thinke that of that fault he whilome giltie was,
And lest heereafter such a blush his reading should offend,
He will have better care his life and manners to amend.
And for because in mirth and pleasant manner I have writ
Such things as I supposed for my present purpose fit,
I doubt not but some sortes of men will very thankfull bee,
And sure I thinke for all my paines so much they owe to mee.
But thou which movedst me to write, (for onely for thy sake,

And no mans else, friend 'Bing', I did this labour undertake)
Shalt for the mentioning hereof have an eternall fame,
And all the future times will daily thinke upon thy name.
Each man which doth peruse this booke, to thee will render praise,
Because from darke oblivious rage thou onely didst it raise.
And though the readers still should render store of thanks to you,
Yet could they not to such a patron render more then due.
For doubting whither such a trifle I abroad should send,
Which I at idle times a while before had rashly pend,
Knowing it was no worke whereon the learned ought to looke,
Because the Muses every one were absent from my booke,
He having seene the worke before, perswaded me at last
From forth my minde such abiect thoughts and causelesse feare to cast,
And boldly at the length to bring my poeme into light,
That others also for their use and profite reade it might.
I, knowing that in friendly sort he councell'd for the best,
Agreed to publish it, according to my friends request.
Wherefore as long as any shall accept of this my paine,
As long as this my booke in use and credite shall remaine,
So long 'Bings' name shall live in spight of blacke oblivious blot,
The name of him in future time shall never be forgot.
The hidden sparkes of vertue which inclosde in him do lie,
Do merite that their masters name and fame should never die.
The Muses all, and those which of them favorites do prove,
He holdes in great account, and most entirely them doth love.
Those which to vertue and to learning all their mindes will give,
He doth promote, and gives them riches wherewithall to live.
But nowadaies, to finde a learned scholler it is hard,
So few there are which such a jem as learning do regard.
Rather then learning any other kinde of life thei'le choose,
They love in base mæchanicall Arts their youthfull age to loose.
All meanes they try, and all too few their riches to provide,
They passe the richest 'Lydian' king in scorne, disdaine, and pride.

The marke which each man nowadaies desireth for to hit,
Is most aboundant store of wealth and riches for to get.
And therefore oftentimes they catch a most deserved fall,
By running whetherse're the gods of riches do them call.
Meane time, those holy Nimphs which on 'Parnassus' hill do keepe,
For want of suiters ever unfrequented sit and weepe.
But thou which lovest learning, wilt not such abuse permit,
That goddesses should unfrequented without succour sit.
Those which are learned thou dost love, because thou learned art,
All aide and favour which thou canst, to them thou dost impart.
Proceede, proceede, as thou beginst thy bountie to declare,
And as thou dost, of painefull schollers still to have a care.
So in this world eternall fame and credite you shall gaine,
And in the world to come, a full reward you shall attaine.
There can no straighter paths be found nor any neerer waies
Then these, whereby to merite store of everlasting praise.
Wherefore proceede to love the learned, as thou hast begunne,
And have a care to cherish them, as alwaies thou hast done.
Continue long my friend, and with a kinde and loving looke
Vouchsafe for to accept my gift, this little merrie booke.
If Fortune and the Gods above upon my purpose smile,
You shall have better fruits then these within this little while.

The end of the last booke of 'Grobianus' and 'Grobiana'.

Grobiana's Nuptials.

Herausgegeben aus Ms. 30. Bodleiana, Oxford.

Beschreibung der Hs. in der Einleitung Kap. VI.

Grobiana's Nuptialls.

Within a prologue a prologue.
Grobianus solus.

Grob*ianus*: Had you had a prologue, I had not enter'd, for to say *the* truth I am *old* Grobian; did you ever heare of old Grobian? Thats I, and am he that hate manners worse then Tymon hated man. And *what* did he hate them for? Marrie for their foolish, foppish, apish complements, niceties, lispings, cringes; can't our buisinesse bee done, and *our* Play acted, but a Coxe-combe in a cloke must scrape his lease of leggs to begge *Sir* Tottipate's applause in dogrime verse? And he goe away and swore he understood ne're a worde. I like his stout humour best that |says| twas good, a good fat old Grobian he was. How sayes the gentleman in the plush? Will he conjecture us to like it? Yes marrie might he, goodman goosecapp, take *your* 6 shillinge 8^{d} and buy sparragus for the thinge in the bagge there, an let a wiser man take your place. Now Grobian, tis as thou wouldest have it, here's companie to thy minde, and Ile tell you fellow Grobians, what *our* sport is to night. You shall see the true shapes of men, not in the visor and shaddow of garbes and postures, but verie pure pate man, such as nature made u'm, such as ne're swathed their feete in socks, for feare of the graine of their owne bodies, whose beardes and haire never impoverish'd the wearers, that banish wisely a barber as a sup*er*fluous member from their c*omm*on weale, a Taylor is admitted, but one of the primative time, that cutts out longe bellies, short skirts, codpeese, you knowe, and most canonical round knees. Men who sound if they come nere

a millener, and flie a Perfumer as the infection. Cookes indeed they have for necessitie, not for riot, fellowes that never licke their fingers, but carrie in their countenancies the profitt of their places. Here's true and honest friendship, noe slight god speedes, but a how doe you, soe well sett on, you shall remember the salute a weeke after. We doffe *our* heads sooner then our hatts, and a nod includes all ceremonie. Our Schollers are right too, such, as if you did but see them, *you* would sweare they did looke to nothinge but their bookes, verie ploddalls of Art, not a leafe turn'd o're, but *you* have his hand he hath read it, and his marke is as true as Peters thumbe on a Haddocke, noe regarde of apparrell, Libertines you may judge them by their clothes, and Nazarites by their haire, their gowne is like a dun at *your* backes, which they would shake off. Then for *the* matter, noe grand sallets and kickshawes of learneinge, but the verie bruise of divinitie, fatt and glorious, which after the fortification of a *third* loafe and butter comes powerfully from his side, and soe fattens his authoritie. These are men old Grobian loves, out of these pickt modells of humanitie shall I seeke out a sonne in lawe, *which* shall begett me sonns of my behavior; my sole daughter Grobiana is all the comfort that I have, I will have her match'd, she deserves a good match, it would revive old Grobian to see my grandchild such as, spight the flattery, the world shal say:

Has grandseers eares, fathers nose and eyes,
Has mothers lippe and legge, and grandames tighes.

Scena II.

Intrunt Pamph*agus*, Lorrell, Oyestus shrugginge and makeinge other signes of joye.

Pamph*agus*: Looke plump, you rogues, *your* bodyes shal bee feasted, but first ours, to morrow is the Grobian feast. Lorrell, you must enlarge the kennell of Cookes, *your* number is to thinne, if you want men for cleansinge, *you* may hire

some of the best qualified curs you can gett, some of them are verie good huswifes, I heare.

Lorrell: *Sir*, you knowe my sufficiency, I hope the world has heard of Lorrells entertainments. I will content u'm, though the divell were in u'm.

Pamph*agus:* Let there be good store of Brawne, and hoggsflesh, therefore every like is norished by the like, let the possessed feed uppon meate that possessed hath beene, and harke, yee make the backe puddings not to bee fathom'd.

Oyestus: Most honorable Mr. Pamphage, may *you* live puddinge without end.

Pamph*agus:* Thankes, good Oyestus.

Oyestus: Crye you mercy, *Sir*, if I have offended,
My lawe is bad, and I could wish it mended,
I am your poore worships crier indeed lawe.

Pamph*agus:* Indeed thou art *our* most lamentable Crier.

Oyestus: Yes, Sir, cum causâ, *the* lawe will make on crie, an't please *your* lordship.

Pamph*agus:* Now Lorrell, what newe dish? Come, I knowe thy braine is pregnant, letts heare thy beast inventions, my fancy fattens *with* relation, full as well as this body by gustations.

Lorrell: You have heard off my flyinge puddinge? How doe you thinke that was made? People tooke it for a piece of art: nothinge else, *Sir*, I had newly stript him out of his warme skinne, the bagge he was sodde in, but my puddinge slipt into the feather tubbe, and because I would not plucke him, I sent it in for a made dish, and the apes, my brother Cookes, have imitated this Chaunce as a piece of service.

Oyestus: Yes indeed, an't like your grace, I brought it in the dish before *your* hon*our*. By the same token your worship was pleas'd to call me goose for it, supposinge it had beene somewhat slovingely done.

Lorrell: Oyestus there did me great service at the fall of a dish of stew'd oysters, which the rogue pleanteously

repaired, a cold haveinge glandered him, and I ordered them, they past for good plump colchesters.

Oyestus: I never told *your mistress* of *that*, but it did mee good to see how heartily *your* hon*our* fedde, beside the rest of *the* reverences, and truely it joy'd *your* worships poore Crier to see that he had any thinge about him could content *your* Lordship.

Pamph*agus:* I remem*ber* the dish very well. By the same token Mr. Simon Slouch, a sodaine jeast beeinge broken, fell out a laughing, as he was eatinge them, and drove on up his nose *which pre*sently hee voyded most *pro*perly to the plate from whence it came, and his next neighbour swallow'd it with better lucke.

Oyest*us*: Good, *your* Lordship, to see how it should come from me to another.

Lorrell: I have a broth to morrowe shall putt downe all cullises, white broth, or pottage, and if they guesse the ingredients and true glorious composure, degrade me to a scull, and lett the blacke guard bee my jewrye. Such stuffe the divell did not tast, only one little hellhound, a cronie of myne, and one of St. Georges Apple squiers. Hearke in *your* eare. (They whisper.)

Oyest*us*: God blesse your worships whisperinge.

Pamph*agus*: I'st possible? what, made of a sheeps paunch? Nay, I allwayes conceivd it to be most glorious.

Lorrell: Nay, a thriftie and quicke way for haveinge the cuttinge of Potthearbes.

Pamph*agus*: Well, Lorrell, thou hast deserv'd the bayes from all poets else, Ile not instruct thee, thou canst swimme without bladders. Oyestus, take that scrole, and invite all the guests, read it out.

Oyest*us*: Please, your Lordship, I shall give an oyes first for attension.

Pamph*agus*: Doe, doe.

Oyest*us*: Oyes, oyes.

Pamph*agus*: All yee that are invited,

Oyest*us*: All yee that are devited —
Pamph*agus*: To the Grobian festuall —
Oyest*us*: To the Grobian estuall —
Pamph*agus*: Are sett downe in this scrole —
Oyest*us*: Are not set downe in this scrole —
Pamph*agus*: *Their* names underneath written —
Oyest*us*: *Their* names not underneath writte[n] —
Pamph*agus*: And *the* description of *their* habitation —
Oyest*us*: And the description of their habitatio[n] —
Pamph*agus*: Or dwellinge house, sittuate then and there —
Oyest*us*: Or dwellinge house, sittuate then and there:
Sir Simon Slouch, knight and Grobian.
Mr. Grouthead, Chaplaine and Grobian.
Ladye Fustie, widdow and Grobian.
Mr. Deawbeater of hounsditch, Grobian.
Mr. Lotium, Phisitian and Grobian.
Mr. Dulman, Apothecarie and Grobian.
Mr. Mulbery, Inkeeper and Grobian.
Old Thump, Lawyer and Grobian.
The Mayor and Aldermen of Gotham with the Towne Clarke, not forgettinge the two Bayleifes, Grobians.
Pamph*agus*: Come lett's goe, the bench is uppon settinge.
(Exeunt.)

Scena III.

Enter Vans[lotten]*), Tantoblin, Ursin, Court of assistants of Grobians.

Vanslotten: Private buisinesse, brethren, is to be *per*formed before publicke. This sessions hath hindred me of the makeinge of a pound of Candles, Tantoblin, you knowe the inconvenience.

Tantob*lin*: True, master, and my wardens plow at the attendinge of the assisses, and the affayres of the Court stayes now the empting of *Sir* Epikures jakes, and you knowe what it is besides to hinder ones goodlucke.

Ursin: It was a baytinge day with mee too, *and* a great

*) Hs.: Vanscop.

match *with* the white beare, besides singular sportes with the ape and horse, and wee neglected all these occasions, but wee must beare with it.

Vans*lotten*: Well, to the buisnesse.

Tantob*lin*: On, buisnesse is senior to complement.

Ursin: Would the court were dismissed, that I were at the garden. I am never well but when I am amonge those valiant creatures, o, their companie is honie to mee.

Vanslot*ten*: I told my dislike concerneinge newyeares gifts, and I hope it is ordered soe that we shall have noe more Christmas Candles given.

Tantob*lin*: It was most sup*er*fluous, I have seene a candle soe bigge it would serve to take the altitude and profunditie of the great Mogulls barbadoes as well as my pole.

Ursin: Besides the intolerable charge of makeinge snuffers for that great candle.

Tantob*lin*: Snuffers? Out uppon u'm, that's a thinge not to be suffer'd in a Grobian commonweale.

Vanslot*ten*: True, Tantoblin, they cut of the thiefe that steales the tallow for our profit.

Tantob*lin*: Noe, every candle shall end of himself, goe out peaceably without an extinguisher, that the insence proper the buriall may be smelt and perfume the roome.

Urs*in*: A very decent ceremonie, an odour somewhat a kin to that of my beares, I like it.

Vanslot*ten*: Wee did allsoe decree against all boyes or wenches that, upon holidayes or other, bringe nosegayes unto passengers.

Tantob*lin*: I did move your mastership to it, and upon most solid reason. I told *you*, how thereby the ayre was sophisticated, the true sent of creatures passinge by was not app*re*hended by the organ, but adulterate stuffe. If they will have nosegayes, I beseech you that I may have the patent, and they shall have good large ones made unto the proportion of this nose of like the Catherne wheele, which I take to bee most legitimate, and accordinge to the standard.

Ursin: I have heard concerneinge theire sory, they say they are the fayrest cakes in towne. (Enter Pamph*agus*.)

Tantob*lin*: Pamphage, *what* discoverie have made either for or against *our* customes?

Pamph*agus*: I sawe a gentleman handsomely in my conceipt, tyeinge up his torne stockinges with a blew poynt.

Vans*lotten*: Did you invite him to dinner?

Pamph*agus*: He told me he would not fayle.

Tan*toblin*: He shall bee welcome.

Pamph*agus*: Another sweete natur'd gentleman I happily met withall in the streete, upon some occasions turneinge against a wall. I p*re*sently saluted him, and hee let me such thankes it did my heart good to heare it.

Tan*toblin*: Thankes, my good friend, thats hee that makes the true use of feasts, sends all unto their proper places, hee is call'd the Auter, he hath a monopoly for all Butterie bookes, kitchinge bookes, besides old declamations and theames, *which* to the wonder of the world he spends very punctually, and constantly, you scarce can get any paper to put under pyes, against a good tyme for him. Pamphage, let there be order taken, the tarts have some honie in them, wee care not for them else, they have noe operation.

Ursin: Let me intreate a little for my white beare, hee is my cronye.

Vansl*otten*: Let there be store of butter ynough, I beseech you.

Tant*oblin*: Tis noe matter wheather it be all new or noe, buy ynough, though it bee soe old that the marke be out of it.

Ursin: I, then it is in print, and let *our* oyle be train'd.

Tant*oblin*: I, then tis as right as a gunne, it hitts all our pallates.

Pamph*agus*: But, *Sir*, here will be the worshipfull Mr. Ployden in a new sute and cloake.

Vanslot*ten*: How, how?

Tantob*lin*: I hope he will not aire it here.

Ursin: He forfeits his place if he doe.

Pamph*agus*: Noe, noe: a new sute which he hath soe quaintly durted, for as soone as Oyestus gave him his ticket, he runs to the hoggstye and tumples for halph an howre amonge them, and there the sowe and hee did soe snugge togeather, you would have sworne they had beene man and wife.

Vanslot*ten*: Why! if he thinkes fittinge it shall bee a match.

Tantob*lin*: With all my heart, Ile be theyr father.

Ursin: He hath deserv'd her.

Vans*lotten*: Let him bringe her alonge with him.

Ursin: And Ursula, my cub, shall beare her companie.

Tant*oblin*: Better want meat then guests.

Van*slotten*: Here, Pamphage, reade *our* orders conecrneinge the games that shall be used amonge the Grobian.

Pamph*agus*: It is edicted that every Grobian shall play at Bambery hott cockles at the *four* festivalls.

Tant*oblin*: Indeed a verye usefull sport but lately much neglected to the mollifieinge· of the flesh.

Pamph*agus*: Every app*re*ntice is tyed to leave his buisinesse whatsoever to goe to foote ball (if any be in the street), or if they heare ever the baggepipe, for then the beares are co*m*minge.

Ursin: That was myne.

Pamphagus: Noe daunceinge, unlesse it be the old slatter de pouch or the beares masque.

Ursin: I had a hand in that too.

Pamphagus: That they must not forget *the* auncient sport of throweinge snoweballs, or slangturd, or snott!

Vanslotten: Let there [be] a penaltie upon the neglect of that.

Pamphagus: Let every Grobian save his ordure to crowne Fidlers, or daube passengers in the night, but in the day tyme let him use *the* cocklede moy, or if need be, the worst, *and* clap it to his fellows nose.

Tantoblin: Did *you* amerse Slouch *for* makeinge a curvie face, *when* hee sawe a fart turn'd into better stuffe.

Pamph*agus*: Tis lawefull for any man to let flee at meales freely, unlesse it be for the brethrens sake at Ireland, who onely that excepted, are the best Grobians.

Van*slotten*: Let a fine be set upon him *that* cries claudius or mercye or whistle, after soe co*m*mendable and necessarie a dutie.

Tant*oblin*: That was ratefied by act of Parliament.

Ursin: Blessinge on his buttocks that promoted it.

Tant*oblin*: It was a rowser and was heard up into upper house.

Van*slotten*: It had never past else. If he were liveinge wee should doe well to visit him. Pamph[agus]*), let Oyestus crye all these orders in all market places, or where any great Companies are, ore publicke assemblies. Wee dismisse the court.

Tant*oblin*: Lets away, my belly rumbles. Ursin, hast any paper?

Ursin: Come, as good fellowship in shittinge as eatinge.

Pamph*agus*: Ile wait upon your worship.

(Exeunt.)

Scena IV.

Grobiana, Ungartred.

Grob*iana*: How doe I looke to day?

Ung*artred*: As you were wonte to doe, round, bigge, and comly.

Grob*iana*: Methinks I looke like a *Lord*maiors pageant *with* men underneath me.

Ung*artred*: And indeed law, so *you* doe; if that fayre frontispeece of yours were but paynted, and your hinderparts a little more dawb'd, with *two* or *three* porters under, you would looke as like a pageant.

Grob*iana*: Is my face smooth, saiest thou?

Ung*artred*: Yes, yes, as longe as you keepe your maske

*) Hs.: Pamphilus.

on, a judicious eye cannot discerne one wrinkle with a *per*spective glasse, if you have but a sweete breath.

Grob*iana*: What then?

Ung*artred*: Why, then it would not stinke. The tother morneinge, *when* you rose wreakinge out of *your* bed, I smelt you *three* stories.

Grob*iana*: I must confesse, I smelt my self a furlonge, is there noe remedie for it?

Ung*artred*: Yes, if you would but drinke over myht Barmodas, and eat fastinge *two* or *three* cloves of garlicke with some scallions, your breath will smell like a rose in June *that* noe bodye can come nere you for sweetnesse.

Grob*iana*: Well, if I have sut*ours*, as such a prettie piece as I cannot longe bee without, I will overcome u'm with my breath.

Ung*artred*: You speake, as if you were in love.

Grob*iana*: Dost thinke tis possible for me to bee in love with anybody but my self, this face which never is seene but upon festivall dayes soe satisfie my appetite that, were it not for leadinge apes in hell, I would be still content with my virginitie.

Ung*artred*: I perceave you have a yonge tooth.

Grob*iana*: Noe, looke I have never a on.

Ung*artred*: Why, how doe you doe to hide the deformitie, *when* a merrie tale is told?

Grob*iana*: Oh! I hold my lipps close, *and* that gives such a grace to my swimpering that, *when* I must needes laugh out, I clappe both my handes upon my mouth and cry (o sweet loud). Why doest scratch thy head soe?

Ung*artred*: I have not dressed it this month, and then I kemb'd it *with* my fingers, and the rogueinge lice doe playe soe many prankes about the scabbes behinde. I cannot bee perswaded but you are in love, you talke of things soe at randome.

Grob*iana*: I cannot condemne my self, I have had a

fortnights minde *and* a months longeinge, I am somwhat addicted to the flesh.

Ung*artred*: Tis good to bee doeinge sodainely *with* honesty, for you knowe yongue sparkes will never leave temptinge of verginitie, till they have made mother of her.

Grob*iana*: There's searse a yongue man in all the *pa*rish can sleepe for dreameinge of mee; I have beene reported for an excellent beautie, but they say the carreage of my body goes beyond all wench. Though my abilitie will not make me rich, yet let the imitation of my behavi*our* be thy *per*forment: Looke up, as if you meditated upon the starrs, thus, *and* then have a comely cast *with your* eyes, *and* see your friend, *when* noe body knowes you looke upon him, and *when you* heare a prettie tale told, bridle *your* head, thus, and crye: goodly, goodly; and bee sure never to make a noyse, but *when* you blow *your* nose, thus. These qualities will enchaunt sutors, and bee of equall force with necessitie to make them breake stone walls for *your* companie. My father is mad to bee a grandsire that halph a dozen men of good sufficency are at the scoole of complement to learne their lesson before they will adventure upon the boldnesse of sutorship.

Ung*artred*: Your beauty, gesture, carriage, and *your* qualities would make *you* a lady though you were the wife of a chaundler.

Grob*iana*: I am not for the curiosities of a man: soe he hath his limbes *and* a purse, though his behavi*our* be rude, his speech clownish, his slops greasy, yet the good example of his bedfellow may turne him and make him surpasse *our* Tythinge man.

Ung*artred*: You doe not knowe *your* husband yet? I saw the prettiest fellow the other day cast such a gloatinge eye upon you.

Grob*iana*: Dost know his *pro*fession?

Ung*artred*: Not very well, he had a pair of bow leggs with *two* feete at the end of them, and a couple of neate

shoes, tyed with a riband of the broader sort, he did cut such a many of crosse capers, sure he was a Tayler.

Grob*iana*: Hange him, nitlie breechd rogue, *what*, doest thinke Ile marry with a louse, halfe a man, *that*'s beaten every day by an army of vermin.

Ung*artred*: Oh, he sings curiously upon his shopboard of faire Rosamond and Jane Shore.

Grob*iana*: Faire Rosamond and Jane Shore? I can't chuse but laugh at the two dowdies, fair Rosamond and Jane Shore? prettye beauties yfaith, had thee and I liv'd in those tymes, we should necessarily have been Concubines. And *what* doe I care for his singinge, the gruntinge of my father is better musique by farre to me then a pair of organs, though Piggs plaid on u'm.

Ung*artred*: There was another knockd at the dore a little after *with* a good face, but he smelt soe strangely. I told him you were not *with*in. For cuds liggins, I cannot get the sent of him out of my nose, if I should be hanged; he had some buisnesse of necessitie *with* you, and could not be at quiet, till he had bewrayed his mind to mee.

Grob*iana*: As sure as can be, it was he that I spied out of my chamber windowe, he had a pole upon his shoulder. Good lord, that you would not entertayne the gentleman.

Ung*artred*: Intruth, hee had a nose of the larger size not uncomely, but answearable to his face.

Grob*iana*: Alacke, alacke, pray, *when* hee comes next, if hee have noe minde to set in a roome, desire him to walke in the backside, *and* his Grobiana will attend on him.

Ungartred: Ah, Mr. Mullet, the fishmonger, is in a shrode pickle for you, he talkes broad language like a distracted lover. He was sorry you were not *with*in, he brought a dish of gubbins which he hath kept any tyme this month for you, and he is afraid they begin to smell. Ile warrant he would exchange his patrimony for on benevolines from your lip. Heere was another too.

Grob*iana*: Not Mr. Cob, I hope, ah, sweete soule, Ile lay my life it was that sweete soule, Mr. Cob. If he has met *with* my father, *the* world is myne. I was at breakfast *with* him the other morneing *and* he made *the* pretiest jeast.

Ung*artred*: Why, what was it?

Grob*iana*: When meate was first sett o'th table, he let such a rouseinge fart, *that* I *and* my father had like to burst *our* selves *with, and then* he put it off soe handsomely.

Ung*artred*: As how?

Grob*iana*: Why he said he could not avoid it.

Ung*artred*: He did looke very prettily in my conceipt, *and* one thinge I observ'd very much in him, he had a beard *which* was none of the smallest ornaments.

Grob*iana*: A man without a beard has not soe much as save his fingers from — the rest is beastly.

Ung*artred*: He had a dozen Crommes stickinge in't, and they did shewe like Starrs.

Grob*iana*: Of *what* fashion was it, picked, sqard, or howe?

Ung*artred*: Just like a half moone; if one could have bin in the middle of it, he might have found Cribbidge enough in it to serve one for a fortnight. M*istress* stand, I heare somebody comeinge.

Grob*iana*: It is my father and a gentleman.

Enter Grobianus and Oyestus.

Grobian*us*: My daughter is the gentlewoman in the maske.

Oyest*us*: Must I speake nowe? An't please, she will believe I am to daune in one, if I speake not sodainely.

Grobian*us*: Be sure *you* have *your* invitation perfect, she is vile catchinge.

Oyest*us*: Had I best say fayre Lady or beautifull M*istress*?

Grobian*us*: Both of them are little enough, take heed she takes noe acception. We shall have noe guest, be sure you fare not out.

Oyest*us*: I warrant *you*, *Sir*, I knowe *that* lawe, I have cride before *Lords* and *Ladyes* and the *King and Queen*

too. M*rs.* Grobiana, your father and you are invited as special guests by *our* warden and master to the Grobian feast.

Grob*iana*: I will come.

Oyes*tus*: I will certifie *our* companie *you* will be there to bee waited on. (Exit.)

Grob*iana*: Withall observance, why this, tis to be taken notice of even by the graver sort. *You* Ungartred shall *pro*vide somethinge for your self at home.

Ung*artred*: My stomager is not soe eager, but I can stay here; take my handkerser, and clap up a piece of somethinge for me. (Enter Oyestus.)

Oyes*tus*: Faire Grobiana, *our* wardens made a consultation, *and* holde it meete *your* beautifull waitinge gentlewoman should participate of their curtesies.

Grob*iana*: Take *your* handkercher againe, *and* pop in a peece of somethinge for the poore catt at home, and your owne breakfast.

Grobianus: Honest friend, now *you* are here, doe us the office of a leader, and happiely *your* good service may *pro*cure *you* a new coate, and Ile speake to Mr. Tantoblin for a badge. (Exeunt.)

Scena V.

Enter Hunch, Jobernole, two Candidates.

Hunch: They are not sett downe yet because of the invitation of the faire Grobiana.

Jober*nole*: What is my Mrs. Grobiana there? A friend in court is better then a pound in pourse, one word of hers will *pre*vaile more *with* the wardens then all *our* misbehavi*our*. Shall we goe or stay till dinner be done?

Hunch: I feare noe body but Mr. Ursin.

Jober*nole*: Mr. Ursin the Bearerd? *What* neede *you* feare Mr. Ursin *the* Bearerd?

Hunch: All my offence was, I let loose amonge his beares, it was the disgestion of a little honye I had eaten, *which* made the delicate creatures soe fall out, that it disturb'd

his patience. I am sure I had the worst on't, this buttock was halfe bit off.

Jober*nole*: Why don't *you* enquire for help? There be a many of gentlewomen are blest in their cures, can't *you* hold up to on of them.

Hunch: There was on that had it in hand this morneinge, shee had a lillie white hand, and drest it without a noise; only once I blew the blaster out of her hand, and she cried out: You beast.

Jober*nole*: You neede not feare Mr. Ursin for this, for Tantoblin is his great friend, and if hee should know the buisnesse, he would be angry *with* Mr. Ursin, *and* say he wrong'd his *pro*fession.

Hunch: Tis ill wrastlinge *with* Tantoblin, if he once take a pett in the nose. There is a dismission of the assembly, doe they know we are Candidates?

Jober*nole*: Yes, Yes, I spoke *with* Mr. Tantoblin, but that his head was full of buisnesse, he would have told me more of his minde.

Hunch: How shall I looke, *when* I am free-man, *that* looke soe comixiously now?

Jober*nole*: Indeed, you looke lovely, I am afraid thou shouldest goe alonge with me, least the faire Grobiana should cast a wanton eye. She can't abstaine, if she see hansomnesse.

Hunch: You neede not feare, I have made my choice. Grobiana? pish, pah, — the kitchinge stuffe wench.

Jober*nole*: What, she *with* the sachell cheekes?

Hunch: The same. She is sound enough, man, she has a belly like a tunne, *and* is breech'd like a gunne, she liv'd *with* a puritane once, and because she blew her nose in grace time, shee was turned out of her service, *and* now she cryes Kitchinge stuffe through the nose.

Jober*nole*: That puritane was a course fellow, nor did hee know *what* belong'd to good manners.

Hunch: Stand, stand, they are drinkeinge healthes.

Jober*nole*: Away foole, tis only Tantoblin trumpetinge

with the winde, I heard him right full halfe a mile. he spoke distinktly and pure Phillip.

Scena VI.

Enter to dinner Grobian*us,* Grobiana, Van*slotten,* Tantob*lin*, Ursin, Oyest*us,* Pamph*agus,* Ungart*red.*

Van*slotten*: Brothers, accordinge to our yearly custome, we are here well mett. Grobian*us*, wellcome, the same to *your* faire daughter Grobiana.

Tantob*lin*: Faire one, you are wellcome, and if Tantoblin, the warden of the companie, saies it, hee'le make him strike that shall say nay.

Ursin: Now comes my turne, Lady, (for that title *your* beautie claimes), ah, wood my beare were here to shew you some sport; nether would I have you thinke, because I am a bearerd, I have soe little humanitie in me as not to adore *your* beautie, which is more bright, then are the shades of night.

Grobian*us*: Daughter, these are the men I wish you, these be the moralls of the age, not like these gay butterflies which are as tender as old weather beaten userers in a thicke suit of old frize, but must be swath'd in close trousers for feare theire bones slip out of joynt, neither carrie they civet for feare of rotten lungs, but are contented *with* the auncient odor of Adams muske, *which* in my minde is much to be *pre*ferrd before a catte.

Grobiana: Indeed law, soe they are sweet men *and* of a holsome sav*our*, especially that sweet gentleman Mr. Tantoblin, and I don't thinke but he is a great Lawyer *and* honest, for he makes noe distinction of causes betweene rich and poore.

Van*slotten*: Pamphage, *what* victualls?

Pamph*agus*: Why, you shall have sheepes pottage, hoggs harslet, stewd oysters *and* —

Van*slotten*: And butter.

Oyest*us*: Mr. Pamphage, an't please *your* good worship to usher in the butter.

Vans*lotten*: Set now where you will, only you shall set by me (takes Grobiana). O Lord, how shee melts, just like new butter spread with a warme hand. Fall too, handes were made before knives, spred your butter, knifes are dangerous, are they not?

Oyest*us:* An't please *your* worship, the law is a cut-throate, *and* will make on singe in forma pauperis. .

Vansl*otten*: Tantoblin, cut up the pye.

Tantob*lin*: Soe I will, as soone as I have clensed my knife, there is a little of our trade upon it.

Grobian*us*: Noe matter, all goes the same way, and comes to the same againe, only seven yeares difference. Daughter, observe theire sweete behavi*our*, some slovenly asse would have rise from table to have whett his knive, when a shoe is the best.

Grobiana: *Sir*, his actions cannot be right set forth by any, except he should live like Diogenes all his life tyme in a tubb.

Oyest*us*: An't please *your* worship, they keepe fish in a tubb at Warbro.

Tant*oblin*: I drinke to thee, and I would have thee know, I love thee like pye.

Grobiana: O let those wordes disperce contentments through all my sences. How happie is that woman above others that enjoyes this man. — Ungartred give me *your* handkercher to put up a bitt for the catt. — Wood I might heare a songe.

Tantob*lin*: I will singe on.

There was a Lady lov'd a hogge:
Hony quoth shee,
Wood thou lie with me to night?
Ugh, quoth he. etc.

Ungart*red*: Here stuffe it full, that I may have some.

Vansl*otten*: Gentlewoman, you doe not eat as if *you* had

a stomacke, will *you* eat any of this? Tis not poyson, I give *you* noe worse then came out of my owne mouth.

Grobiana: Thankes, twill need the lesse chewinge, but I had rather it had come from Mr. Tantoblin.

Ursin: Grobiana, how doe *you* doe? Fall to, her's moe second course. I hope your daughter has din'd, shee's like to fast else, except she will feast her eyes with the beares and the jackanapes after dinner.

(Grobiana rises and exit.)

Vansl*otten*: Whats the matter, e'nt she well?

Ungart*red*: Nothinge, *Sir*, but a fitt that takes my *mistress* allwayes at long meales, I thinke it be called the wind collect.

Vansl*otten*: Cannot she have a pot brought her in, why did shee goe?

Oyest*us*: An't please *your* good lordship, necessitie has noe lawe.

Vansl*otten*: Come, lett us rise too, and stretch, then sleepe, till supper tyme, that it may be knowne to all:
Eatinge and sleepinge are proper to the Grobians hall.

(Exeunt.)

Scena VII.

Tantob*lin* solus.

Is shitten came shites the beginninge of love? Why then, Tantoblin, thou art happye, Grobiana's thyne, the *pro*-verbe gives it thee. Besides I did observe at dinner *what* sheepes eyes shee cast at mee, and how she smiled at the noddinge of my head, *and* answered those eyes *with* two thinges *which* they say are cupids arrowes. Her eye's the shaft, my pate the head. They thinke I have read nothinge, but when they shall see what rheames of paper I have turn'd o're *and* o're, they will say I have not liv'd in a browne studdie all my life tyme.

Enter Grobiana.

Grobiana: O Cupid! o Tantoblin, hold this dart, hold thou this pole, or lett Grobiana have her jober noule.

Tant*oblin*: My eares doe glowe, sure somebody talkes of me, my nose too is as good as an Almanicke. and by his colours does betray events as well as by the rainebow.

(Grobiana runs and ketches him.)

Grob*iana*: And have I found my Pyram*us*, noe beares, noe Lions now I feare, this armefull is all Hercules, this nose more worth then all his lab*ours*.

Tant*oblin*: Now make my courtship.

Grob*iana*: O let me kisse those lipps, those Austrian lipps and true barbarian eyes, laugh on thy love, *and* shew thy sweet teeth, *which* none but thy head or such a head hath. See how I swell, o ease mee, or the Tympany will burst mee, harke how my laces cracke.

Tant*oblin*: I, thus *you* all say, how many *pro*misses and vowes in *the* like manner have I had! Yet they have *proved* unfaithfull. Noe, noe, Grobiana, Tantoblin is a bird, and owles are not catch'd *with* chaffe.

Grob*iana*: Tis true thou art an owle,
And I resemble all the fowle
Which fly unto thee with my soule.
Fly not away nor hate the day,
We flock about for love and not for prey.

Tant*oblin*: I was brought up at Athens, tis hard coxeinge of me. But, gentle-woman, I must confesse I much like *your* modest way of love, it shewes *your* simplicitie and true heartednesse, as for the rest, I care not a fart: Thats true love which ariseth from the heart.

Grob*iana*: Then let us joyne, but first my friends consent must be ask'd, I am an Edire, tis dangerous stealinge of mee.

(She goes to kiss him.)

Tant*oblin*: Nay looke *you*; now *you* will *pre*vaile, if *you* will needes then take my nose a side, and there abouts *you* shall finde lipps.

Grob*iana*: I am glew'd to u'm.

Tant*oblin*: My mouth waters now.

Grob*iana*: I will be contracted *pre*sently.

Tant*oblin*: Noe, sweetinge, noe, I deale in open arces, I am noe medler in contracts. But Ile have another way of courtinge by silence, marke how I will doe that.

Enter Ursin.

Urs*in*: Did *you* ever see such a foole? Hee's in love Ile lay my life on't, but Grobiana is bestowed allready, my thoughts of her have made her corksure. Hee has noe good parts in him to be taken notice off, *and* were it not for his *per*fumes, beleeve mee, hee were not a gentleman. Grobiana has a choyce nose, shee would not let it bee in his bosome so longe else. Ile try if shee loves *the* smell of a beare.

Grobiana: Mr. Tantoblin, your are modestie itself.

Tant*oblin*: Hum.

Urs*in*: I had best stay and heare the complement.

Grobiana: What a soft hand you have got, 'tis as soft as pap, sure there is somethinge in it.

Tant*oblin*: Hum, hum.

Urs*in*: Shee'le be so deepe in love shee'le *pre*vent my plott.

Grob*iana*: Sure you are not well, *when* shall we be married?

Urs*in*: A match, shee talkes of marriage allready. I will accost her. How dost thow my honycome punch? I have observ'd yonder cockscom, hee has not spake on wise word, he has neither talke manners nor behaviour.

Grob*iana*: You speak strangely of Mr. Tantoblin, tis a poynt of wisdome to speake nothinge, *and* he hath said soe much to mee.

Urs*in*: Heare, will *you* see some sport to day? Nan Stiles is to be baited by Rose and Tearethecoat.

Grob*iana*: Why doe *you* call your beare Nan? You talk of manners, sure her name is Annie, I can't endure *you* should nickname any shee.

Urs*in*: I hope *you* take noe distast, for I meane nothing but love.

Grobiana: But such rudeness is not to be suffered, a man of *your pro*fession, a proper man, and on of whom the whole citie talke of.

Urs*in*: She begins to com*m*end me, I could burst into explanation, *and* leave this rhetorique, I am in love Grobiana.

Grob*iana*: With whom?

Urs*in*: With you. Thou art my Dianyra, I and my beares will make up a Hercules, canst thou love me? Nay, *you* must not deny good baggpuddinge. If *you* doe my request but once denye, I cannot live, and therefore I will dye. Ile try, if poetry can worke upon her.

Grob*iana*: I wonder you'ld trouble *your*self with such a course peece as I am.

Urs*in*: O say not course, youl'd make me soe indeed,
My stomacke's queasy, and my heart doth bleed.

Grobiana: You may leave of your courtinge, for Grobiana loves noebody but Tantoblin.

Ursin: On kisse.

Grobiana: Nay, fy *you* touse my cloathes.

Urs*in*: I must.

Grob*iana*: Ile call Tantoblin, Tant*o*blin.

(He comes *with* his staff *and* knockes him downe.)

Tant*oblin*: You saucy bearheard. (Exit.)

Urs*in*: Murder, murder.

Enter Pamph*agus*, Lorr*ell*, Oyest*us*.

All: Why, whats the matter?

Pamph*agus*: What? Mr. Ursin in a sound? Lend *your* helpinge hands, somebody fetch a bucket of water, pinch, helpe.

Oyest*us*: An't like *your* worship, Ile fetch a flint.

Lorr*ell*: I, that will make him fart fine. 'Slife, his gutts are in his breeches, feele, he is broken bellied. I know they are his gutts, they are like his heart. Tender, good man.

Oyest*us*: What will the poore beares doe now? They fatherlesse and motherlesse, they will be fetch'd over with a habeas corpus.

Pamph*agus*: He waggs, there's life in him.

Urs*in*: Where am I? O Tantoblin, Tant*oblin*, thou stinkeinge rogue, he has knockd me o'th head *and* broke my gutts out, I thinke. Zounds, all to be shitt, as god judge me, all to be shitt, shirt *and* all. I have been in a company of hellhounds, since I was dead, whose hands are worse then Tantoblins.

Oyestus: An't please *your* worship, Ile goe to Mr. Tantoblins house *and* fetch some warme thinge.

Ursin: Had I beene dead, I should have beene carried to church on a beare. My stomacke is ill at ease, I will goe in *and* have a caudle.

Oyestus: Softly, softly, softly.

Scena VIII.

Enter Grobiana sicke, Ungartred holdinge her head.

Grobiana: O, o, my head, hold harder, wench, my braines will fly in pieces else.

Ungartred: Marrie, god forbid, I had rather be in Randalls maides case, then such ill lucke should happen. Ile ty *your* noddle with my garter; ay me, I han't don'd u'm to day. But I'le clutch you soundly *with* my hand. How doe you now?

Grobiana: I feele some virtue from thy fist, *and* I am very sensible of it.

Ung*artred*: Nay, though I say it, here's a hand for a midwife. I could close a childes head stoutly, it should ne're quake agen, I warrant.

Grob*iana*: O, o, Ungartred, now it is past into another place, my heart has a whirlewinde in't, o, o, now it is gon downeward.

Ung*artred*: Bend *your* body and let it out, soe, soe it is gone, farewell it, they are but tenants at will, and may be turn'd out, when you list.

Grob*iana*: Thanke ye, I shall never see Tantoblin againe with these eyes, to see him come to close u'm thats enough for Grobiana, thats happinesse too much.

Ung*artred*: Did he but heare *your* groaneinges, he could not chuse but sympathize *and* doe the same. I have not read of a griefe soe stronge on a sodaine raisd.

Grob*iana*: Had you seene Tantoblin, how he laid about for my sake.

Ung*artred*: Nay, Mars with a close stoole upon his head is not more terrible.

Grob*iana*: O my crupper akes to thinke what a swoop he gave Ursin but for on kisse.

Enter Grobianus, Oyestus.

Gro*bianus*: My daughter ill, better humanitie were dead, all law manners. Grobiana, ha — speake, or old Grobian sleepes, ha — does shee sleepe? If she be soe, then let me heare her snore, shee was wont to call my swine togeather *with* that noise. Ungartred, wheres the desease fallen, where doth it paine her?

Ung*artred*: It lay in her crupper last.

Grobian*us*: There, yes, yes, it is hereditall, my grandsires grandsire got it at the play of a match at football with on cradock, if you heard on't, and since it hath continued in his posterioritye, and thus it takes mee sometymes.

Oyes*tus*: I have heard your worship ex*pre*sse some signes of griefe at the stoole.

Grobian*us*: Did you not call for some reliefe?

Ung*artred*: Yes, yes, Tantoblin is still in her mouth, tis hee must bee the plaster for her maladies. I have done all a woman can. She hath had brothes and cullises of all sorts, some made of [ ], others of dishclouts sod in u'm for corroboration, but all her delight is in puppie dogge pottage, that shee eats as if shee were playinge with the creature.

Oyes*tus*: Is it possible? An't like your hon*our*, Ile kill a ketlinge for her, *the* broath will serve for julipp, if it be sodd with water cresses, which I will gather as I doe flinte.

(**Grobiana stretches *and* yawnes.**)

Did *your* highnes marke what a yawne shee gave, truely beyond my stretch, *when* I hold *your* worships candlestickes in a play night.

Grobian*us*: I know her meaninge by her gapeinge.

Oyes*tus*: Truly her Ladiship hath *a* goodly wide mouth.

(**Ungartred blowes out the candle.**)

Grobian*us*: Blow it out, and hold to her nose. There's nothinge soe good, they say, to revive an old Grobian as this smell. Feathers are nothinge to it, a turd new laid is better then most receipts, but that is rare.

Oyes*tus*: Upon occasion, I thinke, I could helpe you to on, my wife keepes on conserv'd.

Grobiana: Where am I?

Oyes*tus*: Shee speakes uppon my conscience, *Sir*.

Grobian*us*: My daughter yet alive, *and* art not quite extinguish'd?

Grobiana: Some ravishinge odor has reviv'd mee.

Grobianus: I told you it would fetch her, it is the discordium of *our* family, beyond harts horne, or bezar stone, or patable gold. Thankes heav'n for this snuffe of life. Let us *your* coat and cap, Oyestus, to keepe her new life warme.

Oyes*tus*: Without offence spoken, I could make a poore jest, were it not unseasonable.

Ung*artred*: Never, never, foole amonge the Grobians, lets heare it.

Oyes*tus*: Good gentlewoman, I doe not heare his worship speake it.

Grobian*us*: Nay, you are too modest now.

Oyes*tus*: Cum causà.

Ung*artred*: Nay, *your* jest.

Oyes*tus*: Intruth, I thought, an't like *your* Lordship, when first her Ladiship put on my coat *and* cap, shee look'd (I shall not offend, I hope) like, I pray pardon, an Oyestus wife.

Grobian*us*: Come, daughter, in spight of all hobgoblins
To morrow night thou shallt enjoy Tantoblins.

(**Exeunt.**)

Manet Oyestus, Ungartred.

Ung*artred*: I doe thinke this officious creature may doe a longeinge creature a good curtesye. Oyestus, have you nothinge *for* Ungartred?

Oyes*tus*: Indeed all my flinte are disperc'd, but *when* I come againe, Ile bringe stones of all sizes.

Ung*artred*: Prethee, talke not of thy flint stones. Try, thou shallt finde good ground of mee.

Oyes*tus*: Cum causà, if you were plowd up. But wives and law must first bee served to supper, which is beinge understood that [I] am married, *and* soe there doth some inconvenience arise, or I durst try you oyes otherwise.

Ung*artred*: What's that to a maid?

Oyes*tus*: Why that's three,
Which is the maidens fee.
But if you were more ravenous then a steeple,
After Oyes may enter in all people.

Ung*artred*: This is the understandingst cockscombe.

Oyes*tus*: I thinke you[r] Ladiship be silent.

Ung*artred*: Now will I make him make leggs sauns number.
Oyes*tus*, you'le dine with us to morrow?
(He makes leggs all the while.)
Youle carry a dish at *the* weddinge?
Nay, p*ret*hee, why this to me *your* fellow servant?
Hee is good for nothinge but to carry flints or eggs,
Or cryeinge oyes, or for makeinge leggs.
(Exeunt.)

Scena IX.

Ent*er* Vans*lotten*, Tant*oblin*, Urs*in*, etc.

Van*slotten*: What's the matter?

Urs*in*: Sir, the case is plaine, I have been wrongd by Tantoblin, my head was wrongd, my sides were wrongd, my breeches were wrongd, all to be wrongd, as God judge mee, I've witnesse on't.

Oyes*tus*: An't like *your* worship, it was percussio.

Van*slotten*: Hum, was it percussio saist thou, I doe not rightly understand the word, but I smell he wrongd, a foule fault, Ile be sworne, it cannot be Tant*oblin*. Why, where is Tantoblin?

Oyes*tus*: If he had beene a beare, he would have bit you, I speake cum ratione.

Van*slotten*: I am an officer, all the world knowes it, *and* have beene ever since I have had my sence, a man of uprightnesse. Justice can doe noethinge *with*out my scale, *and*, beleeve it, she thrives by it, she was a leane judge, shee wanted fatt bitts, but now shee's a plump rogue, beleeve it. Enormities ought not to be swallowed up. Tan*toblin* hath wrongd Urs*in*, and Ursin hath sufferd an injury by Tantoblin. I cannot sodainly decide *the* matter. What was the cause?

Oyes*tus*: I, now you speake judiciously, causa sua.

Urs*in*: A salutation betweene I and Grobiana made this disturbance.

Van*slotten*: How, *what*, you bearheard salute Grobiana? Intollerable! My memory is shallow, Oyestus, write it downe, Ursin saluted Grobiana.

Oyes*tus*: An't like *your* worship, qua formula?

Van*slotten*: Trouble not my more serious meditations, you conceive me.

Oyes*tus*: Soe, omnia bene.

Van*slotten*: But now to the matter, for as I conceive, we have not yet spoke any thinge to the purpose.

Urs*in*: Why, S*ir*?

Van*slotten*: Nay let Tantoblin speake, the wiser man of the two, I know by his longe silence.

Tant*oblin*: S*ir*, the cas is thus: To tell you true I tooke him a polt of the pate *and* a good on, beleeve it, for I tooke [him] a slubberinge of my Grobiana, but I nubb'd his noddle to the purpose.

Van*slotten*: Why, so then, Ursin, what needed you have this stirre, here he has confessed it, this is ample satisfaction, are you content?

Urs*in*: If you thinke fitt, I am. But there was sombody or other which strucke me such a blowe on the face *with* a flint, *that* it made my eye sparkle.

Oyes*tus*: O tace, peace in the bellfrie.

Van*slotten*: Let that passe, a blow, twas nothinge as longe as twas noe where but on the face. I could not blame Tantoblin much. Grobiana was betrothed his owne, *and* could not endure any finger should be in the buisnesse but his owne. I am to be at the solemnitie of the nuptials, soe shall *you*. Laugh upon there and be friendes.

Ursin: I am sorry I have not taught my beare to daunce, but I myself will grace Tantoblin with his bride.

Van*slotten*: Why, soe alls well that ends well. Come letts walke to the nuptialls, there make friendes and drinke cupps to you all.

Tan*toblin*: Now that's decreed who shall have the faire Grobiana. lett's admitt the candidates that stood to be free of this our grobian hall.

Oyes*tus*: An't please *your* worship, the law will have u'm bound, and wait attendance in the great hall.

Tant*oblin*: They have all our voices, lett u'm be sworne.

Ur*sin*: Pamphage, give them their oath.

Oyes*tus*: Ist *your* worship pleasure they should hold up their handes?

Pamph*agus*: You must sweare neve*r* to buy a suit but at Longe lane, and that on of *our* fashion, its noe matter though it be lac'd like a footman, never to weare stockins, but when they are ruff'd like a pigeon, nor gloves, till they have beene twice dippt in a dripping panne, nor shoes, till the phisitian hath given them ore to a dunghill; you shall sweare allsoe never to eat beefe, till the salt be alive in't, nor any meat till on savi*our* has put out another, soe kisse the butter, *and* grease *your*selves into our companie.

Ambo: We doe.

(Here they all thump u'm and cry welcome.)

Grobiana: When shall we goe to church? Ungartred, goe you and looke out on of the fairest dishclouts to binde my heire in, *and* let there bee a posset made, and put some grease in't, not amber, and see there bee noe cleane sheets laid on the bedd, lest we should gett could.

Ung*artred*: I will.

Tant*oblin*: Come letts goe *and* *pre*sently bee married and then to dinner, where you shall [have] cake and wine by whole tubbfulls.

I hope you will come without biddinge.
At night you know, where I doe keepe my wedding.

(Exeunt omnes *prae*ter Grobianus.)

Epilogus.

O now tis right, I have matcht my daughter to my minde,
Yet somewhat is left for me that am behinde:
Not to begge applause or desire *your* handes
To joyne these jolly lovers in new bandes,
But to tell you true, because I begunne,
You may goe away, the play is done.

Finis.

Weimar. — Druck von R. Wagner Sohn.